THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ted Weekly
Benj. Franklin

Volume 197, Number 36

5cts. MARCH 7, 1925

George Pattullo
James J. Corbett—Lucy Stone Terrill—Elizabeth Frazer—Henry Raleigh
Frederick Irving Anderson—Kennett Harris—Major General Harbord

"A man can wisely eat only what he can easily digest"

—*says Edward Bok*

In his new book, "Twice Thirty", Mr. Bok tells why the 50th birthday is the worst birthday in a man's life. Too often a man feels old at 50—largely because of many years of unwise eating.

Too much food; too heavy, indigestible food; too little exercise—then at middle-age unwelcome symptoms of *old age!*

If you sit at a desk all day, watch your diet! You do not need as much food nor the same kind of food as if you were a manual laborer. In fact, you cannot take care of it.

The diet needs of sedentary workers are few and simple. The one fundamental rule is: Stick to plain foods which are easy to digest.

An overworked digestion is the cause of more inefficiency than you suspect. But your physician knows.

Start the day right—with breakfast

Many men, and women, too, make their first mistake with breakfast. Your mind and body have been at rest during the night. Food is not a vital need.

Yet you eat a heavy, hearty breakfast—enough for a day laborer—then at 10 or 11 wonder "why you do not feel like work today".

It is not hard to understand. All the energy you ought to have for work is being uselessly squandered in digestive effort. Your machine is running at half power—clogged with too much fuel.

The only thing breakfast need provide is energy for the morning's work. To supply this quickly and easily enough, it should be very simple to digest.

A model breakfast—try it for three mornings

One famous food ideally fills the very requirements for such a breakfast—Cream of Wheat! Give it a trial for just three mornings and see how much the right breakfast means.

A Cream of Wheat breakfast gives you the energy you need. For Cream of Wheat is primarily an energy-food; extremely rich in carbohydrates which mean energy units.

But the important thing is that it gives this energy so easily, so quickly! Digestion of Cream of Wheat is a very simple operation; it begins in the mouth and is speedily completed without burdening the stomach.

Yet it is a perfectly satisfying food and delicious to eat! Try it this week for breakfast in the ways suggested here. You will find new energy and greater enjoyment in your morning's work.

© 1925, C. of W.

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

Make this breakfast test for three mornings

First morning

Cream of Wheat with raisins

¼ cup Cream of Wheat
4 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup raisins

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly; add raisins and cook twenty minutes in a double boiler

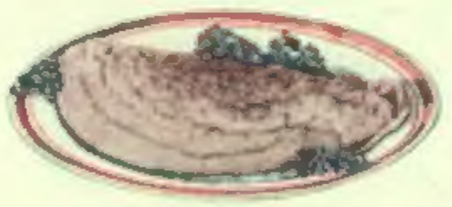
Second morning

Cream of Wheat
with Sugar and Cream or Butter

¾ cup Cream of Wheat
4 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt

Pour Cream of Wheat slowly into rapidly boiling salted water, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and continue cooking twenty minutes or longer if desired. Serve with cream and sugar, or Southern Style, with butter and salt

Third morning



Cream of Wheat Omelet

4 eggs
½ cup cooked Cream of Wheat
½ teaspoon salt
Chopped parsley

Beat egg yolks until thick, add cooked Cream of Wheat, salt and chopped parsley. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into a warm omelet pan. Heat slowly and bake until omelet is set

Send for booklet—

"50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat"

We have a splendid new recipe book which gives 50 tempting ways to serve this energy-food. Send for it and our new book on children's diet. They are free.

Cream of Wheat Company,
Dept. 103, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat", together with sample box of Cream of Wheat.

☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children".

Name .....

Address .....

© H. H. Co.

YOU will certainly want to see the unique, monthly fashion service offered by Holeproof style authorities. It is extraordinarily interesting—and considerably in advance of the moment. Issued monthly, it will forecast accurately and illustrate—direct from Paris, London and New York—the ultra-smart, new notes in women's apparel. Particular attention to details: ornaments, trimmings, gloves, shoes, hosiery. The March bulletin sent free, upon request.

SHEEREST CHIFFONS OR THE HEAVIER SILKS

Holeproof Hosiery

BESIDES the choice of correct, new colors, Holeproof Hosiery offers an equally delightful choice of full-fashioned and semi-fashioned styles —from veil-like chiffons to the heavier silks. In every pair you find flawless perfection of texture—richness, lustre—snug, smooth fit. And it has the quality to *retain* fresh, new loveliness—proof of its amazing durability. So you cannot fail to choose Holeproof Hosiery for style —*and economy, too.* Sold only in retail stores. If not available locally, write for illustrated price-list. *Send now for new March Fashion Bulletin.*

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Fair weather style and rough weather comfort in

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX FOUR WINDS TOPCOAT

You're ready for weather that any wind may bring in these coats They have the stylish width at the shoulders, the straight hanging lines that make them smart for business or evening wear

They're made of the finest all-wool fabrics that keep out the chill rains and winds They have the tailoring that makes them stand hard knocks They will meet more uses than any garment you own Reasonably priced, too

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyright 1925 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 7, 1925 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 36

HOME FOLKS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THERE was the usual noonday hush in the Red Front Drug Store, broken only by the drowsy hum of a fly and a gentle purring from the open mouth of Mountain Lion Twohig, who was dozing in his cane-bottomed chair near the window. The door swung back to admit Gander Moss, and the druggist roused. He wiped the moisture from his chin, stared, and finally eased his fat bulk out of the chair and rubbed his left leg, which had gone to sleep. Mount moaned as he tested it by a step.

"Sometimes I do believe it's rheumatism, Gander," he said. "Do you reckon?"

"Shucks, no. The trouble with you is you don't keep your laigs movin'. If you want to know what real misery is, just wait till you get gin on the knee."

"Yeh?" said the druggist. "You sure enough ought to know. Say, there goes Grandpa Dexter to the barber shop to get his hair cut. It must be the last of the month."

A customer entered and he limped toward the prescription counter at the back, as though to avoid him.

"Find out what he wants," he called to Gander.

The customer wanted a reliable, free-drawing, side-car smoke for a nickel, and charge it. He was also in the market for a stamp. When he had gone the druggist remarked that one of these days he would show that sorry rascal and send him a bill.

"What you got against Bog, anyhow, Mount?"

"Nothing a-tall."

"You're always knocking him."

"Well, nobody can high-tone me; no, sir."

"Bog don't mean nothing—that's only his way, sort of."

"There's a guy who can strut sittin' down," insisted the druggist.

"You've been sore at Bog ever since you had that row about the dollar-thirty he owed you."

"He sure enough owed it, too—I don't care what he says."

"Here comes Miz Sally Belle," Gander announced.

Somehow Fay Was Robbed of the Triumph She Had Anticipated From Parading Her Looks and Good Clothes

The Widow Brown did not want to buy anything, but merely to kill time until the delivery window opened at the post office.

"Hear the news?" she demanded.

"Uh-huh. Been a killin'?"

"Bog Leeper done sold his farm—that half section over beyond the branch."

"That's right funny," exclaimed Gander. "He was in here a minute ago and never said a word about it."

"Scared I'd send in my bill," said Mount. "Who bought it, Miz Sally Belle?"

"I did hear, but I done forgot the name. But Mr. Larrabie says he got it dirt cheap."

"Did Sam sell his too?"

"No-oo. Sam Leeper, he never sells anything."

"I reckon Bog will drift now," Gander remarked. "I always knowed this town was too small to hold him."

"I reckon he won't. I reckon he'll marry Paulula and settle down—that's what."

Gander was doubtful. Bog was as quick as a steel trap, he argued, and with all that money it was like he would head somewhere else to make a fortune.

"He's got all he needs," asserted Miz Sally Belle. "Twelve thousand dollars—why, they could get along fine on that!"

"He aims to make a pot. No chicken feed for him—I've heard him say so a hundred times," Gander retorted.

"As long as he pays me my bill, I don't care what he does," Mount put in, ending the argument.

Miz Sally Belle departed, and shortly afterward Bog Leeper himself returned to the store for another cigar. He leaned on the counter and puffed contentedly.

"Got tired of farmin', did ye?" the druggist asked him.

"Sure. It's a dog's life. I've had my bellyful of fightin' Johnson grass. Say, did you ever hear of a farmer gettin' rich?"

"'Bout every rich man in this town was a farmer some time or other."

"Yes, and look at 'em!—all wore out. I want mine while I'm young, and not when I'm too old to enjoy it."

"That's right good land you sold, Bog."

"No land's good land if you got to work it yourself. If it ain't a drought it's too much rain, or the boll weevil eats you up. When prices are right you ain't got any cotton, and when the crop's good the price is so low it ain't worth pickin'. Ain't that the truth?"

"Sam seems to get along all right."

"Sure. So did I. But Sam'll never be anything else but a farmer as long as he lives. I don't aim to piddle along like he does."

Mount gazed out of the window a while. Then he asked casually, "Did you want your bill tomorrow, or do you want I should send it in later?"

"Give it here now."

He strode out with his spurs clinking, and Gander said to the druggist, "What d'you want to ride him for that way? There's a right smart feller, Mount. I bet you he'll go high one of these days."

"Maybe so. But if he does it'll be from the limb of a tree."

Mountain Lion could never be brought to say anything good of Bog. Most of the townspeople considered young Leeper a livewire and prophesied big things for him, but even when he confirmed this faith by returning to the old home town in his own private car on the Katy, Mount refused to be impressed and said he hoped the railroad had enough sense to get its money in advance. It's sheer waste of time trying to convince an I-knew-him-when.

There were two Leeper boys, Boggess and Sam. They came of good stock—"clear strain all through," as we say in our country. Their father had been a dry-goods merchant for many years, but cashed in the day the citizens of Larrup decided to put a stop to the Walton brothers' habit of riding into town from Red River on First Mondays and shooting up the square. The Waltons would tie their broncs to the courthouse railing, make the rounds of the saloons, let out a few whoops, and then jump into the saddle and go to shooting.

This pastime occasioned some loss of life and considerable property damage as well, and after it had gone on for a few years the leading spirits of the place decided the

Waltons ought to quit their pleasantries—they were hurting business, and it had to stop. So they were all set for the gang the next time they ambled into Larrup, and telegraph poles and windows and roofs spurted flame and lead. Leeper took a fearless part in that fight, and died with his boots on and five bullets in him.

When his affairs were wound up it was discovered that his debts practically wiped out everything he owned in town, but he left his widow and two sons a section of raw farmland not far from the black waxy belt, free of all encumbrance. Miz Leeper tackled farming with the same dauntless spirit her husband had displayed in gunplay, and before she died she had the satisfaction of seeing the property triple in value and Larrup grow from a wide ramshackle place in the road, with thirteen saloons, to a clean, paved, prosperous county seat under local option.

Bog and Sam kept the property intact for some years and farmed it very creditably. But they could not agree on policy. Bog was much the smarter of the two, always arguing for up-to-date methods. He followed the cotton market closely, also, and more than once they might have made a fortune speculating in cotton had Sam consented to mortgaging the farm for the money to operate. But Sam was as stubborn as a mule. From somewhere he had inherited a deep abiding faith in the soil, and he steadfastly refused to monkey with any side lines. Although he fell in with his brother's suggestions to buy new implements, and stock the pasture with high-grade cattle, he set his face like granite against more ambitious schemes of development. Yes, Sam would never set the world on fire—just a steady plugger, working out slowly in his mind certain theories of life. Finally the two agreed to split the farm and draw lots. It was shortly after this division that Bog found a purchaser.

"Don't you think you sold that land pretty cheap?" Sam asked slowly, when his brother told him about the deal.

"Cheap?" exclaimed Bog. "I sure enough hung that guy! It's his turn to sweat now. I aim to get mine easier."

He left Larrup that night, in high elation. No preparations, no time even for farewells; he was so keen to be gone that he threw a few belongings into a suitcase, stamped them down until he could close it, and went out for a final good-by to Sam.

"What? Going already?"

"Just time to catch the 5:05."

The brothers shook hands, but Sam seemed disturbed.

"Well-uh—how about—ain't you going round to see Paulula?"

"No, I ain't going round to see Paulula."

A pause, while Sam pondered this. There was a queer look on his face.

"Well, so long," he said, and turned back to his work.

All the women were surprised, and asserted that Bog Leeper had jilted Paulula Cunningham, but his action appeared entirely natural to most of the men.

The Southwestern oil fields were just getting their start. Bog headed for the latest discovery well in Texas and plunged into the human maelstrom of a boom camp. All day and all night the place seethed. Men worked like mad by the light of gas torches, whilst gushers and gassers boomed, and the bits ate their way into the bowels of the earth. And all day and all night trainloads of wildcatters and lease hounds and production men and drifters and gamblers and parasites kept arriving to swell the flood, and the line was blocked with supplies, and every road for fifty miles was being cut to pieces by trucks with lumber and pipe line and tools. For it is the first-comers who skim the cream in this business, and every footloose adventurer from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico joined the stampede.

Bog was offered plenty of opportunities to get in on the ground floor, for he made no secret of the ready money he had. But he was far from being an easy mark and, after sizing up the situation, decided that he was too late in this field and current prices of stuff anticipated any profits there might be. So a few days later found him heading out into the sticks with a wildcatter whose acquaintance he had made.

The wildcatter wanted to drill, since he had an idle outfit and Leeper had enough capital for a start, but Bog entertained no idea of risking his all on a tough job. He had worked out a plan of action, and when they came upon a driller putting down a test well in a virgin region, he went around among the farmers and leased five thousand acres at a dollar an acre. The driller had picked this location because it was as far out in the sticks as he could pay freight on his rig—simply shipped as far as his money would take it and then spudded in.

Sixty days later the well came in, flowing by heads at an estimated rate of three thousand barrels a day. Leases in the vicinity leaped to three and four thousand dollars an acre.

Although their stuff was not close in, it was in line with the structure, and Leeper had a chance to sell out at fabulous prices. He sold some, but retained the bulk of his holdings until other tests should confirm his hopes. With sixty thousand dollars in cash he could afford to stand out for his price; none of the big fellows could make him accept whatever they wanted to give, as they did with most wildcatters—no, sir. He was rich, and they'd have to talk turkey when they came to him.

While drilling in the new field was in progress he took a jaunt to several Texas cities to enjoy life. Bog was now a personage. The newspapers called him the Boy Millionaire and cut loose with figures that would have ranked Bog with the Rockefellers and Henry Ford. Reporters interviewed him wherever he went, and the Sunday supplements ran stories about his meteoric rise. Indeed, his picture became as familiar to the readers of small-town newspapers as that of the secretary of their own Chamber of Commerce, or the Rotarians' favorite luncheon speaker.

It was inevitable that a horde of parasites should descend upon him, but they got lean pickings. Bog liked flattery as well as the next, but they could not reach his pocketbook—he had cut his eyeteeth long ago, thanks. Most of the parasitic gentry decided he was hard-boiled, and they gave up and went in search of other victims.

There was one who did not, but she was a woman—every man has his weak side, and Bog liked women. He formed a friendship with a manicurist, a lambent flame of youth with jet-black hair, milk-white skin, and a shape that would send a glow through a centenarian. She had advance information on Leeper, and she got him the very first pat—that light pat on the hand which concludes the job and has put many a good man on the toboggan. It made Bog tingle to his toes. After that he was hers.

Fay proved an expensive luxury, but he didn't mind. At least he didn't after he raised his sights and grew accustomed to the new scale of spending. It was winter and he dolled her out in a leopard-skin coat and everything that goes with it. She had a diamond bar pin, a diamond-and-emerald bracelet, half a dozen rings, and a pearl necklace. It put a dent in the Boy Millionaire's roll, and he had to sell some more acreage, for he liked diamonds himself and sported a headlight on his shirt and another on his finger that blurred the traffic signals. But when he and Fay went anywhere they attracted attention, I can tell you. Everybody turned around to stare, so it was worth the money.

Where they were married I can't say, but he introduced her as his wife, and his men acquaintances always referred to her as Mrs. Leeper. Probably it was his own idea to pay a visit to his home town, but the odds are five to one that Fay originated the notion of going in their own private car. He grabbed at the suggestion.

"Maybe we won't knock 'em over!" he exulted.

Their arrival created a sensation in Larrup, but it was not entirely what he expected. All the world will flock to acclaim sudden success, except the old home town. Its attitude is determined by personal predilections, and there were a lot of I-knew-him-when friends whose reception struck Bog as tinged with restraint and an air of watchful waiting. They didn't give him the deference he had received elsewhere, and seemed to treat him as a boy, and his achievement as largely accidental. It irritated Bog.

However, the Daily Booster came out with a front-page story three columns wide, and he received plenty of adulation from those who had no special ties to keep them in Larrup. For a couple of these gentry Leeper found employment in companies with which he was doing business, and of course this enhanced his fame. After he had secured a job for the nephew of the editor, the Booster pronounced Mr. Leeper the greatest son of Larrup, a man who united superb business ability with noblest philanthropic feelings. It even hinted that the hospital and other local organizations might benefit from the visit of this young Napoleon of business, and Bog was so puffed up that he donated a thousand dollars to a free clinic they were trying to organize.

"You're a fine sap!" exclaimed his lady wrathfully.

"Why?"

"To let them pull your leg that way. You ought to have a guardeen!"

Bog Worked on the Kelly With a Drill Crew at Five and Six Dollars a Day, Often in Water and Mud

"I reckon I can spend my own money any way I like."

"Is that so! I notice you were too short to buy me that wrist watch, but the minute somebody calls you a Napoleon—ha, ha!"

"Tie that outside! The more you get the more you howl for. That's always the way with people like you."

"What d'you mean—people like me?"

"Why, people who never had a square in their whole life! When anybody comes along and treats 'em right, they expect the earth."

"I suppose, now, your folks was raised in the lap of luxury?" sneered Mrs. Leeper.

"Do you know where yours was raised?"

"I'll have you know my fam'ly is as good as yours any day in the week," she burst out. "You and your Paulula! Why, the whole bunch are nothing but hicks."

"And what're you?"

"I'm as much of a lady as she is and a helluva sight more too!"

"Yeh, you act like it."

"Say that to me again, and I'll hand you one."

They had been on these frank terms since a week after Bog met her in the barber shop. Yet he had no regrets. If her coarseness of speech and her hard ideas occasionally staggered Leeper—if he sometimes drew mental comparisons between her and Paulula—the contrast seemed to him all in Fay's favor. In fact, the new life made his former existence seem insipid and colorless, so that even while he respected his boyhood friends in Larrup he felt a sort of savage contempt for them. They had no get-up-and-get; they were moral, but there was nothing to them.

Take Paulula, for instance. She had a frank, comradely manner, backed by a nice reserve that raised an insurmountable barrier between her and any familiarity, anything cheap or vulgar, and Bog dimly realized that she possessed the finer grain; but what did that get anybody? Hers were passive virtues.

She didn't have a speck of style—she was a mere rag beside Fay's burning beauty, and—well, Paulula was just cold potatoes, that's all.

What Paulula thought of Mrs. Leeper nobody ever learned. She met her without embarrassment, but the eager cordiality she seemed anxious to show toward Bog's wife evaporated at the first glance. After that, Paulula always praised Fay's beauty whenever her name was mentioned.

"What do you think of her, Paulula?"

"I think she's lovely. I never saw such hair and such skin." And that was all.

On her side, Fay had expected a different type of woman and was plainly disappointed. She almost laughed in Paulula's face when she saw her—no style—no nothing, she remarked later. Yet somehow she was robbed of the triumph she had anticipated from parading her looks and good clothes. Somehow she divined that she couldn't rub it into Paulula that way, so instead of strutting her stuff she put on her party manners and became so mincing of speech that Bog grew uncomfortable. In a vague fashion he sensed that his wife didn't fit into the atmosphere of Larrup as well as she did into that of larger places.

"Well, how do you like Fay?" he inquired of Sam.

"She's sure a good-looker," was the answer.

It did not entirely satisfy Bog, but he hesitated to press the topic, for Sam, too, appeared different. He maintained an odd reserve toward Bog, and always seemed anxious to get away from him. Most people plied the young Napoleon with questions about his oil holdings, his income, how he had achieved so much in so short a time, but Sam did not seem interested in the story at all, and escaped from these conversations as quickly as possible.

"He's jealous, I reckon," Bog concluded. Which seemed the natural explanation.

Indigent seekers after jobs were not the only Larrup citizens who cultivated him now. After waiting to see how the boy took his good fortune, several of the most successful apparently came to the opinion that he was O. K. and sounded Bog about letting them in on some of his enterprises. They all wanted to get in on the ground floor. As Leeper had no promotion schemes in mind he put them off, which merely increased their eagerness.

"Why don't you grab some of this easy money?" Fay inquired.

"What for? I got all I need, and if I sell to any of these birds they'll make what ought to come to me. That stuff of mine is gilt edge, woman."

"Why not let 'em have some that ain't?"

"Because I haven't got any, and I'm not in that business," he replied shortly.

They stayed in Larrup until the town's placid routine began to pall, and then Bog inquired, "Seen all you want to see of this burg?"

"Have I? Say, could we leave before right now?"

"I'll phone to get the car hitched on that 5:05."

Quite a delegation of citizens went to the depot to see the Boy Millionaire and his bride depart, and the Booster gave them a fine send-off the next day.

"Home folks're the best, after all," remarked Bog as he settled back into a lounge chair.

"Ever go home broke?" demanded his wife.

"No, and I don't aim to."

"If you ever did ——"

"You wouldn't be with me, I know that much," he retorted. And they went at it again. These bickerings were so much a part of their daily life that perhaps amity would have bored them.

Bog returned to the oil fields. A year before, this had been a virgin region of pine trees and dogwood, with a few malarial darkies idling round their shacks, some houn' dawgs prowling the jungles, razor-back hogs rooting in the muck, and a few lean cold-blood cattle munching the tough grass—peace so deep that the whole wide world seemed to doze. Now there was a frame-built town of ten thousand people, the dance halls and whirligigs blared all night long, trucks and mule teams and oxen strained through the bottomless bogs, and hundreds of automobiles were parked in the streets. Enormous piles of pipe and drillers' supplies, and lumber and boilers and steel for tanks lay beside the railroad, and fresh trainloads arrived daily. The coughing of gasoline engines, the impatient clank of the rotary rigs, the thunderous boom of escaping gas, and the roar of gushers against their flow boxes made a continuous din. And at night the town blazed with light and echoed to the shouts of men, the gas torches in the swamps and fields revealed black figures swarming like fiends of a nether world, and high above the tree tops the lights on the crown blocks of the derricks glowed like stars. Here one saw man in the raw—fearless, terrible, ruthless, unashamed and splendid—tearing from the depths of the earth the treasure that turns

(Continued on Page 162)

"Tie That Outside! The More You Get the More You Howl For. That's Always the Way With People Like You"

THE SPORTING CHANCE

By James J. Corbett

Waiting in Line to Get Cheap Seats for the Big Bout

PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Part of the Throng Which Witnessed the Dempsey and Carpentier Fight

THIS writing business, they tell me, is a disease that can't be cured.

"You've got it," said John McGraw, the other night at the Lambs, "and now you won't stop—that is, until they throw you out. And then you'll protest to the umpire—I mean, the editor—and swear you did reach first when you were out by a mile; or that you didn't balk with that pen of yours when anyone that ever recites Casey at the Bat knows blame well you did ——" And so on and so on.

This is not fair of McGraw, for it isn't my fault. I fought six rounds with the pen and breathed a sigh of relief when the gong sounded for the last time. And now they've billed me for a return engagement! All because, I suppose, of the letters that came from over the country, from Biddeford, Maine, to Manila, Philippine Islands, asking about things I hadn't put in the story—what happened at Reno when I seconded Jeff, how many children I had, and all such questions. They weren't all complimentary, either. Some found a lot of fault with my decisions—which, by the way, I hadn't meant for decisions, but only opinions.

For instance, one chap takes me to time for saying I sparred with Jack Dempsey thirty-four years ago. "That shows your caliber," he writes; "Jack Dempsey is only twenty-nine today. Did you box with him before he was born? Answer me that!"

This after I had taken pains to explain that it was the *original* Jack Dempsey with whom I had sparred, the "Nonpareil," who lost his middleweight title to Bob Fitzsimmons a year or so after the event I mentioned occurred.

Diagnosis

THEN a dear old lady—whom I would like to meet—writes in a trembling but very beautiful hand, "It may amuse you to be told that I have never witnessed a fight in my life and wouldn't for any consideration be willing to. Yet your story has a fascination for me."

Does she spoil it by what she says next: "You achieved your desires by hard work, pluck—and sometimes bluff!" Perhaps; but she must be smart, for she quickly got on to what I tried to call "mental strategy," anyway.

It is funny, too, to see how much of the bitterness was stirred up by the memoirs—though I don't know whether to call them that, they were so informal. Anyway, a man from Boston recalls in a letter "how angry dad got when John L. was licked by a kid."

And a friend, Joie Regan, one of those sweet old-fashioned Irish tenors, told me in Kansas City, where we played the same theater last fall, that he had spoken to his mother, who also lives in Boston, of an earlier meeting with me in the spring.

"Who do you think played on the same bill with me?" he asked the old lady.

"Faith, an' who?" she replied.

"My old friend, Corbett."

"Corbett? What Corbett?" she asked suspiciously.

"Why, James J. Corbett. Don't you remember, mother? The man that licked John L. Sullivan."

Placing her arms on her hips she looked at Joie in scorn.

"He had little to do!" said she.

And this after thirty-two years! Can you beat it!

On the train near Toledo not long ago I went into the smoker of the Pullman. Two passengers happened to be arguing over my fight at Carson City with Fitz. One was for Bob, the other for me. And what the first said against me would have made me mad, if it hadn't amused me, they knew so little about boxing.

At last they turned to me as to any stranger and asked what I thought—wasn't Corbett "all in," "a big stiff," and so on.

"Right," said I. "Fitz was great, and Corbett rotten."

My attacker crowed over my defender; the latter withered me with one look.

"It's plain you don't know much about fighting," said he.

So the argument continued over the fight fought so many years ago, until a fourth man entered. He stood in the doorway, glanced at me casually, then smiled as he listened to the wrangling fans.

Finally the orators appealed to him, asking what he thought of a certain point.

"I'm darned if I know," he said. "Why don't you ask Mr. Corbett?"

Apologies were in order now; profuse ones, too. The Corbett supporter looked amazed, the Fitzsimmons man embarrassed until I eased him a little by saying that I admired a man who stuck up so for what he believed to be right and wouldn't give in to every wind of opinion—who wasn't one of those Yes-yes fellows, you know.

And now in this account of old-time fights and fighters and those of today, which all those letters have asked me to give, I don't want to be as arbitrary as these fans in the smoker. I am just stating my opinions and welcome the other man's. But I think mine may furnish some food for thought, for they are by no means just those of an old-timer, who tells you how smart Daniel Webster was, what pies mother could bake, and how high the snow came over the fence in the good old days.

Headwork

YOU see, I have always tried to keep my mind and memory clear. Whatever success I have had was due to this trait of trying to keep cool and impartial. It may seem to some of you a strange claim, but I was actually the calmest man in the house when I fought John L. at New Orleans, not only cooler than my seconds, but cooler than the spectators, who had nothing but bets at stake. It wasn't because of any superior natural virtue that I possessed, but simply that, being a frail boy to begin with, I somehow learned that only by keeping fit, acquiring science, and above all by keeping my head could I ever hope to amount to much in the ring. I really began as a youngster to beat John L.—when at seventeen I saw him first.

"I believe that man," I said to myself as from the gallery seat I watched him spar, "can be licked, if a fellow only gets science enough and keeps his head."

To do that I worked and practiced constantly, and tried to gather advice wherever I could, listened and didn't talk much, and watched good boxers whenever I had the chance. And it wasn't long before I began to reason, to figure things out, why this blow did work, and why that one didn't.

These habits of keeping cool and looking for causes were of course acquired very gradually, and often I didn't follow them as I should. But finally they became more or less fixed. I carried them with me into the ring in my own battles, in the fights where I acted as second, and in the later ones that I witnessed and reported. I never go crazy and lose my head, as so many spectators do, when a fight is on. And that is why these views that I shall give may have a little of value.

I will do my best to present them clearly, in comparing the new fighters and athletes with the old, and trying to show whether or not conditions have improved, whether we have kept pace with our advance in business methods and science—and whether American manhood has improved or gone back.

Leaving out football, in which it is generally conceded we have advanced, let us first take up baseball, racing, and then the ring.

In the first sport I have had some experience. Back on the Coast I played the game with stars whose names are famous in big-league annals, and was only kept from continuing in the game by an accident that split my hand and turned my attention later to boxing.

I have often sat on the players' bench with John McGraw, Miller Huggins at St. Louis, and with Frank Chance when he managed the wonderful old Chicago Cubs. During several World's Series I traveled back and forth with the boys between the home cities of the teams fighting for the championship; and have been, in a way, behind the scenes, though I do not hold myself up as an expert—just an impartial and, I hope, a fairly cool observer.

Now it would be easy to say "Sure! Of course the game has improved. The boys today are better than the old ones. There were never men like Hornsby, Babe Ruth, and, in the ring, like Jack Dempsey." That would make me popular, I know, but I should be running out on the question, sort of fixing the fight.

It is true that the game has progressed—in substitutes, masseurs, doctors, shin guards, salaries, automobiles and all the comforts of home for the players; in prices of admission, beautiful parks, score boards and radios for the spectators, and flying machines over their heads, and stands of concrete—not all the concrete in baseball was used up in the stands, either. But to say that players today are brainier, more skillful and sturdier, I —— But let's look a few over—first up, of course, being the mighty Babe Ruth.

He is certainly a powerful batter, as good as ever stepped up to a plate, but he has a faster ball to hit. The little rubber center around which the twine is wrapped is made larger today. It is so lively that infielders cannot handle it as cleanly as they used to do, and in a favorable ball park a normal two-base hit is frequently stretched into a homer. It is not that the swat itself is mightier or that men are faster; just the modern ball. With it such old-time hitters as Dan Brouthers, Roger Connor, Lajoie, Delehanty, Sam Thompson, Buck Freeman, and a host of others would pile up their totals, like the famous Babe, hitting fifty home runs in a season instead of their usual twenty-fives. And remember that where he is practically unchallenged, in the old days there were always a half dozen or more great hitters, in the same season, busting fences or breaking the windows in houses outside the old ball parks.

Heroes of Old

AS FOR pitchers, I remember the stories, last fall, of Arthur Nehf's pitching a full game in the World's Series and then coming back two days later and pitching seven innings, when he collapsed. "Marvelous!" said everybody. But in the nineties, when they had on their full teams only as many men as they have for pitchers today, each boxman pitched a full game every other day through the season. And they didn't collapse.

And I don't see that with the decline in sturdiness the speed has increased. Many a time from the players' bench I have watched the twirlers shooting them across. Those shoots don't come any faster now than when Radbourne and Rusie, Clarkson and Christy Mathewson and Keefe were in their prime. Why, the two fastest pitchers of recent years in big-league company are Alexander and Johnson, both practically old-timers, each having been in big-time baseball about eighteen years. And John McGraw and Hank O'Day, the famous umpire, who are near enough to gauge speed and know it when they see it, will back me up in this claim.

Nor do I see any new plays in baseball that weren't tried out years ago. No one thinks now, for instance, any faster than did Willie Keeler. And how he could be depended upon for a sacrifice! Time after time I have seen him come up to bat in the pinch, and the little fellow would almost always deliver. In would come first and third basemen and, as soon as he had pitched the ball, the pitcher would run in toward the plate to scoop up the expected bunt. But it would be too late. For Keeler, instead of bunting, would deliberately hit the ball toward the incoming third baseman. Beautifully placed and too hot to handle, it would sizzle past him into left field, and little Willie would be sprinting toward first. He usually wasted enough time and motion to make some maddening gesture at the crestfallen trio, but he would get there just the same. Now they fiddle with bunts these days, but they don't make such plays; Keeler was as reliable with his bat as Willie Hoppe with his billiard cue.

And for quick thinking you had examples of it day after day—not old stuff but new stuff, too—such, for instance, as that shown by King Kelly, who one afternoon was not in the line-up and was sitting on the bench when the batter on the opposing team knocked a high foul which his catcher had no chance to get. Seeing it coming his way, King called to the catcher—being captain he had the right—"You're out of the game; I'm catcher." He caught the ball all right, and though, in the argument that followed, the disgruntled umpire didn't allow the play, the incident shows how alert and quick-witted the old boys were, forever thinking up some trick or ruse to catch the others napping.

And the teamwork today is no smoother or better than that perfected by the Philadelphia Athletics under Mack, the Cubs under Chance, or the fellows who came before them, the old Baltimore Orioles, of whom Jennings, McGraw, Keeler and Robinson were the outstanding stars. There is hardly a stunt or play pulled today that they didn't use. McGraw himself is actually putting into the heads of the present-day Giants just the old baseball of the nineties; and that has won him more pennants than any other manager in baseball, usually with just a fair pitching staff, too, and no high-priced stars like Ruth or Ty Cobb on the team.

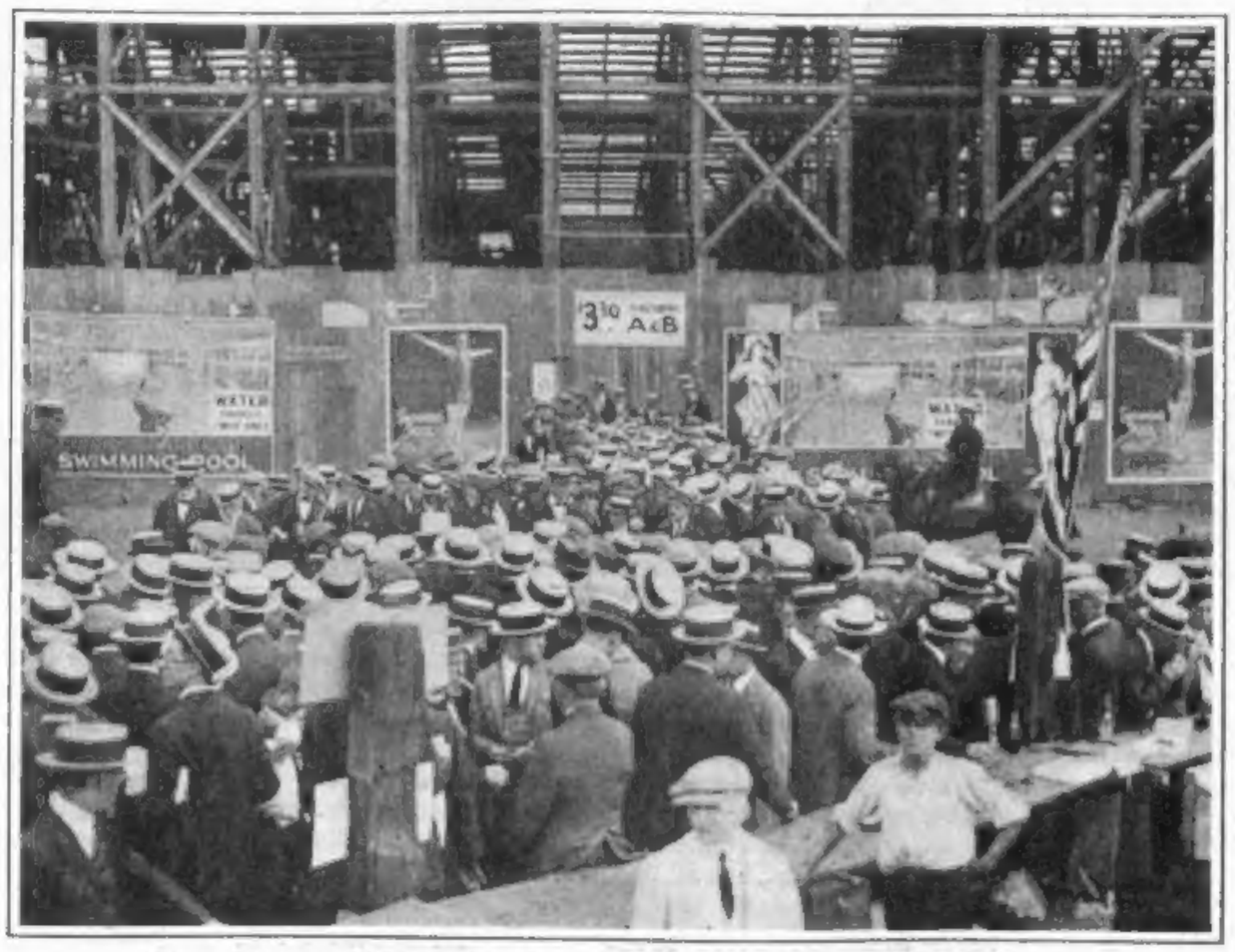
I have often wondered at the patience of this great leader, who is naturally fiery.

Not many years ago I sat on the bench of a small Southern League ball park where the Giants were scheduled for a stop-off on their way North. A few recruits were on the field, and McGraw pointed out the mistakes they were making.

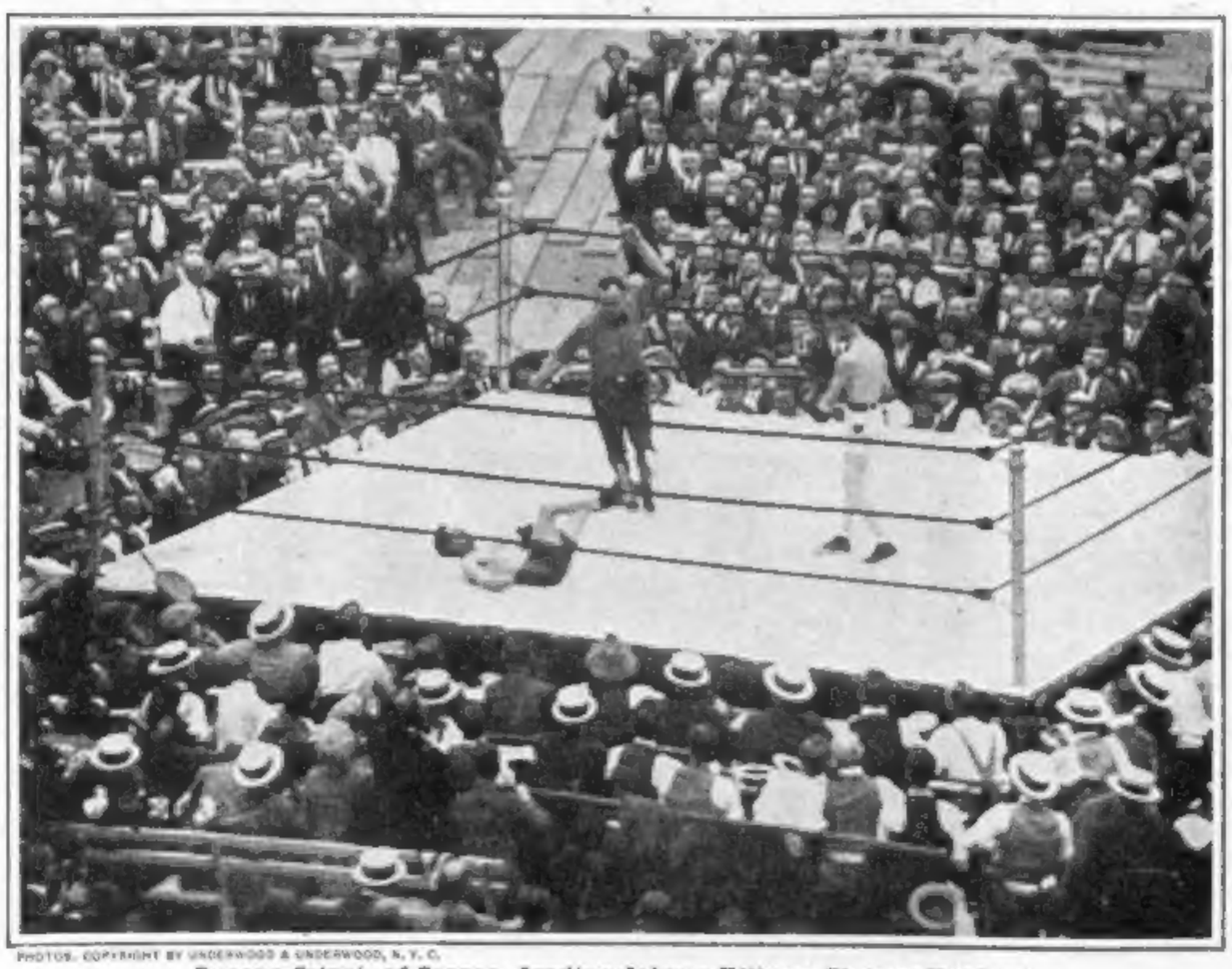
"Look at that fellow," he said, "trying to get from first to third on that measly single. He hasn't a chance in the world. That's not big-league stuff, Jim."

Again a youngster threw to home plate to head off a run impossible to stop.

"It shows what you have to teach 'em," added McGraw. "That fellow wasted his throw, when he might have gotten the ball to third and cut off the other man."



At an Entrance of Richard's Arena, Before the Leonard and Tendler Battle



PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Eugene Criqui, of France, Sending Johnny Kilbane Flat on His Back

The Ponies

I WAITED to hear what he would have to say to these boys at the hotel that night, but he never called them at all.

"John," I said, "you didn't raise H with those boys for the mistakes they made. I expected you to."

"No," he replied. "Wait a few days till they uncork all their nervousness. They're overanxious now to make good, and naturally pull a few bones. I'll ease them along for a while; then, if they show any baseball brains I'll teach them the inside stuff."

I'd like to have a team with Keeler, Wagner and old Matty as a nucleus—in their prime, mind you; it's a pity the new generation couldn't have seen them then. I'd match that trio against any three you can pick from those still playing the game.

And most of the things I have cited might with truth be said of the track. Years ago sprinters on slow tracks, with old-time methods, could clip off the hundred in 9⅘. All that has been gained in a half century by the new methods and increasingly strenuous competition is one-fifth of a second. Even as I write I hear the shouts of "Nurmi!" echoing from Madison Square Garden, but the wonderful Finn is a foreigner, far outshines his nearest rival, and is the exception that but proves the rule.

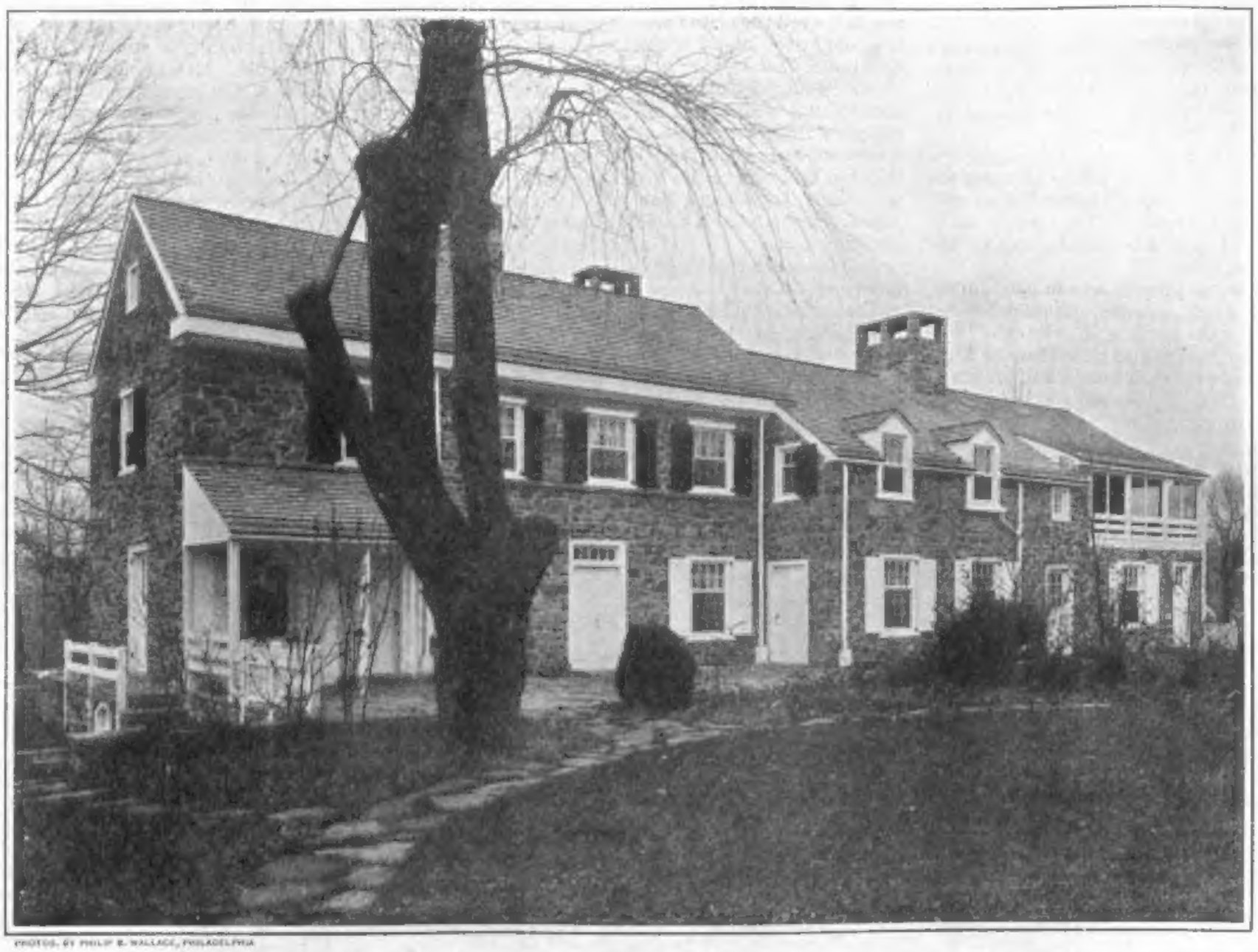
Similar things might be said of horseflesh, too. Long ago Salvator ran a mile in 1.35½, and the new fast tracks, new plates for the horses' hoofs, and new jockeyship have lowered his mark by just a tiny fraction of a second. It does look as if men and horses were sturdier then, to do so well handicapped as they were.

In the calling I followed before I took up the stage—pugilism, or prize fighting—call it that, I'm not ashamed of it—you

(Continued on Page 169)

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Autumn—By Joseph Hergesheimer



PHOTOS. BY PHILIP B. WALLACE, PHILADELPHIA

THE autumn was then in its full golden flood, not variegated in color, even the maple trees and sumac lacked their usual brilliancy of scarlet; yes, the only word for it was golden, a gold cloaked with transparent blue hazes; there was no wind and the leaves were motionless; the hills, pure in color but not bright, receded into a horizon without definition; and in the mornings, in the still valleys, the little valleys, the grass was silver with frost. The moment the sun appeared, fell across the sod, the frost vanished; it lingered in the silver silhouettes of flung shadows, but when the shadows moved, its print instantly faded. The mornings were cold, delicious and sharply fragrant; through the middle of the day it was warm, but the air grew rapidly cooler with evening.

The warmth of those autumn days was extraordinary: the country roads, lying deep between their banks, under the old gray fences, were like streams flowing from the heat of summer, perfectly tempered. And then the feeling which, as long as I could remember, overtook me in the fall came on me stronger than ever—with the first frosts of October I had a tyrannical impulse to leave everything I had, everyone I knew, and walk away into the far idyllic country. I wanted to own nothing but a small pack—some chocolate made with water rather than milk, a spare flannel shirt and the most limited of necessities, a book to ignore—and be free. I wasn't so much tired of what surrounded me as I was conscious of the fact that I was an alien to my surroundings; they had the disturbing effect of things that had been gathered, heaped, around me while I was asleep.

It was all very pleasant, the people as charming as possible, but I belonged somewhere else. I was positively choked with the need to be alone, to smoke under a bank, with the pack under my head, and then go on unimpeded, to go on and stop. I wanted to sleep wherever I found myself at dusk, under hay or in barns or attic rooms, sit with outthrust legs in the taprooms of roadside taverns. Then, in the morning, I'd get up and have a breakfast with cottage cheese and thick pieces of country bread, fresh butter in pats stamped with conventional daisies and grotesque cows, and wander on, with bread and dairy cheese and, maybe a slice of lamb, in my pack.

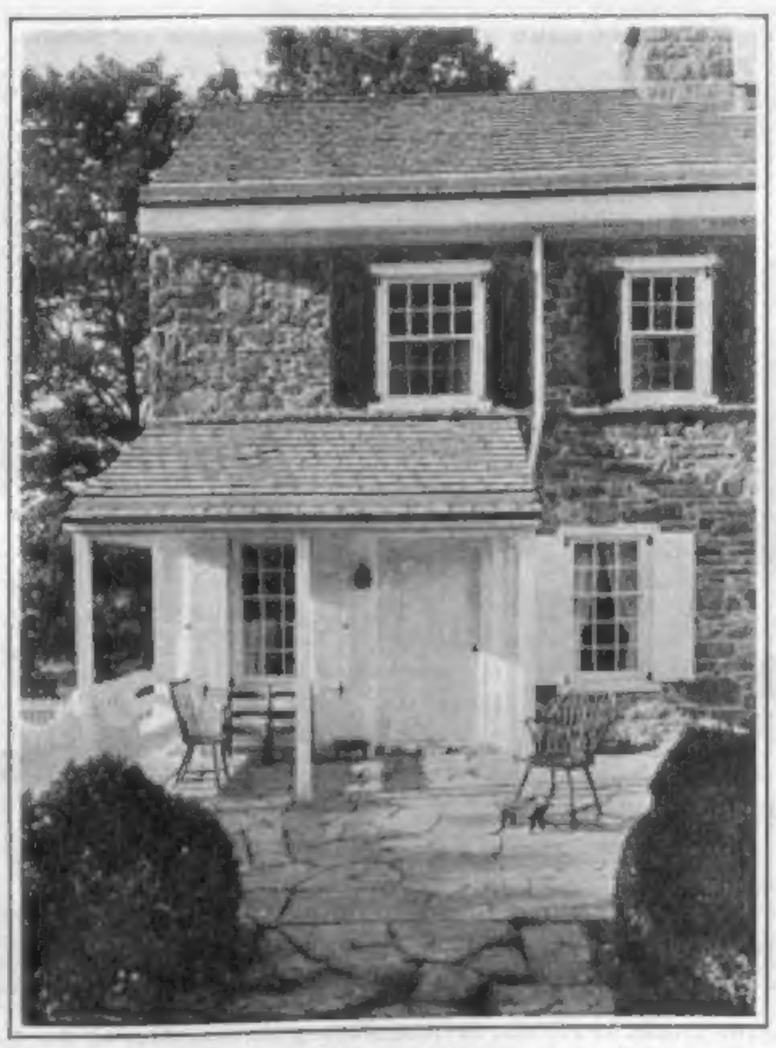
I didn't want to own anything, to be tied by possession to the most trifling of details; I wanted to be without the claims, the affections, of people; I wanted to see them, if they were sufficiently simple, to hear them talk, local politics and the weather, apples and wheat, plowing and planting and reaping, and then hitch into my pack, move up the hill and down beyond. I'd never come back, I understood that without actually admitting it; but where I'd go was vague, it was unimportant. It would, inevitably, be into a pastoral country, a land with little towns and farmhouses of stone and of wood, barnyards within stone walls and barns filled to their high roofs with hay. I'd lean over a wall for an hour, in the sun, and watch the placid cows, the ridiculous and agitated chickens; or I'd linger by an opening in a fence through which the cows came up from pasture for milking. After they had crossed the road, the sound of their passage soft in the dust, I would help to put the rails back, lamps would shine in the farmhouse windows; but, with the moon rising full in the tender east, I wouldn't stay. The moon would rise, losing its color for light, and soon the countryside would be utterly changed, at once clear and mysterious; the hills faint against the liquid green night, but all that was near at hand, the blades of grass, the leaves, the fences, completely visible.

That was what I longed for, to be free, to own and be owned by nothing; but, instead, I was committed to a confusing number of people. I was engaged to love and to the elaborate restoration of the simple house that was mine. I was intolerably multiplying the exact obligations from which I longed to escape. The feeling persisted, increased, that through the past ten, fifteen, years, I had loaded myself with material and undesirable impediments; and now, it began to be apparent, I was powerless to shake them off. Perhaps, with a supreme effort —— I had the pack, a Swiss rucksack, in a neglected drawer! But that idea lasted only for a second:

If I did leave all my possessions, and love, for the life so strongly drawing me away, I'd hate it. However deeply I was moved, my body was totally incapable of carrying out such a plan in even relative comfort; I was physically indolent; the humiliating truth was that I disliked physical effort. I had inherited the vision, the desire, of freedom without the hardness necessary to accomplish it. Walking I liked to think about, I enjoyed it enormously in retrospect, but the thing itself—that was different. For a number of years, now, I had owned an automobile, and I had acquired an ignominious preference for riding over walking. In consequence I had suffered a decline in my powers of activity. I hated cold, strange beds and badly cooked food; I had never slept under hay, but I knew how it would turn out—a total failure.

And, aside from that, the countryside of my imagination had long ago ceased to exist; there were, in Chester County, informal roads still under leafy banks, but they lay back of the great concrete highways; any turn almost would bring me out on the rapid streams of motors, where even in the gutters my life was not entirely safe and a peace of mind wholly impossible. A great many of the farmhouses, as well, were closed, in ruins, or they had been turned—in the process of what had happened to the Dower House—into country residences. The roadside taverns, too, were either melancholy shells or, for me worse, entirely rehabilitated for the parties in motors; the taprooms were gone, the beer in thick glasses turned into tea, into cocktails in teacups.

People who could ride would not walk. Distance, space, had been changed, cheapened: I might go all day on foot, thirty, forty, miles, from early morning till dark, and in less than an hour an automobile could have carried me as far. The accomplishment of walking was belittled, a machine could do it better; the mind, a mere commercial industry, scribbling, were so much more effective than a good pair of legs. The countryside was contracting, it was growing smaller and smaller and some day it would disappear; it had already lost one of its greatest properties, that of privacy, retirement; localities, local types of men, belonged to a bygone generation; a shallow universal curiosity had exposed every delightful lane, every quiet wood, to the unsparing glare of publicity, to noisy and impertinent comment. What, in the autumn, I longed for, and the ability to accomplish it, had gone from the world, from me.



The Wagon Seat

About my ancestry, recent or remote, I owned as little exact knowledge as I had curiosity, but—if my fundamental inclinations had the slightest determining value—they were people largely in simple circumstances. Yet that simplicity had, in me, been strangely confused: I wrote in what was held to be an elaborate style about people the reverse, usually, of simple. That, too, then, must have come down to me together with the other. But of the two, where my writing was concerned, I preferred the former—the material of Mountain Blood. And still in that, a great many years ago in the history of my novels, I had spoken of the stars as silver grapes on high ultra-blue arbors. Not an ideal phrase for the recording of existence in the Virginia mountains.

However, that elaboration, rather than the spare account of the plainest country living, kept me to its more treacherous if not greater difficulties. The years in which I had failed to be a painter had, naturally, left me with an enormous interest in surfaces; I used words precisely in the way I had used colors, striving for the same effects; and a love for terraces—leading me now to a terrace of my own—found me in formal gardens, in the summer-house of the Ammidons at Salem, rather than concerned with the Pennsylvania villages that was my other, my vainly preferred, heritage.

As I grew older, imperceptibly entering an autumn that would turn into winter but reach no spring, I more and more preferred a formal life. I should have liked, at West Chester—a thing impossible with the local servants—to have dinner at eight o'clock in the evening, to sit with Dorothy in rigid and ingratiating clothes a long while over the coffee. A complete formality, it seemed to me, provided a mask behind which the individual could rest, retire, unwearied by the endless fatigue of personal contacts. I had, for forty years, been too closely engaged with everyone I saw; I liked them or I didn't like them, I thought about them, reacted to them, with energy; and now I wished to have no feeling about the majority, the majority which didn't, really, concern me, at all.

A perfect formality was the only means of accomplishing that—a manner of life where every circumstance and individual were met by an appropriate and impersonal phrase or attitude. Good manners provided the defense of an absolute indifference. And indifference seemed to me the most invaluable of qualities. But, somehow, I could never manage to preserve it for more than a day: I'd begin at breakfast with William, holding myself to a short pleasant recognition of his presence on earth and in my dining room; and, with the infallible emotional sense of the negro, he would meet my mood in exactly the right tone, he would pour the water, a model of nice formality. Then, perhaps, after breakfast he'd pause to comment on the fact that he was obliged to put Marlowe out of the house; he had been rolling in false face.

In what, William?

False face; Andrew was spreading it out yesterday. Phosphate! And I'd be lost—a sense of the absurd, of affection, would rise up in me and destroy the relationship of master and servant. It was the same with Martha, who had come from Hickory Hill, in Virginia: how could I be wholly formal with her when, in her high musical voice, she called me on the telephone to say that she was being held at the squire's office, and would I please come right away and get her out so she could cook dinner?

I most intensely desired that relieving indifference, I wanted to meet people with politeness and leave them without a second, without a single, thought. And between those two utterly different and equally impossible wishes I moved—to own nothing in the world or to live as part of an intricate and artificial civilization. A tinker—a word I was sorry to see dropping from the common American speech or a member of a narrow and self-sufficient and correct society. I could never, of course, be either, since I was a writer; and writers belonged to no marked group of ideas or people; actually, they were forced to construct a world, a society, of their own, fitted to their peculiar and always personal needs. I saw, at intervals, something of the polite existence I've referred to, but I have never had any lasting

A Stairway

illusions that I belonged there—I was obviously odd and interesting, with the unusual advantages of a very good tailor and admirable neckties; but, except with the rare individual, it went no further than that. The rare individual, happily, existed; but two people in a drawing-room of whatever magnificence did not make up a society.

For my part, I grew rapidly tired of being looked upon, in person, as entertaining; and it was the special curse of imaginative writing to be gabbled about, verbally patronized, by almost everybody. Everybody nearly, but especially women. Yet it wasn't, primarily, intelligence I found lacking, but vitality—the people at dinners were like balloons that I had laboriously to blow up and keep inflated, with life, with ideas, with feelings, with, when it was possible, humor. If, for a moment, I failed in this my books were reported to be dull. And, after dinner the games, the game, auction bridge, was, for me, if anything worse. Bridge and the talk about horses! Men and women with faces, minds, of leather and the slang of stables and who only existed vicariously in sport.

However, for them stupidity was an incalculable blessing, it entirely preserved them from the relative and disconcerting truth that life was a horribly difficult engagement. For them, because of a mere mental opacity, the whole affair of living was hidden by the splendid conviction that they, in their material superiority, were the end, the justification, of creation. In that way I fundamentally disliked a phase of society which, very often, in imagination, I saw myself inhabiting. Like the desire to quit everything I was and walk into a land of liberty, my dream of formality was, luckily, in vain. I'd have to keep on, touching—in reality and in imagination—now one world and now another, belonging properly to none. And I wondered if other men had concealed within them such absurd contradictions:

As I was writing this the town clock struck twelve; it was the seventeenth of November, a noon with a deep unbroken blue sky, a sharp flood of sunlight and a cold air. Dead leaves stirred in a grass still green, the sere leaves on a tall bush flickered uneasily; the shadows of birds passed swiftly over the wall of the bank beyond the windows. October had gone, November was more than half lost, and here I was still bowed over an eternal half-filled page.

The autumn in which my house was torn down to its bare stones had passed as quickly, and in very much the same way, except for the afternoons spent standing on the broken sod growing perceptibly harder with the harder frosts, watching the process of destruction. It is in my mind that I was writing the separate papers of The Magnetic West then; I had not long before returned from its heroic mountains and deserts, and I was still humming with the extraordinary vast and various beauty of the United States. I had not lost my bitterness at the disgraceful manner in which that beauty had been met—the blind avarice and ignorant waste. At last I had been able to see how the Western movement, the American movement, had—driven by need or dreams or more obscure necessities—left the shores of the Atlantic Ocean for the long arduous journey to the shores of the Pacific.

Then, as though it had swept on into that farther flood, such an adventuring spirit had disappeared. The bloods, the languages, the people, who followed were different: the men, it seemed, who cut clearings out of the primitive forest were not the men to stay and cultivate them into farm land. The farmers appeared, the trading posts grew into cities, and in turn gathered together the appointed traders of the world. The forest, the unencumbered and magnetic West, vanished with the abruptness of a stage setting suddenly obliterated by the curtain. They went forever, accompanied by their appropriate and crude and vigorous actors, leaving the new hordes, more cunning and able, and industrious, upon the changing ground.

Some of the land was utterly transformed, filled with an energy of machinery taking the place of the departing strength of men, and some was left to a green and slumberous peace; but it was the peace which had fallen to Chester County and to the Dower House. There the air of the past, of an early Quaker pastoral, had remained like the tranquil scents of a simple garden unscattered through a morning by any disturbing wind. Back from the lengthening concrete highways, the clamorous public excursion, a number of old field-stone buildings, dwellings like the Dower House and barns and grist-mills tangled with blackberry bushes, the mill wheels collapsed in the empty races, remained to interpose their thick walls between the assaulting, the ultimately victorious, alien flood and the quiet within.

This realization had come to fortify my attitude toward my house; I told Dorothy a great many times that that was what we were preserving; it was worth any sum we could command . . . if it were done consistently. Really, I'd hopefully proceed, we could afford it; we had no children to provide for; and a small, historic and lovely house could always, under necessity, be sold. She agreed with me almost entirely; entirely, that was, except at the moments when my passion for detail became as involved as it was expensive. But if the interior paneling were not framed in, I'd demand, how could we be certain of getting the feeling which was to be the justification of our whole undertaking? We must

(Continued on Page 181)

Walnut and Glass

RED HAIR

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

NANCY CALDWELL had red hair—two braids of it—and all the legend-old characteristics that go with it. Besides, she had plenty of money and the ability to make more of it if she wanted to, which she didn't. She itched with none of the urge that kept most of her friends in a perpetual scramble to stir up a little artistic or economic importance for themselves.

She owned a remodeled house on the north side of Gramercy Park. It had an enormous room—the loft—sprawling all over the entire top floor, where an ageless amah, tranquil and trousered, clumsily brewed beverages for conservative callers or deftly shook them for the liberals.

The most distinctive piece of furniture in the big, comfortable room was Nancy's grandmother. Like a spider, silent and serene, never hungry, but always welcoming any who came, she sat in the sunny window overlooking the park and sucked secrets from Nancy's unsuspecting friends—always sympathizing, never criticizing, seldom advising. Her name was Mrs. Eric Eaton. Gran, Nancy called her; but everyone else called her Madame Eaton. Slightly lame, her back was as straight as her ebony cane. She had piles of carefully coiffured white hair and bright blue eyes that looked out youthfully from her wise, wrinkled face.

They were eyes that had seen change in everything about her except in human nature.

In the days when she was mistress of the house, one entered a sedate hall and passed on properly to a severe drawing-room and libraries. Now an automatic contraption admitted anyone who shouted an acceptable name through a tube to a huge partitionless thickly populated garage, where a small, erratic elevator in one corner either whisked him to the living quarters or suspended him indefinitely on the way thereto. Nancy Caldwell wanted her cars where she wanted them when she wanted them, and she had bullied a hostile architect into a submission so complete that by the time the remarkable remodeling was finished he thought the idea was his own.

Nancy loved cars as tramps love their dogs and misers their money. She played with and hoarded them. On the afternoon that the Nonuplifters were to meet in her loft for the final discussion of their new play, Nancy went out to look at a new car and forgot to come back. So the Nonuplifters smoked and talked politics and kept the amah's arm aching.

The Nonuplifters were by all odds the most resultful of New York's various experimental theater societies. In fact, they established so many stars—who immediately took up their lights and shone on Broadway—that they were constantly without any themselves. Artists from attics are all very well, but the Nonuplifters got on famously with artists who neither nibbled crusts nor slept on marked-down army cots, but who walked out, well nourished, from the doors of the best old families.

Just now, however, the executive committee of the Nonuplifters was in a dreadful state. They had been ignored, rebuffed, openly opposed. And all these by two dignified paupers on whom they had forced five thousand dollars merely for advice about their new play. Their play was Swedish—an elemental thing, simple and gripping, yet elusive; nothing obvious. And the feeling of the whole play turned on one part, that of a girl named Bergit. It was a whimsical part, Ophelianesque, sensitive, yet fundamental; most fundamental. And the Alversons had insisted on casting Doris Temple for the part. Doris Temple! The Alversons were really Swedish and rumoredly royal, and until now Sally Withington had considered them the find of her artistic life. Sally Withington was the president of the Nonuplifters, and Sally's money talked only less than her tongue.

"Then It's Time He Wakened to Opportunity"

She came earlier than the committee meeting was scheduled, intending to ascertain Nancy's attitude before doing anything drastic. Of course, if Nancy were really as fond of Doris as she pretended to be, she wouldn't want her to make a fool of herself; she might even influence Doris not to accept the part—but there was never any telling about Nancy.

But Nancy's temper tightened her purse strings, and the Nonuplifters were about to levy another assessment. So Sally came early. She found Jimmy MacDowell already there, talking to Madame Eaton. Jimmy was a dramatic critic and a writer of special articles on incomprehensible subjects, and he was the only man in the world who loved Nancy Caldwell. Several other men had; but with Jimmy it was a permanent planetary condition. Nancy was as little interested in him as she was in a horse and buggy; but after all, a lover is a lover and good for escorting purposes.

Sally greeted him affectionately—he was the kind of man women always pat—and let him ease her down to the low stool directly in front of Madame Eaton. For a plump woman, she had an unusual inclination for stools. She lost no time in prologue:

"Madame Eaton, what does Nancy think about these mad Swedes casting Doris for the lead? I hope to heaven she's going to be reasonable."

"Nancy has been buying a new set of automobiles these last few days, Sally," said Madame Eaton, changing from her distance glasses—Jimmy had been sitting halfway across the room to her close-vision ones. "I haven't heard her say anything about the play. But I thought you were delighted with the Alverson persons. I must say they struck me as somewhat mad from the first."

"Well, I wish I'd had your discretion. Without consulting the committee, they've gone and asked poor stupid, blundering Doris Temple to take the most important part. Surely you knew about it."

"My de-ar, is it the leading part?" asked Madame Eaton, nimbly finding a truthful crack of escape, at which Jimmy turned bluntly around and sunned the solemn amah with a wide unanswered grin.

"It's just simply the whole play. I only got back in town this morning or I'd have gone straight to Doris myself before matters went so far. Don't you remember in that Russian play we put on—the only failure we've ever had all Doris had to do was to walk in with a bowl of flowers, and she dropped it plump on the face of the dead woman, who sat up and shrieked? I simply can't imagine how the little idiot can have enough conceit to have accepted the part. If Richard were only here, he'd put a stop to it fast enough, I've an idea. When's he coming back?"

"Well, we're not very well informed about Richard, you know," Madame Eaton reminded her.

Mrs. Withington smiled, very briefly. The enmity between Nancy and Richard Temple was as ripe as the friendship between Nancy and his wife. Nancy's hair burned redder every time his name was mentioned. She had nicknamed him Rich after his marriage to Doris, whose money made him so, and the name had grown to him.

"Rich is getting in town today," Jimmy divulged, with his careless manner of universal information. "I just saw Preston Davis down on the Avenue and he said Rich was full of business again—big affairs—forming another big corporation of some sort."

"There seems no end to Doris' money," murmured Madame Eaton.

"I like Richard Temple," said Sally firmly; "it's surely worth all her money can give him to have Doris for a wife. She's about as near nothing as people get. What Nancy wants to drag her into everything for, the Lord only knows. But to encourage her about this play is pathetic. Nancy's mad."

Just then the elevator emptied its full capacity of committee into the room. Janet Smithers leaned down and embraced Sally, sistered by calamity. She was a small, blond, unimportant person who reached for importance as a baby does for the moon. She had formed a league of other unimportant women and they rolled along a snowball called the new-woman movement. She spent her husband's money organizing societies where she could lecture on the economic freedom of women; her mail came "Miss" instead of "Mrs.," and she wore no wedding ring. She was always busy blowing a great bubble of independence out of her dependence. And she was the committee's choice for the part of Bergit.

"Ah-hah, Sally," she laughed, "I knew we'd find you glowing with enthusiasm. But think how much worse I feel! For two weeks I've tried to impress your Swedes with my histrionic ability—and they choose Doris!"

She collapsed effectively to the divan beside a long-haired, languorous man of mysterious manner.

"I think the little Doris' courage of conceit is to be respected," he intoned, proffering a platinum cigarette case with lifeless hands. "The Alversons tell me she accepted their suggestion unhesitatingly."

"They had no business making suggestions without consulting us," said Sally Withington. "Where are the

presumptuous Swedes anyhow? We pay them. It's time they're here."

"Mrs. Alverson telephoned she'd be here at four," someone contributed.

"And the female of the Swedish is more deadly than the male," chanted Jimmy MacDowell, to an applause interrupted by the arrival of Nancy and Gerda Alverson.

Nancy threw her hat at the amah, who caught it on the cocktail shaker and sedately disappeared with it. The two women looked like a calla and a tiger lily crossing the long room together, Nancy's dark eyes drinking in details as, with both uplifted hands, she thrust hairpins into her two big red braids of coroneting hair. Gerda Alverson was pale and unanimated, her broad unrouged face looking quietly out from dauntless gray eyes. Her hair was straight, and a few strands strayed unbecomingly from under a terrible white hat trimmed with faded flowers. Nevertheless, she maintained a certain distinction.

"How do you all do?" she said in careful, precise speech, giving Madame Eaton her only individual greeting, and sitting down stolidly in a straight, uncomfortable chair.

Nancy said "Hello, everybody! Is the war on?" and sat down on the other side of the languorous man, who automatically proffered cigarettes again. She gestured dismissingly at Jimmy MacDowell, whose shortsighted blue eyes loved her and who had bustled up with a chair for her. "Fire the guns, Sally," she said.

"Well," said Sally, "since you seem to know how we all feel, suppose you explain why you want to make a failure out of the play and a fool out of Doris Temple?"

"You've got your criminals confused," said Nancy. "Speak up, Gerda Alverson, and explain why you shall not be damned."

"Miss Caldwell tells to me"—Mrs. Alverson pleasantly addressed the unfriendly group with a large slow smile—"that some of you may be apprehensive because my husband and I believe Mrs. Temple to be the one for playing the part of Bergit. But we believe we have chosen wisely."

A somewhat prolonged silence convinced them that she had finished her explanation.

"But why?" Mrs. Withington's voice was a chromatic of incredulity which brought low laughter. Gerda Alverson waited for it to die.

"It is a difficulty to describe why—perhaps I might say because she has a wistfulness and no conceit. My own cousin, as you all know, wrote the play, and we have not once failed in its production in Europe. We were quite innocent of any presumption in speaking to Mrs. Temple. But we have done so. Now if matters are to be arranged otherwise, one of your members can no doubt explain your reasons to Mrs. Temple."

Janet Smithers seized this suggestion.

"Nancy can do it—perfectly. Doris wouldn't be hurt if Nancy chopped her up in pieces. She'll like being told, by Nancy."

"Well, I'll never do it," said Nancy.

"Because you believe she's capable of taking the part?"

"Because—I—don't—want—to," said Nancy, amiably specific.

Whereupon Sally Withington did something that few people had ever done—she made a direct personal comment of disapproval.

"Well, Nancy, it wouldn't be anything to your discredit if you'd once do something you didn't want to. You never have, in thirty years, and I don't see that you've gained much satisfaction out of life. You're fonder of Doris than any of the rest of us are, but you don't mind how much her feelings are hurt if only you're saved the annoyance of telling her."

The committee held its breath, but Nancy remained miraculously calm.

"Oh, I don't mind telling her that the Alversons, whom we've engaged to produce this play, think she's the exact person to play Bergit, but that the rest of you are determined that Janet shall revolutionize the part into a votes-for-women standard bearer. . . . What is it, Gran? Got a moth in your ear?"

Madame Eaton had been making a series of facial gestures over the top of Sally's head.

Nancy twisted about and looked down the room. Mu Lan was admitting Doris Temple. Nancy waved and called, "Hello, Doris." Jimmy MacDowell met her and put her in the chair he had previously drawn up for Nancy.

Doris Temple was unhappy, and looked it. She was distressed, and looked it. She had brown eyes, delicate, irregular features and straight bobbed brown hair. In her dark-brown street gown and tiny mushroomed hat she was as inconspicuous as a wren; but sitting on the edge of the big chair, both hands caught on one arm of it, she leaned forward with a dynamic determination that made her quaintly impressive. The languorous man did not offer her cigarettes

"I expect"—her voice caught and she cleared her throat—"I expect most of you'll be relieved to know that I've changed my mind about taking part in the play. I knew the committee was meeting here, so I thought I'd just run up and tell you."

"It is a very great pity," said the Swedish woman: "no one I know in New York could so well do that part."

Mrs. Temple flushed miserably and murmured something. Perfunctory remarks grew here and there about the room, a few of the more gentle members suggesting feebly that she reconsider. Doris smiled and shook her head. It was unpleasantly plain that she was fighting back her tears. After a moment's awkward pause she rose to go.

"When do you expect Richard back?" Sally Withington inquired, unable to restrain her conjecture. The too casual query brought a furious color into her victim's already flushed face.

"Oh, he's here now. But he only has a few hours at home and I promised I'd come right back."

"Good Lord!" exploded Nancy, going with her to the elevator. "How did he get here? Wasn't it only two days ago you had a wire for more money—from San Francisco?"

Doris tried to hurry on. Nancy grasped her arm tightly.

"Why, Nancy dear, he flew to Chicago in an airplane and took the Limited last night. This new project is fearfully immediate. He's hurrying right away tonight to see some steel men in Philadelphia."

"Magnificent," said Nancy grimly. "Doris, why did you let him talk you out of taking this part? Haven't you any pluck at all? If you'd ——"

"Oh, Nancy!" Doris caught her arm. "Why, he—he doesn't even know a thing about it! He—he ——"

"Oh, go on, you sacrificial liar!" said Nancy, and went back to the others with a face like a black-eyed mask.

She found no one remarking that Richard had undoubtedly put an end to Doris' theatrical ambitions, though a subdued greed for gossip was heavy in the atmosphere. Sally Withington said nothing more; she had already said far too much for the financial good of the Nonuplifters, as she well knew when she glanced at Nancy. Jimmy MacDowell, in leaving, reminded Nancy that they had a concert engagement for that evening, whereupon she curtly canceled it.

"I'm sick to death of music, and of dramatic critics, too," she enlivened his leave taking. "Do keep away for a few minutes."

After the last of the committee had left, Nancy went back to her grandmother. She sat down on the stool Sally had vacated, hugging her knees and staring up into Madame Eaton's untroubled, observant face

"Gran, have I always done only the things I want to?" she said.

"I remember no exceptions, Nancy. Do you?" said Madame Eaton, never surprised. "I've often thought it might be good for you."

"It's too late to change. And I don't see that the people who go round sacrificing themselves get any more satisfaction out of life, as Sally says, than I do. And there are certainly heaps of things I've wanted to do that I haven't, and one of them's to clean Richard Temple off the face of the earth. At least I'm going to make him let Doris be in that play—if it takes a leg."

"An ambition as absurd as your language, Nancy, is appalling."

"Very well; then I expurgate the 'leg' for 'limb,' but my intentions remain the same. Why couldn't the detestable Richard have her try this Bergit thing? Oh, if I could only make her see him the way I do!"

"It's useless putting yourself against love, Nancy. And I haven't the slightest notion that Doris could have taken the part successfully. Remember that you see her the way she sees Richard—through the eyes of love."

"Well, I believe these Alversons know what they're doing. Doris hasn't any self-conceit or self-consciousness. And that's the only kind of a person who could take such a part. I'll admit I wouldn't have thought of choosing her myself; but she's always wanted, ever since we were in boarding school, to try something like this; and if she only could make a go of it, it would mean her eternal happiness—for Richard would change his spots overnight. You know what a bloodhound he is after glamour and glory. Just let Doris

(Continued on Page 154)

"It Didn't Seem Hospitable to Deny So Infrequent a Guest the Privilege of Mussing My Hair"

The Lay of the Last Minstrels

By MARIAN SPITZER

Al Jolson, Who Began His Stage Career as a Minstrel, in a Scene From Bombo

THE passing, a few months ago, of Lew Dockstader, famous minstrel, was more than just the death of a well-loved man. It was also the symbol of the death of an American institution. Minstrelsy, the one single purely native form of entertainment, a form that flourished mightily in its day, has been dying for years. One by one the figures that gave it vitality and charm have died or gone into other pursuits, and no new figures have come to take their places.

A decade ago there were more than thirty minstrel shows of high repute in the country; today there are scarcely half a dozen. There is nothing left but the shell of minstrelsy—an occasional troupe of old-time prominence still valorously touring the provinces, a straggling handful of third-raters still barnstorming, and that is all. The spirit is gone. The old form is abandoned, the old traditions discarded.

There have been a number of good reasons given for the decline of minstrelsy, all sound economic reasons. The inroads of vaudeville and motion pictures, for instance. Every little town which formerly depended on the minstrel show for its occasional entertainment now has and has had for years its own movie or vaudeville house, or both.

Tambo and Bones

THE fact that good minstrel artists were gobbled up by the producers of burlesque shows, musical comedies and vaudeville, who offered them more money and an easier life; the fact that minstrel shows were composed altogether of men, and that no entertainment can flourish today that hasn't its quota of pretty girls; the inevitable amateur minstrel show, put on by the Elks or the Rotary Club or the volunteer firemen—these too, they say, helped kill the professional minstrel show.

Logical reasons, all these; but the point is, the day is dead. If there were enough people left who wanted to see minstrel shows, then the minstrels would be able to compete with the vaudeville and movie houses. If there were enough people left to patronize the minstrel shows, then they would be able to pay their stars enough to keep them. But the day is dead. Minstrelsy was a simple, unsophisticated form of entertainment, just as the source from which it sprang was simple and unsophisticated. The theater-goers of today are on the whole neither one, nor do they look for either quality in their amusements.

It is sad that minstrelsy is disappearing, for it was the one true essentially American form of theatrical art. It would not be unfitting for the Museum of Natural History to put on exhibition in its Americana room a tambourine and a pair of bone castanets as the relics of a bygone era in American life. And they might even incase in glass, as they do reproductions of the redskins, a semicircle of waxen minstrel men, with blacked-up faces and gaudy costumes, so that future generations will have some record of this phase of our native development.

George H. Primrose

The source of minstrelsy was the soil of the old South. The plantation negro slaves, with their crooning melodies and their shuffling dances, were the models upon which the first minstrel performers patterned themselves. Indeed, it was a decrepit old darky, singing a curious little song, that gave to Thomas Dartmouth Rice, the accredited father of minstrelsy, his conception of a negro characterization. There are records of black-face performers in America before the time that Rice began his career as a minstrel, but they are scattered and casual. As early as 1799 there was an announcement in The Boston Gazette of a performance at the Federal Theater during which one of the entertainers would sing, in character, a song called The Gay Negro Boy, and many circuses of the early nineteenth century had black-face clowns. Authorities on minstrelsy, however, agree that the genuine minstrel performer had his inception with Daddy Rice, who has come down to posterity surrounded by quotation marks. He was known as "the father of minstrelsy" and "the original Jim Crow." The story of how he created this character has become legendary; and like all legends, differs in its details with each telling. The essential points, however, agree.

Thomas Dartmouth Rice was a young comedian of mediocre standing but considerable ambition, when he stumbled on the old darky upon whose antics he built not only his own fame and fortune but a whole institution. The accepted date of the occurrence, I believe, is 1831, the place is given sometimes as New Orleans, sometimes Cincinnati.

Deplorably little, incidentally, has been written about minstrelsy. Most of the information on the subject is obtainable only through the verbal reminiscences of old-timers; and these, though extremely interesting, are likely to be somewhat inaccurate. Aside from a few scattered papers and a casual chapter or two in general books on the theater, there is a single volume on the subject, and that an encyclopedia rather than a history. This volume was compiled in 1910 by Edward LeRoy Rice, son of William Henry Rice, a famous minstrel. The author had a brief career as a minstrel himself, but his activities were mainly along managerial lines. He is still active as a writer and producer of vaudeville acts. His volume, Monarchs of Minstrelsy, was a labor of love, and privately printed. It is out of print now; but Mr. Rice, who is regarded throughout the theatrical world as a leading authority on the subject, is planning some day to write a complete history of minstrelsy.

The Famous Jim Crow

THE Jim Crow story relates that Daddy Rice, while wandering along the levees of New Orleans, or the streets of Cincinnati, whichever you choose to accept as the setting of the drama—New Orleans is much the more romantic; but since Edward LeRoy Rice, not a descendant of the original minstrel, by the way, credits the Mid-Western city, that is probably the correct one—came upon an ancient, forlorn, dilapidated negro, gnarled and bent with rheumatism, who, utterly oblivious of being watched, was doing a curious shuffling sort of dance to the accompaniment of an odd little song which he crooned to himself.

Something in this figure arrested the attention of young Rice. Some instinct told him that this ludicrous yet pathetic old man, with his hobble, his shuffle and his brooding song, was a symbol of the race of slaves; and that if he could reproduce on the stage what he was witnessing on the street, he would have something with which really to fire the imagination of his audience. So there he stood, watching and listening, photographing mentally every pose and attitude of the old darky, and memorizing the words of the almost meaningless little song. Jim Crow was the song, and it has come down through the years until not long ago, in a modernized version, it was incorporated into a popular musical comedy. The original words were something like this:

First on de heel tap, den on de toe,
Eb'ry time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow;
Wheel about and turn about and do jis so,
An' eb'ry time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow.

His instinct had been right. When, clad as nearly as possible like the dilapidated old negro, his features hidden beneath a coating of burnt cork, the youthful performer shuffled out onto the stage of a Pittsburgh theater soon after and introduced himself with the song, Jim Crow, the effect was sensational. Added to its original words were several quatrains of topical and local interest. Rice as a

performer was made; and the song, setting a precedent for many future ditties, was an overnight hit. The melody was simple yet insistent, and the words easy to remember. Within a week everybody in Pittsburgh was humming Jim Crow.

Before he introduced Jim Crow to the public, Rice was a performer of little importance. After its introduction, he became more and more prominent and was sought by theatrical managers as a big drawing card. Although he is credited with having originated minstrelsy, he did not appear in many minstrel shows himself. He was with Charley White's Serenaders for some time, and played a starring engagement with Wood's Minstrels in New York; and like most of the minstrels who followed him, he played Uncle Tom at one time in his career. After his success in this country was established, he went to England, where he repeated his triumph with Jim Crow. In addition to performing as a negro, Rice wrote several negro farces, the best known of which was Oh, Hush.

The first minstrel show, composed of four men, was not given until twelve years after Daddy Rice brought Jim Crow to the stage. In January or February—it has never been definitely established which—1843, a quartet of friends, Billy Whitlock, Dick Pelham, Dan Emmett and Frank Brower, presented in the Bowery Amphitheater, New York, "the first night of the novel, grotesque, original and surpassingly melodious Ethiopian Band entitled, The Virginia Minstrels."

George "Honey Boy" Evans

Billy Whitlock, who was a typographer on the New York Herald by day and a performer by night, was particularly proficient on the banjo, as well as being a comedian of some standing. One day he went to visit his friend Dan Emmett, also a talented musician, and droll; and they were practicing on the banjo, when another friend, Frank Brower, dropped in on them. Emmett produced a pair of bone castanets and they played in trio. After a while the fourth friend, Dick Pelham, came in, also by accident.

Virginia Minstrels

IT OCCURRED to one of them that they would make an excellent and novel quartet, so Pelham went out and bought a tambourine, and they practiced for a while, then tried out the act on some of their acquaintances in a Bowery billiard parlor. The result was the Virginia Minstrels. They played for several weeks in New York, exciting much favorable comment; then they went to Boston for a few weeks, and later sailed for England, where they had a successful engagement at Liverpool before going to London. There is an idea among legitimate and vaudeville performers that the custom of American actors going to England for an engagement is one of rather recent date, but it seems that practically every minstrel organization of any standing went overseas to tour when going overseas was not the casual matter it is today. The Virginia Minstrels did not remain together long. By midsummer of the year which saw their organization they had disbanded in England.

Dan Emmett achieved the greatest fame of all the Virginia Minstrels; not so much because he was a better performer than his partners, but because he was the composer of Dixie, which later became the war song of the Confederate Army, and is even today looked on as little short of sacred in the South. It is interesting if somewhat disillusioning to learn that Dixie was not written in the heat and emotion of patriotic zeal, but quite in cold blood, and presumably for money. Dan Emmett wrote it as a marching song for Bryant's Minstrels, and it was first sung at Mechanics' Hall on lower Broadway on September 12, 1859.

After the success of the Virginia Minstrels, similar organizations began to spring up rapidly, although through the mist of the years only one of that same date stands out as having been really important to the history of minstrelsy. That organization was the Buckley Serenaders, organized by James Buckley, who was an orchestra leader in Harrington's Museum in Boston. In 1843, a few months after the Virginia Minstrels took New York by storm, James Buckley and his three sons, R. Bishop, G. Swayne and Fred, began a minstrel troupe which they first called the Congo Melodists. Later they changed the name to the New Orleans Serenaders, and finally they took the family name, by which they became really known to fame. They played successfully in Boston, where they remained for two years, and in 1845 came to New York. The next year they followed the lead of the Virginia Minstrels again, and went to England, where they were equally popular.

Later, after touring the country with great success, they added two men to their organization and thus became the largest minstrel troupe up to that time.

The minstrel show in the form we know it now was first presented by one of the most famous minstrels of all time, Edwin P. Christy. It was Christy who originated the idea of seating the men in a semicircle on the stage, with the interlocutor, or middleman, in the center making the announcements and acting as feeder to the comedians, who were also the tambourine and bone players, seated at either end and being known as end men.

Lew Dockstader

With this beginning, the minstrel show gradually came to take on as arbitrary and immutable a mold as any French verse form. The show was divided into two parts, the minstrel first part and the olio. When the curtain went up on the minstrel first part, the men, attired in bright-colored swallowtail suits and tall hats, the uniforms of the end men a little more gaudy than those of the rest, were standing in a semicircle. A chord from the orchestra—"Ta-ra-ra." A command from the interlocutor, "Gentlemen, be seated!" Then the show began.

A Ceremonial Rite

"GOOD evening, Mr. Tambo," said the middleman. "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

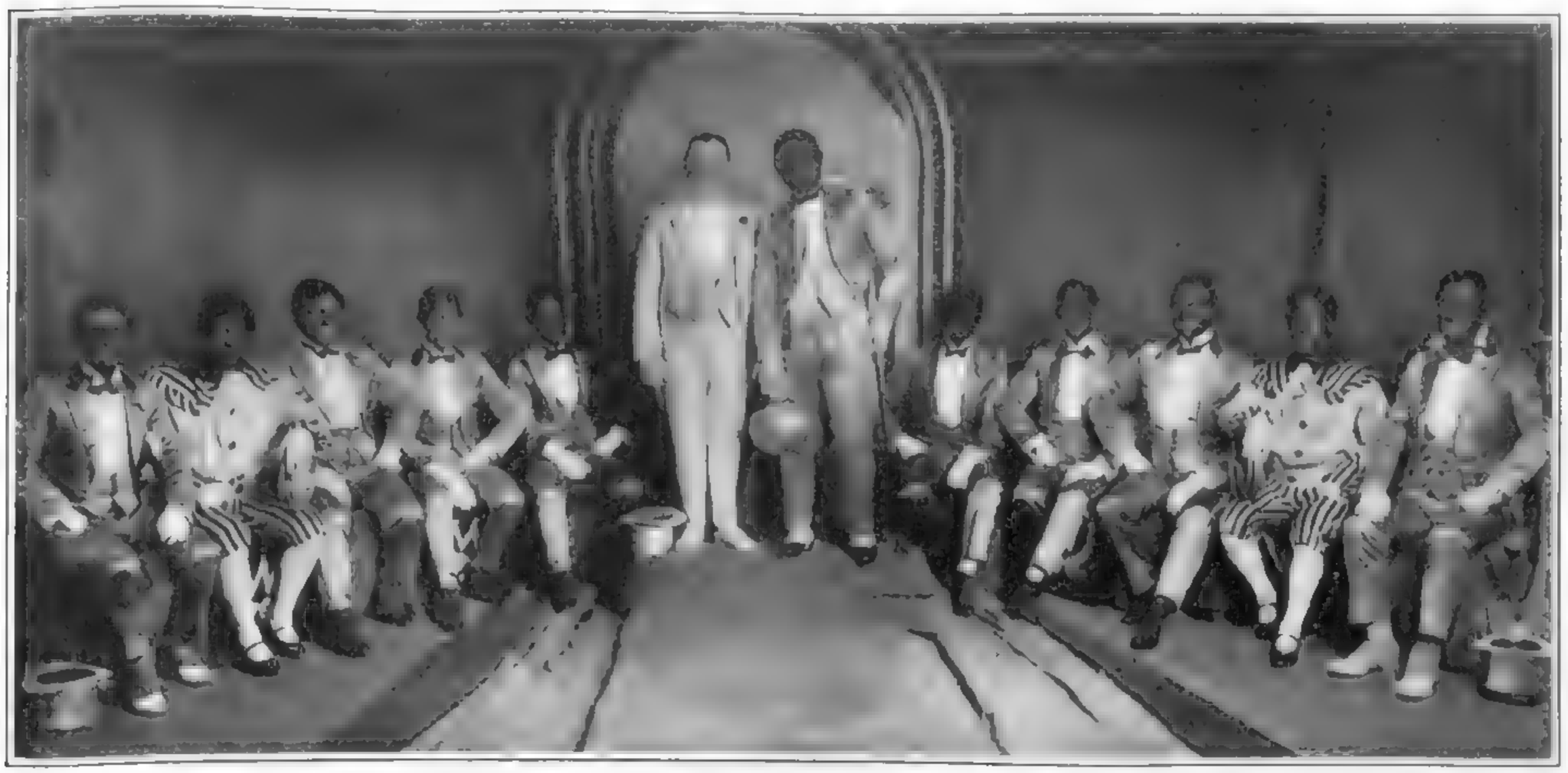
"Good evening, Mr. Bones. I have a little question I want to ask you. Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Jokes, ballads and comic ditties. Such songs, over a period of half a century, as Lucy Long, The Old Oaken Bucket, Always Take Mother's Advice, The Letter That Never Came, Silver Threads Among the Gold, Seeing Nellie Home, and a host of others. Solos on the banjo, hard-shoe dancing, more jokes, more ballads, more comic ditties, a grand finale—the end of the minstrel first part. This became a rite. To digress from it by the slightest detail would be *lèse-majesté*. It was the minstrel show.

The olio section of the show was simply an aggregation of separate acts, like a small vaudeville show. There would be, for instance, a humorous sketch, a quartet of singers, a monologue by the chief comedian, a two act, a miniature revue, a hilarious afterpiece, burlesquing all that had gone before.

The minstrel parade, of course, became an integral part of every show, and just as important, especially in small

(Continued on Page 117)



Emmett J. Welch and His Minstrels. Mr. Welch is the Manager of the Only Permanent Minstrel Theater in the World

GO TO THE FIRE ANT

"I Intend to Stay," She Whispered, Although Her Knees Were Shaking Until She Could Hardly Control Her Movements

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

RODNEY belonged in a vial between layers of cotton instead of on the front seat with the driver, Dad Mullen, who had lived in the desert all his life, told me at noon on Friday. Mullen drove the Crest Road stage. He had seen men come and men go, sometimes the same day.

"And I'm another for boarding him! Hunting ants to send them to college! Ants!"

He glared at me as if I were somehow responsible, as indeed I was. I am Hughes, of the registry division, stationed in Chicago. Mullen and the Cholla Desert are friends of twenty years' standing.

"Ants?" I asked.

"He saves them in bottles."

But at ten o'clock Sunday night Mullen told me that he had confused his ideas. Rodney was not a silly ass, for all the hours he spent on his knees in the ant country, but merely quiet-spoken and modest. As for the owl eyes, Mullen had never liked the looks of glasses on a man. He himself did not wear them. Rodney's glasses were thick at the edge, and, in addition, they had been mounted into circles. Yet now that he understood them better, the glasses seemed about right, and Rodney's eyesight was not so poor as you might think. In other words, Mullen crawled. But between Friday noon and Sunday night lay a cycle in Cathay.

This story begins two months earlier, before Rodney had ever set foot west of the Fox River.

On the afternoon of July twentieth the Federal Reserve Bank in Los Diegos counted out $100, $500 and $1000 bank notes in banded sheaves until nearly three million dollars lay on the shipping table. It stuffed this money down the throats of two stout mail pouches, locked and sealed these and carted them to the post office under guard to be registered. These two registered pouches in due time were placed with other registered mail in the forward car of Number 3, leaving at seven o'clock. An adjacent pouch contained articles of smaller value, among them a three-carat unset diamond in a jeweler's parcel.

Later that evening two masked men climbed over the tender, overpowered the fireman and engineer, forced these to stop the train at a remote grade crossing in Moreno Cañon, then placing a dynamite cartridge against the right-hand valve gear, blew most of it away. Two companions had meanwhile subdued the train crew. When the incident ended the mail car had been blown open, a brakeman had been killed and the three pouches mentioned had been carried to a waiting automobile, which then disappeared into the mountains.

Barrett, who was in charge of the hunt, had me in on my arrival to ask about the Cholla Desert country. No traces of the bandits had yet been found.

"I want to place a man out there to see what he can see. How would a prospector look?"

"Like a man out of work," I replied. "What would he prospect for?"

"A sheep herd of some kind?"

"Even worse. No sheep, and no feed and water for any, except in the mountains away from the roads."

"What I really need is an observer, not a detective. I think I'll send them a student of desert life. Where could he live?"

I placed my finger on the map at Mullen's cañon, which opens into the desert forty-odd miles west of Cholla station, halfway to Hidalgo Pass.

"Try Dad Mullen," I suggested. "Or let him pick out his own bed not too far from Mullen's."

But I did not dream it would be a student of ants, and I did not dream it would be Rodney.

His full name was Rodney Brooks, and when he was working he was a Chicago stamp clerk. Now and then he had time off for a few hours; whereupon he instantly quit being a stamp clerk and became an authority on ants. He thus led a double life. On week days he made change out of a quarter for eight two's and a postal; on Sundays he hunted the hills of Du Page County for what scientists call Polyergus rufescens, the parasitic Amazon ant, and came home with what he could find—say, Lasius niger, or the common field ant.

I had run across a paper by him on the Formica ants of the Dunes. Later we became acquainted. Later still I told Barrett about him. As a stamp clerk he was accurate but colorless, an insignificant cog in a machine; no such man as Barrett, who had also at one time served at the stamp window. Barrett could have sold you one postal card and you would have remembered him forever; Rodney could have sold you a thousand a day for a year and you would not have known. But in the field he was not colorless. You would have noticed him there.

Barrett was interested in the contrast, and remembered. I had scarcely passed out the door before he began his wire. The rest followed.

Rodney arrived in Cholla at midnight, together with his trunk and collector's kit case. On the way to the hotel he explained to Joe Sleet, its owner, that he was a student, and that he wished to live for a while on the desert to study its fauna. He spoke in his stamp-clerk manner. Joe Sleet's impression was unfavorable, but he remembered that he was in the hotel business.

"You better stay right here with me," was his reply.

But Cholla would not do. The reason Rodney gave was that it looked too much like Chicago.

"I don't know where else, unless Dad Mullen would take you in, forty miles west. He's due with the mail tomorrow."

"I'd like to get right down into the desert itself," said Rodney.

"Nobody lives in the desert. You'd have to camp out under a banked-up tent. That wouldn't work very well for you."

"Why not for me?"

"No water."

"Couldn't I have water hauled in barrels?"

"You could, but it wouldn't help you much."

"Why not?" asked Rodney again, wishing to know.

"Ants."

"Fine!" said Rodney. "Just what I came here to find. Ants are fauna."

"They would be if you had a couple trees to swing your hammock on and a jar of cold vaseline to smear over the rope. But there you are. No trees. Yuccas would let you down. Better talk to Mullen. He'll be along toward noon. Maybe he won't take you."

"Why not?"

"Ants again. He hates ants worse than sidewinders."

"What's a sidewinder?" Rodney was obliged to ask

"He won't take you," said the other.

But next morning Rodney learned from a drug clerk that a sidewinder is only a rattlesnake, and ants get into the sugar. When he stated his problem to Mullen at the post office the stamp-clerk manner seemed more in place, and the stage driver as good as accepted him as he stood.

"Talk to the wife," he said. "If she wants a student for a boarder, I won't lay a straw in your path."

Rodney unpacked his books, his wide-mouthed bottles, his jars, his denatured alcohol, cotton batting, scalpels, stains, artificial nests. He set up his microscope on the table before the window. He laid out his student's clothing -Barrett had been a little careful about this—and his paper and pencils. Certain other articles he did not take from his trunk, notably a package containing papers and a secret-service badge. A pistol, however, he laid out. An Eastern student would almost surely carry one.

"Just forget the hardware," Barrett had told him. "You're out there to study ants. Make notes about everything you see. Write me three times a week; but address the letters to Miss Mary Faristune, general delivery. I'll get them."

Rodney might have begun by cultivating Mullen and his family, for he admired Mullen from the start. What he liked about him was probably his courage and his rugged, colorful common sense. He had seen something of this on the way from town. As they swung round a hill, not far from the second mail box, a ragweed of a man stepped into the road with a shotgun. Rodney, his head stuffed with bandits, would have thrown up his hands; but Mullen spoke to the fellow by name, adding calmly that there were no letters for him. When the gun came down he left an address card to be filled out.

"That comes of swilling moonshine," was his only comment as they passed on.

"How did you know it wasn't a holdup?"

"Nothing to steal," was the reply.

But he had little he could talk to Mullen about, or so he felt, and turned instead to the ants. He brought in ants from the desert, from rocks, brush, meadows, sandy washes. Some of these were new to him, some not; but whether he did or did not know them, he continued gathering them in. The knoll north of the house within three weeks became one of the capitals of the world, with work for everybody.

It was Sarah Mullen, the stage driver's daughter, who first became acquainted with Rodney. For a while she was not sure that she liked him. But she was sure she liked to watch him dissect. He let her look at an ant's gizzard through his microscope, and that pleased her. She herself had hoped to go to college. She was only nineteen.

Rodney's attraction for Sarah was that he knew something she did not. He knew ants. Sarah did not know ants at all. She knew the difference between the larger black ants and the red ones, for the black ants had thin skins that broke when you brushed them off, and they possessed a disagreeable smell, whereas the red ants had tough skins and no odor, but they liked to use their stings. But that the one family was called Pheidole—if that is their name—and the other Pogonomyrmex, she did not so much as suspect. Rodney knew the difference between the Ponerines and the Dorylines. He knew what old Jacob Solenopsis was going to have for dinner, and what hotel to call up when Sam Messor came to town.

By the end of Rodney's third week Sarah knew the ants better. Sometimes she went with him into the field, and then she knew him better. They captured ants, fed them, fought them, pickled them, studied their etiquette, dug up their nests, built new ones, received stings, made notes. She felt the freer to go with him because of his obvious interest in Miss Mary Faristune, general delivery. So far he had not missed a mail.

Mullen likewise felt the protection of the thick letters. He watched the two closely for a few days; then, seeing no trace of sentiment between them, he shrugged his shoulders and let them run. If Sarah wished to hunt for repletes, as she had learned to call what everybody else called honey ants, let her. His wife agreed that there was no harm.

The weeks passed. First Rodney, then Rodney and Sarah, pressed farther and farther afield in their search for ants. Then it became Rodney and Sarah and Mullen, for by using the stage on its off days they could reach more ants.

One Sunday Mullen took them through the yuccas to the wash at the heart of the basin, fifteen or eighteen miles distant. They returned with a pint of the reddest, most vicious stinging ants any of them had ever seen. Sarah called them fire ants, but that did not describe them. The fire ant of the Gulf region to them would have been as a candle to a blow torch. Their fire was the steel-melting flame of acetylene. These ants seemed to live in the one part of the desert and nowhere else. Their captors stumbled upon a chance explorer, gave it a crumb of bread, then dogged it to its nest.

That was an important afternoon. Rodney was at his best, introducing everybody to everybody. Sarah, who was immune to heat, maintained that the surface sand was hot enough to boil water. This heat of the sun added itself to that from the ant stings until they nearly stampeded. On top of this, to the stamp clerk's joy, a sand storm came up.

But Mullen also was at his best. He waited patiently in the car, insulated from the ants by its hot metal work, and when they were ready, started back across the front of the gale. As he knew the desert, in due time he set them down in the cañon, alive and vociferous. He hated ants, did not care for Rodney, yet did this thing. Rodney's admiration for him grew.

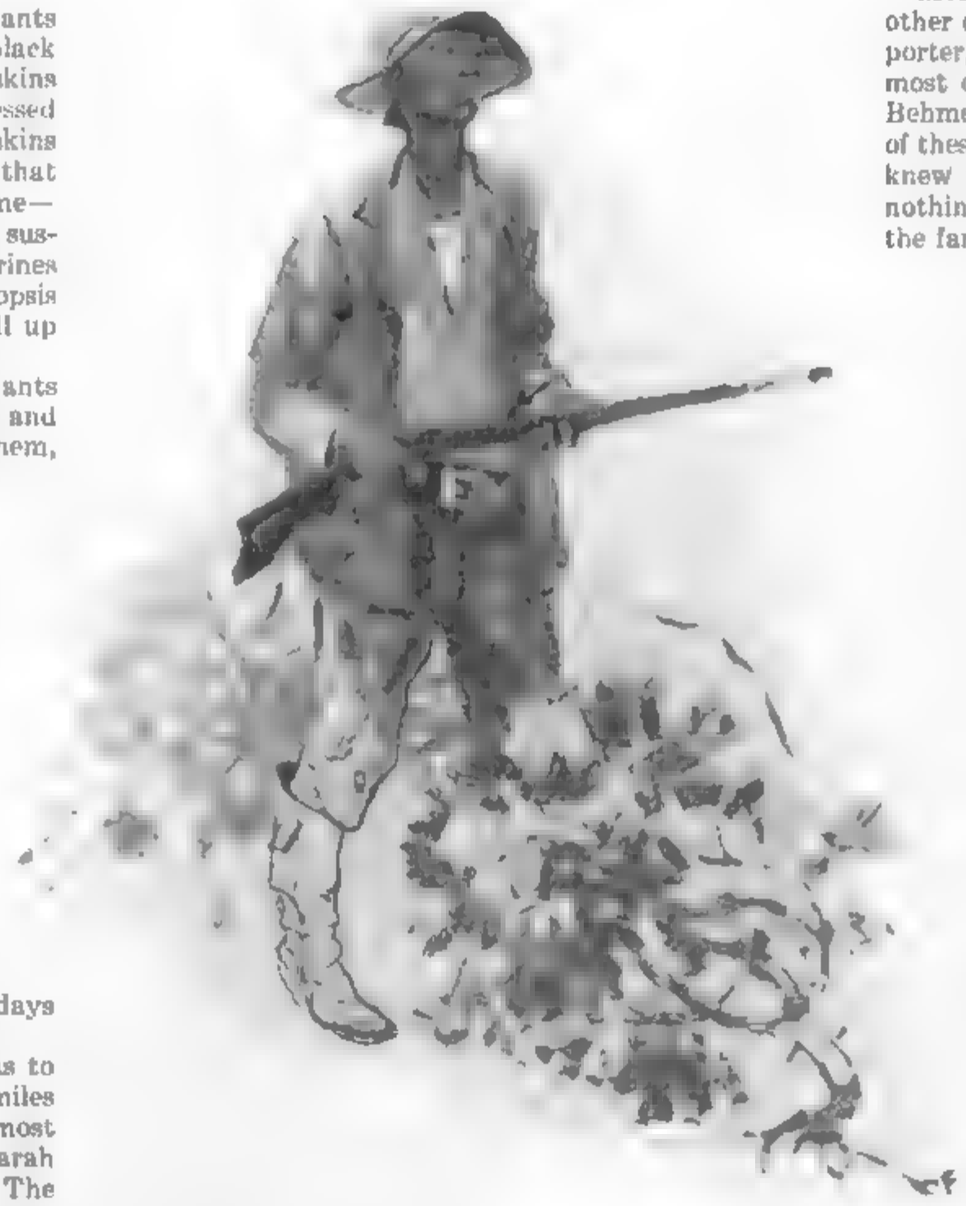
"See your hands," said Mullen.

Rodney held up the dreadful members as if proud of them.

"These stings are different. I would know these stings if I met them on the Lake Shore Drive."

"My hands are just as bad," Sarah boasted.

"Any reach your ankles?"



A Ragweed of a Man Stepped Into the Road With a Shotgun

But she had tied a kerosene rag around each of her shoe tops, and none had. Rodney's ankles were protected by his boots.

"I could have told you beforehand a red ant packs a sting," was Mullen's final comment; whereupon both of them laughed from pure pride.

Meanwhile Rodney had been keeping his eyes open in other directions. He was not to act as a spy, but as a reporter, he had been told. As a reporter, he had described most of the ranchers among the mountains—old Selden Behmer, King Tyler, Jum Britton, Danny Cleaver. Some of these lived up the cañons across the desert basin. Sarah knew them all, just as everybody else did. There was nothing about them to hide. King Tyler, a close friend of the family, lived up their own cañon a mile, then turn to the right. He had been away for some weeks, but was expected back any minute. She hoped that Rodney and he would be friends.

But one day in a burst of confidence she told him a fact that worried him. The fact had to do with her father. Mullen, she said, had once been asked to drive into the mountains by the Deer Creek Road, this side of Hidalgo Pass, for a passenger and baggage. He had set out after his return from Cholla.

"He didn't get back until morning. The worst was, there was no such place. We found out afterward it was the night of the big train robbery Now why was that?"

Rodney debated whether to tell this to Barrett, but finally decided not to for the present.

Later still he learned a further fact that worried him, though not from Sarah. Mullen's house stood half a mile from the mouth of the cañon, across the wash from the road. His garage also stood here. But his barn, the shedlike structure in which he wintered his one cow, stood a quarter of a mile up the cañon in a larger flat near his alfalfa. This building was not much used. At present it contained a pile of secondhand lumber and some gunny sacks.

Now ants, as Rodney knew, like to live under flat stones and boards. He had seen this pile of lumber. One morning he saw it again, and it occurred to him that he might find some new ants underneath. He therefore began lifting the lumber, board by board, to one side.

He did not find his ants; for instead of lying closely against the ground, the lumber lay across a flattened-out gunny sack, tied with rope, that held it from contact. He felt of the sack casually, then with startled alertness. A stamp clerk may lack color behind his window, but he learns to know the feel of United States mail.

A moment later he had untied the rope and thrust his hand inside to see. It came forth clutching rifled letters and parcels from the third mail pouch stolen at Moreno Cañon. One of the parcels bore a jeweler's name; it had contained the three-carat unset diamond.

"Loot!" he thought, appalled. And then: "It couldn't possibly be!"

The first thing to do, he saw clearly, was to restore the pile of lumber to its former estate. He swiftly retied the rope, using the same knot and the same number of turns; then he began laying the boards across the sack as before, but without making his previous noise. He worked under tension, as if his discovery were in danger of bringing down the sky. Mullen was engaged with his bees; he did not fear him. Rather, although the thought went unphrased, he feared for him. He did not know what he feared. The stage driver could not

(Continued on Page 125)

"That's for Night Work, Sally. Remember What I Told You About Ants That Hunt in the Dark?"

HOW TO KNOW THE WILDCATS

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

NINE A.M. at my office. I had got down early in order to do a bit of boning on a rather promising American investment trust, fashioned along British lines, which had just been brought to our attention. But before I had even finished my [illegible] across the telephone rang.

It was Doris Marie speaking from our outer office

"Lady to see you. Mrs. Barclay."

"Send her in."

Mrs. Barclay was a recently acquired client of the jazz variety with an income in the upper brackets, who played the market as some married women of her set play around at night clubs with tame robins of young men—for the false excitement it yields their jaded nerves. Not exactly a sucker, with a superficial knowledge of market conditions and an unbounded confidence in her own intuitional powers of judgment, she found it impossible to resist the lure of a 10 or 15 per cent return on her money. She went for stocks which offered a high yield as instinctively and unerringly as a moth flies into the candle flame. Theoretically, she knew that the higher the rate the higher the risk; that, generally speaking, stocks on which the yield is abnormally large have something the matter with them; that as the yield increases so also does the danger of losing the entire investment—in short, that a high rate is usually the attractive camouflage for a gold brick.

"You Don't Have to Think, Sister," He Grinned Jovially. "That's Our Job"

She knew those truisms because ever since her first visit to my office I had been dinning them into her ears; but the trouble was that she did not believe that they applied to her own bright particular self. For other people—oh, yes, certainly. But not for Mrs. Barclay. She was above and beyond such stupid generalities. Inexperienced but ambitious and reckless beyond belief, she thought she could beat the game, pick out the real bargains from the fakes and outsmart the experts—a set of fairly keen gentlemen who don't as a general rule let any real bona fide bargains go kicking around loose in the Street. For if these high-yield securities were actually as good bargains as they appeared on the surface, they would not be on the public bargain counter.

The fact that they had not been snapped up immediately by those who made a study of bargains was in itself a strong indication of danger—like a warning bell at a grade crossing which tolls its shrill message: Stop! Look! Listen! Disaster lies ahead! But Mrs. Barclay was not the type which heeded the signals—especially when they were set against her.

The Motto of Experience

SHE entered, brisk, graceful, pretty in a bright, hard, enameled way, seated herself, plucked off her sports hat of parrot-green brocade and hung it over my telephone.

"Well," she greeted me, "you were right. Have you seen the morning paper?"

I nodded. I had read it in the Subway and surmised that Mrs. Barclay would not love what she found there.

"How did you know that Blank Motors was going to pass its dividend?" she demanded.

I smiled. She had rung me up a few weeks before to announce that she had struck a bargain.

"You'd better save your money," I advised her then. "Wait until bargain day comes around again. We're too prosperous right now. Money's easy. Real bargains are scarcer than hens' teeth. What did you buy?"

She mentioned a highly speculative common stock. "It's selling at 80 and pays a dividend of ten dollars a share. That's a yield of 12½ per cent! And everybody knows what a fine company it is."

"Well, I wouldn't rush off to buy any more bargains like that," I observed dryly. "It's a good rule for nonswimmers on a strange bathing beach to stick close to the life rope. And you know you're paying me to teach you how to swim."

With that I hung up, rather hoping she would get hers. Experience is an expensive tutor and its motto is Treat 'em Rough.

"How did you know?" she repeated now.

"It didn't take any great wizardry," I replied. "I looked up the company's record and its earnings. The very fact that a stock is offering an excessive yield of 10 or 12 per cent is frequently an indication that the dividend is in doubt. Of course I don't mean to say that every stock with a high yield is unreliable; that would be foolishness. But I do mean to say to the inexperienced investor like yourself, that when any security offers an excessive rate, higher than the average of others in its own group, that in itself is a sign that fullest investigation should be made by a competent financial expert before the investor buys. And your examination should come before purchase—not afterward!

"Let me just give you a simple, rule-of-thumb guide which almost anybody can apply in a case like this and know when he's getting out over his head into deep waters. The normal yield on high-grade bonds is from 4½ to 5½ per cent; on high-grade common stock it is from 5 to 7 per cent. Let's call that norm the life line. Hold fast to that and you can't go wrong. On middle-grade bonds the normal yield is from 5½ to 7 per cent; on middle-grade common stock from 7 to 8½ per cent. Here, you see, you're getting a little away from the life line, but it's still comfortably close and the water's shallow. But after that, when you get up into the 10, 12 and 15 per cent yields, you shelve off abruptly into dangerous deeps where nonswimmers have no business to be. There are sharks out in that deep water who dare not venture too near the safe shore, and you can be bitten in two or go down three times before the lifeguard patrolling the beach even notes your plight."

Gold Bricks

"SO THE first thing a beginner should do is to stake out his life rope or normal security, and keep it well in sight as a gauge. When stocks or bonds are offered you as exceptional opportunities at 10, 12 and 15 per cent, just turn around, look back at your life rope, the extreme outer limit of which says 8½ per cent, and is rather deepish and scary at that, so far as safe footing is concerned; then look once more at your so-called opportunity, and mark how far out over your head it is in that space plainly marked Danger Zone. Can you swim out there alone? And back? If not, you'd better hug the safe shallows of the shore. Next time anybody offers you an attractive opportunity with a handsome yield of 10 per cent up, sit tight and ask yourself: 'What's the matter with it? Why did they have to use such thumping big bait?' Nine cases out of ten there's a big risk attached.

"Now, have you any more attractive gold bricks up your sleeve that you'd like my advice upon?"

She laughed, rummaged through her bag, brought forth a small black leather book with a gold pencil at the back, and began ruffling the leaves.

"I made one or two other bad guesses several months ago," she admitted, "which I'd like to have you explain. It was before I started coming here." She studied her memoranda, then looked up. "Here's one. B—— Common. I bought that away back in June. It looked like a very good thing."

"So it did," I agreed, "on the surface." B—— Common, when she bought it, was available, as her figures showed, at fifty dollars a share with a five-dollar annual dividend. That was a yield of 10 per cent—very tempting bait. But unfortunately the company passed its dividend a month later, the stock immediately dropped, and the investors who had purchased it because of its big returns were left stranded high and dry.

"What else?" I demanded.

The joyrider on the market tapped her teeth with her gold pencil as she bent her brows over her book. Hitherto she had refused to give me the necessary basic information as to her investments and income which would enable me to help her with any constructive advice. How could I tell her what to buy if I did not know what her holdings were? She looked up now from her notes.

"Well, there was some C— Motor stock, bought about the same time, which went back on me."

"What made you choose that particular stock? High yield?"

(Continued on Page 213)

SCHOLARLY BEGGARS

THE last decade has witnessed an astonishing increase of interest in higher education in America. How much of the unprecedented flow of youth into college life has been due to increased prosperity widely distributed, how much has been due to growing appreciation of the value of college training, how much is mere mob movement of the crowd, the college authorities are still disputing.

With all this increase of interest in college and colleges there still remains a widespread ignorance of how colleges are supported. Many a parent still imagines that the tuition fee paid for son or daughter fairly meets the actual expense of education. It is true they hear vaguely of endowments, of great beneficences, and of campaigns and drives and appeals. In general, however, little is known of how colleges have been built and of the hardships of the builders.

Every college in the Central West has a financial story of somewhat thrilling sort. Usually the explanation of prosperity, if an institution always needing more than it has can ever be called prosperous, lies in the personality of one man. Fortunate was the college in the early days when fortunes were all in the making and few residing in the locality of the college had any considerable amount of ready money, if its president was one-third administrator, one-third dreamer, and at least one-third money-getter—call it beggar if you like.

Egypt Versus America

TODAY the West is no longer poor. Millionaires are not all in New York City or on the Atlantic seaboard. The more general distribution of wealth makes it more nearly possible that every state or large locality can finance its own educational projects. There is passing, perhaps, a certain phase of college financing. It is surprising to one who has been for some decades at work at raising money for Western institutions, how little is known of the drama and pathos of the work of the Western college executives—particularly in the church colleges—during these years. Drama has been in the fight, so often of a single man, to realize a dream; pathos in the using up of a generation of men wonderful as teachers and leaders in the grinding, humiliating task of pursuing everywhere the holders of wealth in the hope of personal contribution.

Everywhere tradition makes the college president a gentleman of profound scholarship, of great dignity, of eloquence, of personal charm, of colossal piety. The possibilities of all these may have been in the personalities of

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

them all. The cold facts, however, are that the men who have been able to stay for at least ten years in the presidencies of the church colleges of the West and Central West during the last forty years have been wonderful salesmen of education, marvelous beggars. Most of them have known more of the lives of America's millionaires than of the Lives of the Saints. They have been able from memory to compile reference books of philanthropists, and plutocrats who ought to be converted to philanthropy. They have known railroad schedules and hotel rates all over America. Their choicest literary successes have been achieved in letters asking for money; their scholarship might frequently be advertised for: "Lost, on a railroad train between Collegeville and New York, or at a hotel in New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit or Boston."

The experiences that immediately follow belong almost all to one college president's experience. The colleges over which the president presided, when not absent on the search for endowment or building funds, have been located in the Central West or the Farther West.

A Western holder of Standard Oil stock used to make his home at the Waldorf-Astoria. I had called on him before. He was a kindly man, glad to invest in enterprises at home and abroad. He was avid for facts, he insisted on economy, he gave generously but quietly, he had to know that many others believed greatly in an institution before he believed in it at all. Perhaps he had learned it from Mr. Rockefeller. He never made an institution; he helped others, who ought to make it, to see their own responsibility.

I had shown him maps, population gains, lines of travel, inevitable trends, peculiar needs, financial reports. He always saw more in these charts, tables and reports than those of us who made them, and not always were his deductions the same. It was educating but nerve-racking to present new arguments or new figures to him.

I called on him one day when he was listening to a college president from Egypt. He received me with such apparent joy that I was elated. I must sit with them both, though only for a moment or two, as he must go out.

"Now, young man," he chuckled at me, "here's a college president from Egypt. You deal in future developments, great expanses of territory, peculiar service to thousands of young people. Listen to Egypt!" And he deluged me with facts about Egypt's claim on a man who believed in Christian education.

I looked at my fellow beggar, and he reddened as he heard his pet arguments recapitulated for me. He was none too sure. It might well have been ridicule.

"He wants one hundred thousand dollars for Egypt, and he's likely to get it. Can you convince me you need it out West worse than they need it in Egypt?" And he was off again with millions of Egyptians and golden opportunities for such a college. Though my new friend's hopes were rising, I could see that he was still fearful he was being guyed a little.

We all three went down to the street, they two to go to the Plaza, I to find my way somewhere else. My generous friend, about to give one hundred thousand dollars to his companion for work in Egypt, approached a taxicab driver.

"How much does your meter run to the Plaza?"

"I don't know, sir. Seventy or eighty cents."

"You don't know! Well, I do, and that's too much"; and he turned to another driver.

"How much does your meter run to the Plaza?"

"Sixty cents, sir."

"That's right. Take us there."

He had saved ten cents toward his hundred thousand! And perhaps he had taught something to another driver.

Persistence Rewarded

YEARS ago I visited a typewriter magnate in his offices in New York. At that time our college had an annex serviceable to a new country, a business department of elementary sort that taught typewriting among other things. The magnate, a very fine gentleman in appearance, came to his wooden barrier to speak to me. I was not asked to step inside the gate.

"What can I do for you, Mr. X?"

"I wanted," said I, "a few minutes, when you can give them, to tell you about the work of —— College."

"I'm sorry. I can't see you."

He was turning to leave me. I said, "Isn't it possible, Mr. A, that ——"

"Not at all possible. Good day, sir."

He was the second that morning. A great merchant had sent out word that he was supporting so many missionaries in foreign lands that he couldn't listen to college appeals. I immediately had asked for paper and ink to write out a request that he have his secretary check up the preparation of the men he supported, and to inform me if less than 60 per cent of them did not come from such

(Continued on Page 205)

THE MAGICIAN

B[redacted]rick Irving Anderson

BY ALBIN HENNING

He Seemed to Suspect That He Might Not be Unobserved, for He Spoke in a Low, Enticing Tone: "Come Out Here, Fellow!"

SHORTLY before midnight, when all the lights on the hillsides were out, except Aunt Ivy's high up on the mountain, a flivver mistook the turn at the bridge and rolled into Jason's yard on his new stone driveway. Its loose-jointed rattle ceased abruptly as it hit the good going; and the driver gave the beast its head, thinking, no doubt, in a sleep-muddled way, he had run into luck after miles of ruts and bog holes. The car spurted at a lively pace past the dark house looming in the night, past the chicken coop, awakening a few witless biddies to uneasy clucking. Then suddenly it came to a stuttering stop, like a sleepwalker who awakes to find himself on the brink of a chasm. Jason had run out of road-building material at the barnyard barway; and here his road disappeared, like a sunken river, under green sod clipped to a velvety smoothness by the dry cows, which had the habit of hanging around in mournful silence outside the barn night and morning while their fresh sisters were having their udders emptied inside.

Old Shep, the cow dog, lurking in the shadows, was the only one to see what was going on. This thing had happened before and would happen again. The fellow would back out, with some murky soliloquizing, and pick up the lost thread of the public highway. But, instead, this particular fellow got down to reconnoiter. He ascertained beyond a doubt that his headlights were in the act of kissing a substantial bar of soft maple, peeled. He crawled through the barricade, squirting a little flash light ahead. He moved forward on the springy turf. He paused and looked aloft. It was a fine clear night. Andromeda, the chained lady of the heavens, was wheeling overhead in the dusty sky, poising for her nose dive into the west. A larch stirred; a poplar fluttered; a group of timid hemlocks huddled close together on the river bank. Near by in the dark there was a horse picking grass; the creature paused, probably to inspect the newcomer, and then resumed with utter indifference. There were subdued giggles—ah! water playing among little stones. Some one, or thing, was sneezing at regular intervals under the bank, like a hay-fever addict—probably a hydraulic ram, dutifully punching thimblefuls of water up an unseen hill.

The driver reached back through the bars and shut off his spark; and the grateful engine, closing its headlight eyes dreamily, subsided with a death rattle, giving up the ghost. Having nothing on his mind, the fellow draped himself on the bars and whistled *sotto voce* a mournful air.

Then he seemed to suspect that he might not be unobserved, for he spoke in a low, enticing tone: "Come out here, fellow!"

He clucked his tongue against his teeth and snapped a finger. And poor Shep, creature of impulse that he was, came trotting out of his hiding place, a little ashamed of himself for being taken in by so simple a trick, but, still, wagging his feathered tail.

"I knew you were there!" chuckled the driver. "Even if you didn't bark. Dogs don't bark at me." His fingers were exploring Shep's head. "I don't know why—neither do they!"

Shep stood up and planted his forepaws on the man's shoulders; and he nestled against him while the fellow dexterously scratched his right ear. Now old Doll, the emeritus driving mare, with a crease in her back, and sides fat enough to rub shafts, came over and joined them. She placed herself alongside, and with a languorous droop on all quarters she assumed the attitude of true love, asking nothing, expecting nothing, only propinquity. The man filled his pipe and began to smoke.

"I'll stop for the night, if it's all right," said he. "This is the best bunch of pals I've seen for a long time!" He hummed dolorously, some song of a cave man before the world got so crowded; meantime he intelligently pursued an imaginary flea under the shell of Shep's right ear.

Now abruptly Shep lifted his head and cocked an ear, his body rigid. He dropped on all fours noiselessly and pressed against the man's legs, listening. The stranger turned. He saw nothing at first. Then he caught the light of a lantern; its beams came dancing to him over the shallows of the river. Then another lantern; a third; then a fourth. The lanterns came on slowly. They came abreast, four men, wading slowly upstream, examining the bottom foot by foot by the light of their lanterns.

"Spearing eels!" muttered the watcher. Shep stirred impatiently as if to enjoin silence. There was a crash as a steel spear descended.

"D'you get 'em?" rumbled a disembodied lantern. Unintelligible mumblings bubbled in the thick dark. Then a curse, audible and awful in the stillness. The water seemed suddenly to boil up from the bed of the river.

"Blank gast him! He got away! There —— Damn him, where is he?" An interval of silence. The lanterns clustered together, as of men searching. "Must have weighed seven pound!" wailed a lantern. "Twisted it right out of my two hands!" Finally, "Come on!" commanded a voice. "You can find it tomorrow. I got an extra spear, only it's got one tine gone."

Shep growled, a mere whisper deep in his throat.

"Someone you don't cotton to?" asked his new friend. No answer.

The lanterns spaced themselves across the river bed again, began to move; they disappeared behind the island.

The flivver tramp got out a sleeping bag from the pantry end of his car and, guided by Shep, looked for a soft place to sleep. There was a velvety knoll by the cove where the cattle drank, and he spread out his bag and crawled in, Shep settling down beside him. Shortly Doll heaved alongside; and after thinking it over for some time she laboriously lay down and drooped her head dejectedly, to dream of the prehistoric days when she had five toes to each foot. Andromeda began her dive into the west with ladylike decorum. Soon the smoky pigeons of the Pleiades came flying over the rim of Pray's Hill, fleeing before Orion, the mighty hunter with glittering sword at his belt. Morning began to paint the looming sky line. Somewhere a flivver rattled and popped; the loose planks of the bridge rumbled; the lid of the mail box in front of Jason's gate clanked—it was Babe, the mail-stage driver, on her early trip to town. This was Shep's alarm clock. He rose and made the rounds of the fortifications. Finding everything trig, he made for the house just as the chickens were hopping down from their perches with squeaky wings and silly laughter. In the bedroom Shep surveyed the cherubic countenance of his beloved master for a single moment, then deftly touched it on the nose with his own cold muzzle. Jason fought off imaginary flies. It took several applications before he swung out of bed, tousled and blear-eyed. He mumbled, by rote: "Time for the cows, Sheppie!"

Shep was off like a shot. He raced up the lane by the sap house, through the short cut to the night pasture. Except for a slight demonstration against a chipmunk on a rock, Shep had an eye single to business. He perched himself on a big bowlder, with red tongue lolling. The herd saw him after pretending not to; they filed slowly past him to be counted; he took up his station behind the last swinging tail. Rosa, the leader, paused at sight of the sleeping bag by the cove, but Shep started her again—that fellow was all right! The milkers wheeled into the barn and nosed their heads into the ties and looked expectant. A dry heifer dared to enter, but Shep sent her about her business—he had his orders! He nipped Clytie on a tender hock with a remark that plainly said, "That ain't your place, you old fool, and you know it!" and the shameless Clytie backed out and put herself where she belonged. When all was correct Shep went back to the sleeping bag, which had now awakened and was starting an alcohol stove for breakfast. While the water was boiling he shaved, against a mirror on a gatepost.

Jason, a nest of buckets on one arm and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, paused, astonished at sight of the flivver. He moved on to the cove.

"Hello!" said the stranger, eying his chin critically in the mirror.

"Who let you in?" demanded Jason, with early morning crustiness.

The man grinned. He indicated Shep, who wagged his tail.

"This fellow said it would be all right," he said. "Have a cup of coffee?" he invited. He dropped a slice of bacon into a sizzling little creeper; the odor smote Jason's nostrils with a blow that famished him. Jason set down his buckets and himself and drew his feet up under him comfortably. The man wasn't a bum; his clothes were too good, and he was clean, and he had a good square head, well barbered. Jason watched him get breakfast, fascinated. He had never been so hungry before in his life. When the cook passed him a wooden pie plate, decorated with an egg, sunny side smiling up at the morning, nestling in a neat ruff of curly crisp bacon, it was worthy of the black art. Jason grinned his delight. Well, Shep was completely sold—that was a good sign. Shep drew a hot dog—too hot; Shep worried it in the grass like a mouse, and then sat down and barked at it.

"My name is Roddy," said the cook.

"Mine's Jason."

"Nice little river you've got here!"

Jason admitted as much over the rim of his coffee.

"Much fall?"

"Six hundred feet in six miles!"

"How much water?"

"A hundred and fifty second-feet!"

"What! And you are farming for a living?" This man understood many things besides bacon and coffee.

"It's a long story," said Jason; and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand he arose and picked up his buckets.

Roddy cleared up his dishes; in five minutes all signs of the feast were erased. He came into the barn, singing softly to himself, Shep, now completely his slave, alongside; he paused, listening to the pleasant voices of the byre—the cows nosing their millet and munching it luxuriously as they stretched their necks; the soft tinkle of the ties; the padded patter of their little feet as they moved about; and above it all, the rhythmic flow of milk in the foaming pail.

Jason watched him around the rump of old Rosa. Roddy picked up a pail and moved down the line. He selected a creature to his liking, drew up his stool, and sat down, pail resting on his shin bones. Jason chuckled to himself. He listened, pretending not to notice anything that was going on. There were some few preliminaries on the part of the volunteer hand, and then zim, zim, zim—streams of milk suddenly pelted the bucket bottom; its timbre changed to a deeper zoom, zoom; then to a zud, zud, as the foam rose. Jason half turned on his stool.

"How do you like her?" he asked.

"A bit snug," said the milker, his head against Flora's flank.

"Snug?" Jason roared with laughter. "Snug?" he cried, delighted, getting up with his filled bucket. "Tight, I call her. Why, man, there isn't one chore boy in ten that can wet the bottom of a bucket with her!" He picked up a fresh bucket and moved over a step. "Do you want a job?" he asked.

Roddy considered this, changing quarters.

"I might stick around for a day or two," he said. He was finishing Flora, with one last two-handed pull on each quarter. No need to strip her—Flora was a hundred-dollar cow this morning.

"What's your line?" asked Jason casually.

"Well, I do a little jit hopping in summer," said the other

This was too cryptic for Jason, and he gave himself to his chore. Roddy started the black heifer with a fresh pail. Shep was torn between two loves. Usually he moved from cow to cow with Jason, keeping his eye on everything in his province the while; now he squatted between the two, eying them impartially. The milk flowed in singing streams and the air picked up the perfume of it. Jason found himself on his mettle.

A shadow darkened the doorway. It was Orlo Sage.

"'Lo, Orlo!"

"'Lo!" said Orlo. He had been up since two. He leaned against the door post, lazily attentive to the scene. He surveyed Roddy as he came out for another bucket, nodding to him as if he had known him all his life; and Roddy, not to be outdone, said laconically "'Lo!"

"You got a new man, Jason?" asked Orlo.

"Yep."

"Where'd he come from?"

"Dunno."

"Who is he?"

"Dunno. He can make a cow talk!"

Tommy, the black barn cat, appeared and gently pricked Jason's knee as a reminder. Jason directed a strong stream of milk down the red gullet. Tommy held up one paw, seeming to say "That's right, hold it!" Orlo yawned. He caught Jason's eye and moved away, and Jason got up and followed him, wondering. Orlo stopped by the tin lizzie at the barway and examined it carefully, especially the tires.

He and Jason talked in low tones. Jason returned to the chore and found it finished.

"Want me to turn the cows out?" asked Roddy.

Shep stepped up at the magic word "cows"—this was his cue. Bringing in the cows and taking them out were the high spots of the day for him.

"Sit down a bit—we want to visit," said Jason; and the three sat down in the doorway.

General Konchakoff, the premier rooster of the flock, iridescent in the morning light and strutting like a dandy, stepped up to inspect the gathering. The great bird permitted Roddy to pick it up without a flutter. He carefully set it down on its feet on the floor and pressed its head forward until its beak almost touched a crack. Then he released it gently. To the amazement of Orlo and Jason, the bird remained motionless, as if frozen in this posture, staring fascinated at the crack. Ten seconds passed.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Orlo. "What do you call that—hypnotism?"

"Some folks do, but it isn't," laughed Roddy. With a sleight-of-hand movement he captured Admiral Tom Thumb, the game cock, who was craning its neck at the spectacle. Roddy passed Tom Thumb to Orlo. "Try it," he said. "It's simple enough."

Doubting, Orlo tried it. The game cock stood petrified, staring cross-eyed at its crack, like the gaudy General Konchakoff.

"Well, I'll be squitched!" muttered Orlo.

Roddy brushed the two birds aside, and they rushed off with wild cries as if they had just been released from the clutches of their personal devil.

"Nothing queer about it," said Roddy. "Lead a woman up to a new hat in a show window, and she does the same thing."

He was lighting his pipe, and drawing the first puffs he turned to Shep and resumed his quest for the imaginary flea.

There was a pause. Jason was leaning forward, staring absently at a straw he was tearing to bits between his fingers. Orlo was filling his pipe slowly

"What time did you get in last night?" he asked, as he tamped the tobacco deliberately.

"About midnight. I mistook the road here at the gate or I would have been over the state line this morning, instead of sitting here letting the milk get cold."

"Were you aiming to get over the state line last night?" asked Orlo.

Jason's fingers mechanically ceased their activity.

"I calculated to. I thought I'd run through to Winsted before I'd call it a day." Roddy's eyes met Orlo's squarely. "But I met Shep." Shep thumped his tail. "We seemed to hit it off pretty well—and here we are."

"Which way did you come?"

Roddy turned and pointed up the valley.

"I ran into a detour above here—just below Ellis," he said. "Awful! Rocks—windfalls—mud! Look at my car!"

"I've looked at it," said Orlo. He glanced up quickly. "That detour has been abandoned. They let us through on the state job three weeks ago. Was it dark?" he asked. There was a snap to the words.

"In the woods, yes," said Roddy. "But the sky was bright enough. It was a fine clear night."

"Did you happen to notice an old log bridge near the outlet of the reservoir?"

(Continued on Page 101)

"It's a Long Story," Said Jason; and Wiping His Mouth on the Back of His Hand He Arose and Picked Up His Buckets

SIMON CALLED SIMPLE

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ALTHOUGH an authoress of some repute, the printed paragraphs of Mrs. Holt, widow, did not thrill those male hearts in the courting stage with a quarter of the passion with which they reacted upon the men whose hearts had slipped down from the heaving chest to a point under the straining belt. When the great magazines published her musings, one hundred thousand housewives bustled into one hundred thousand kitchens to recreate the cake or casserole as per the formula of her genius.

And through this inspired aptitude for pastry board and ramekin, the widow found ample support for herself and son in their modest Vermont town, from which theson, at least, had never wandered.

Due to her peculiar literary activity, the Holt household had a surfeit of one item. Wherever one sat, a supply of magazines was within reach. Class periodicals, compendiums of fashion and digests of styles for what the well-dressed person should wear lay rank upon rank over every table top and plain surface. One might scarcely sit down without first removing from the desired seat an illustrated review of the Southampton dog show or a Newport breakfast. And jumbled in with this sartorial perfection were occasionally the tastier and more human recommendations from the pen of Mrs. Holt.

Now it was surrounded by such records of the *beau monde* that the son, Simon, had been reared. His first voluntary reading had been the advertisements in these periodicals, and nine years of absorbing learning from these only sources had produced a noteworthy issue. Simon was no loutish bumpkin in his knowledge of charmeuse and twills. Transformations and reducing girdles were plain sailing for his intelligence. And though the rise and fall of Rome was a matter foreign to his cognizance, the seasonal up and down of skirt lengths was to him a very vital episode.

Indeed, Simon Holt, at the age of twenty, had so far developed his bent that it became an embarrassing possession for his town as well as for his mother. There was not a female in the village, and scarcely a male, who had not received suggestions from Simon for very acute changes in their dress and manners. To Simon the printed word was an infallible gospel truth, and his zeal in spreading that truth was comparable with the earnestness of the missionary who trips it to the far and heathen islands to plant the light as he sees it. But the pagan had the bulge on Simon's fellow citizens, whose civilization prevented them from the soul-easing joy of—come Michaelmas—broiling their prophet.

Yet Simon Holt had no wish to cause pain through his recommendations. He was continually amazed that those persons with whom he shared his criticisms failed to grasp his purely impersonal desire to help them be what they wanted to be, yet couldn't see clearly enough to attain. Through his magazine studies it was patent to Simon that the woman who succeeded most nearly in approximating the idealized perfection of the smart clothing advertisement became—presto!—the almost faultlessly dressed woman in her own and her admirers' opinion. Gradually he resolved that the inability of his townspeople to see the truth as he saw it was due to their provincialism. He must have a less-confined place in which to beat his wings, so his spirit naturally urged him toward New York as a spot where Jovian folk made a fair science of the sun-kissed angles of living. He felt sure that, once in that city, his talent for distinguishing what was in error in people's dress could be appreciated. But his mother would never listen to such ideas.

Even Mrs. Holt was not sacred from his offers of advice concerning her headgear and Mother Hubbards. Her answer to his advances was invariable.

"I'm Sorry," Simon's Voice Was Crammed Full of Dejection. "I Didn't Mean to Hurt Your Feelings"

"No, Simon; and what is more, I couldn't look like Letitia House if I tried. That girl is young and hasn't had to sample hollandaise and spun sugar for twelve years. I just wish you would leave me alone, because I can't keep my mind on biscuits if it's bothered with bonnets."

For the past two years Simon had seen with increasing frequency the demure sweetness of Letitia House flashing through the pictured pages of his magazines. She was a model whose elfin grace could wrap itself in a cloak of faulty lines and step before the camera to deliver an impression of a perfection which transcended the aspirations of any cutter or draper. Moon-figured dowagers looked at the magic of Letitia House and dreams of their lost youth flooded up to drown their horse sense, and they scampered off to buy that Letitia-worn garment whose black art might fetch back the litheness of those days when daisy fields and spring were more than phrases to yearn over.

"I know, ma," would say Simon. "I am not asking you to look like Letitia House, really. What I mean is why don't you have hats that are more sort of appropriate? For instance, if you'd take that last hat of yours and turn down the front and shove up the back of the brim and smash it down a little on top, it would be sort of a poke-bonnet effect, and with your white hair it would be fine. There was one just like it in the Thistledown ad on snappy hats for the elder girls."

Mrs. Holt was in no mood for improvements. She flared back a trifle.

"I said no." To which she added a personal bite: "I don't want any young puppy, even though he is a son of mine, standing up bare-faced and telling his mother, who's forgot more than he ever knew, how to wear her clothes."

"Ma, you're just like the others. No one in this town will listen to me, and yet they all know something is wrong with their looks."

Mrs. Holt had the fortune to be able to snort disdainfully without taking her mind from her work.

"You don't seem to realize, ma, that I know—absolutely know what I'm talking about. If I could only get to New York, where people care how they look, I know I could get a big job somehow."

"Uh-huh," admitted Mrs. Holt, making a correction in a rival cookbook.

Simon, suffering his usual discouragement, returned to the original point.

"And anyway, ma, Letitia isn't perfect. I don't say she's perfect. Her heels are too high. If it wasn't for that she would be perfect though."

Mrs. Holt thumbed her notes fretfully and longed absent-mindedly for peace.

"Oh, you think so, do you? Suppose you go down and tell her that. This custard will do in cups, but in a flat dish it would be too dry."

The widow tasted her pencil daintily and drifted off to a far consideration.

To Simon this suggestion appeared to carry real sense, a quality too frequently wanting in his mother's discourse. In her abstraction she had put her foot in it, and Simon took immediate advantage of the misstep. He quietly put on his hat, took his savings-bank book from the lower drawer of the sewing machine and, seeing her deep in some new plot to ruin the national digestion, walked up street. He returned home for supper, laid a blue-paper strip on the table and tried to speak nonchalantly.

"Jim Trollope, down at the station, wanted to sell me a Pullman berth, but I guessed I didn't need it."

"For what?" inquired the lady.

"To go to New York the way you told me to."

Mrs. Holt had apparently never heard of this enterprise.

"Me, tell you to go to New York? What for?"

"To tell Letitia House about her heels being too high."

Mrs. Holt's straight figure, which seldom required any bracing, lapsed onto the supporting slats of the chair back. She surveyed her son with the air of the merchant who finds that the price tags intended for sweaters were attached to the pianos which had been selling so unexpectedly well.

"Am I crazy?" she asked gently.

Simon, whose guileless mind was full of his own prospects, and held no back-lash repartee, returned the question.

"What do you think about it?"

"I think you're the one who's simple-minded, if you ask me like that."

"Well, all right; but the train goes in thirty-two minutes, and I'm taking it."

On this final proposition Simon remained firm. He repeated many times that he was almost twenty-one years of age, and that a man is supposed to know what is best for him.

Mrs Holt, although allowing emphatically that her son's claims were entirely supposititious, was bewildered to the very end. She sped him away with the irrelevant charge:

"That was your grandpa's Bible, so don't lose it. And remember, if you can't say the books of the Old Testament you'll never amount to anything. I once knew a man who couldn't say them, and he was run over by a horse car."

In spite of the riotous confusion of falsely based opinions which carried on in his head, Simon Holt possessed some certain traces of good sense inherited from his upcountry sires. In regard to his own appearance his judgment had been sound. He had decided long since that until he could purchase the style whimsies of the greatest metropolitan bloods from the proper sources, his own attire should be innocuous blue and black. Therefore he was a very conservative-appearing young man as he stepped out into the early May sunlight of New York; a young man with the clear, thin cameo features and spare body which at twenty so frequently glorify the New England farm boy of the old stock, yet at forty have been marred by the necessity of his rugged living

During his first day in the city Simon suffered a genuine holocaust of his idols. He had checked his bag and headed directly for those portions of the town where the gentry was most certain to be visible. Feeling sure that what he saw was not what he expected to see, he approached the door man at the reigning hotel of the year. His class magazines had told him it was the place where fashion flocked.

"What?" inquired the wearer of green broadcloth and silver. "Where do you see the best-dressed people in New York City? Stand against the wall, there out of the way, and you can't miss them."

Simon did as commanded and waited for something that might stir his appreciation to applause. The green broadcloth breathed heavily behind a shielding glove.

"There goes Mr. Foxhall Fritz."

"That?" gasped Simon. "That funny-looking thing!"

He had read much of Mr. Fritz and expected from him a perfection that might dazzle a plain mortal, yet in a second's glance he had caught a dozen points at which Mr. Fritz's appearance might be improved.

"Well," remarked the door man crisply, "no matter whether you like him or not, he's a gentleman. He always shows me a dollar bill when he asks a question."

Simon pushed his purse farther into his pocket and moved with a baleful disappointment off to fresh hunting grounds.

That night, after refreshing his memory with the list of Old Testament books, he went to bed and summed up the sad blows of his first day.

"Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus—they don't look any more like the handsome people in the ads than I do. Numbers, Deuteronomy. If I spent all that money on clothes and didn't look any better than they do, I wish someone would tell me what was wrong. Joshua. I'll find where Letitia lives tomorrow and tell her about her heels. Judges. I wish I'd had the nerve to tell that pretty girl on Forty-second Street to wear small hats instead of floppy ones, and her color is green, not tan. Oh, dear! Ruth, First Samuel, Second Samuel. I bet she'd have been grateful to me if I had too."

The following morning Simon Holt awaited the opening of the office of that magazine in which the most numerous pictures of the cloak and fur-bearing Miss House had appeared.

Of the telephone girl he timidly inquired, "Do you know where Miss Letitia House's home is?"

The girl admitted that she could find out, but what was that to him"

"Well," said Simon, looking at her in shy appraisement, "if you'll tell me where, I'll tell you something I know you'll be glad to hear."

Unwittingly Simon Holt had struck the right combination. Shy mules deliver so few compliments that when a woman sees the chance to pry one out of such a man she fetches forth the hammer and tongs.

The operator made inquiry and handed him a slip bearing the lady's address. Then her expression became that of the good seal that has balanced the ball on his snout and awaits his herring reward.

"Thanks very much." Simon looked her over again to make sure he made no mistake. "Now I'll do you a favor. You see, you aren't very tall, and with your hair done up high on your head like that, your head seems much too big for the rest of you. Do it sort of flat down over your ears, and then you'll seem sort of dainty, like a—I think they call them Dresden figurines in the gift-shop ads."

Neither incoming nor outgoing calls received any attention for some minutes from that operator. She apparently had no desire to hear more from Simon, and he retired to the elevator, followed by phrases which greatly impressed him with the similarity of reaction between city folk and those of his own town when it came to listening to his plans for their improvement.

"I can't understand," he mused to himself, "why they all do their best to look like the advertisements, and yet when you tell them why they don't look like them they lay back and call you a bare-faced puppy. Something's wrong somewhere."

Seven times late that afternoon Simon Holt circumnavigated the block which held the rooming house of the almost flawless Letitia. Had it not been for his vain boast to his mother that he intended to tell Miss House about her heels, he would never have had the nerve to carry through Finally he grabbed that nerve in his two hands and rushed up the steps.

Inside the vestibule he heard a light stamping of feet He opened the door a bit and eased his sharp New England profile through the gap.

There stood Letitia House in the most unusual occupation of raising and lowering her feet. Somehow she felt at sight of Simon that her exercise deserved explanation to save her reputation from the blur of an insanity charge

"New shoes," she said anxiously. "You know, they're tight. I've got to go out and they're new. Tight, you know New shoes."

Simon nodded his comprehension and added his voice to the incremental repetition.

"Yes, I know. New shoes. Tight."

"Yes," agreed Letitia. "New shoes. They're tight."

Suddenly Miss House seemed to grasp the idea that enough is sufficient. She drew herself up to that hauteur which always accompanied her opera-cloak poses, and blushed vividly. Simon blundered right on into the heavy silences

"You know, I've always felt that something was wrong with your feet."

Letitia looked hastily at the floor and threw out a quick challenge.

"What's the matter with my feet?"

"Well, I didn't mean your feet exactly. I meant your shoes, and not all your shoes, either, but only the heels"

Immediately Letitia House became one of the truly great glacial centers of the world.

"Indeed?" she said.

Simon stumbled along over the ice fields.

"Yes, they're too high. They sort of throw you off center, if you know what I mean. But outside of that, I've always thought ——"

Miss House had no time to hear him out. She had much to say herself. When she lagged through lack of breath Simon claimed some comfort.

"Well, anyway, you're one person who hasn't called me a bare-faced puppy."

"That's the word I want," chimed Letitia. "Bare-faced puppy—to stand right up to my face and tell me what's wrong with my feet."

(Continued on Page 200)

Mr. Brennan Accented His Firmness With a Scowl as He Spoke From the Corner of His Mouth. "Either Here or in the Patrol Wagon. It's Up to You"

POLITICS IN BUSINESS

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS my third day in the button department, and there was a small lull. A newcomer to New York, I had expected every minute to be crowded. I determined to profit by the interval.

"Let me see how much I can remember," I said to Miss Bran, who was presumably instructing me in the mysteries of stock.

"Uh-huh," she agreed listlessly from a medium-height stool. "Go on." And she touched up her eyebrows and lashes.

Ignoring the lack of enthusiasm, I began:

"Silk-covered buttons are in these drawers, in this order—light blue, dark blue, tan, brown, white, black, mixed and plaid. The fancy buttons are next filigree, silver —— What's up?"

Miss Bran had leaped from her stool and was rapidly shuffling the cards of buttons on the counter as if she were preparing a redeal. At my question she turned to me

"For the last time, 26, will you help me straighten this stock?" Her voice held long-suffering exasperation.

My number was 26. I did not see the point, but there were other unexplained intricacies already accumulated. This simply made one more. So I seized a stack of pearl buttons and feverishly arranged those sewed on blue cards in one pile, the pink-carded ones in another.

I was not half through when Mildred, the little stock girl, drew near and whispered, "Don't pay any attention to her. She's jealous."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Miss Bran. It always makes her wild for anyone to sell as many buttons as she does. That's why she called you down before Mr. Fillup."

"Who is he?"

"Didn't you see him? He passed when she was talking to you. She wants him to think that you shirk in stock-keeping. He is the sales manager and he hates anybody to lag."

"So do I," I retorted. "Let him watch me all he likes. I'll see that he has only opportunity for a good impression. Anyway, I don't see how he could be fooled by that silly button flurry we stirred up."

Mildred shrugged her shoulder.

"Perhaps not. You know your own business best."

"I thought," interrupted Miss Bran sarcastically, "that you wanted to go over the stock. I am waiting."

So I began again: "Bone buttons here—white, cream, tan, black ——" And I went at length through the imposing list. But my thoughts were elsewhere. I was keen to make seven-league strides in business and I was worried over the Fillup incident. Of course, common sense told me, from its vantage point of a business background of articles, stories and novels, that managers managed and executives executed. Therefore Mr. Fillup, endowed with the high intelligence of his class, would pierce with an eagle eye any attempt at subterfuge or misrepresentation. He would, that is, if I had read my Alger and Henty aright. I was then in the age of innocence.

The Case of Miss Brown

LATER, when my selling experience had extended over two years, three years, four, I looked with warier eye both at my coworkers and at my superior officers. My promotion from buttons to the drapery department had brought me into contact with Miss Brown.

Miss Brown was short, middle-aged and not underweight. But she knew what draperies gave lightness to a dark room or grace to a somber apartment. She could visualize hangings with such artistry and skill that customers parted with checks or cash in a state of grateful appreciation, eager to reproduce in their own homes the pictures of beauty that Miss Brown had evoked. And her vision was good. She never suggested green if yellow and blue would give almost the same effect, or rose if red and champagne would serve the purpose. And this, incidentally, doubled the cost; her sales books carried impressive totals.

"I Can't Find Our Secret Mark on This Gown," I Said. "I Thought It Was Either Below the Collar or Belt"

In her subsection there was patronage enough to keep four women occupied. And it did, but not the same four. Those who remained three months were rated as old-timers. The average was three weeks, with not a few completing their span in a single day. I made a record by staying six months and then transferring myself to another drapery department at a comfortable salary increase.

But it was about women as well as drapery that I learned from her. The department had a high percentage of help turnover, a business bugaboo. In this case, however, there was no need of investigation or personal research for the reason. It was short, middle-aged and not underweight. If three customers came to the counter, Miss Brown contrived to slip a book of interiors in front of one, to lay several lengths of silk before a second and to give actual attention to the third. This maneuver automatically counted the other three sales persons out, for it is a law of the Medes and Persians that one salesman must never take another's customer.

But Miss Brown had not the slightest hesitancy in calling upon Miss Smith or Miss Jones or me to hand her the velvet or to put back the brocades or to roll the scrims. If Miss Smith told her shortly to find the velvet if she wanted it, or Miss Jones remarked that personally she was a saleswoman and not an errand boy, this news always filtered to the buyer, and there were replacements. When there were so many customers that even Miss Brown could not engage them all, the overflow of necessity fell to the others.

But the minute she had dispatched her own she would step to the customer who looked like the most opulent sale and say, "Were you able to find the brocades with the mauve background, Miss Jones?" And then in gentle explanation to the customer: "Miss Jones is just learning our stock, but she is really doing very well."

As the customer's interest was not in the individual progress of any employe but in having the most competent assistance in making her personal selections, fifty times out of sixty saw subsequent inquiries in regard to the merchandise directed to Miss Brown, and Miss Jones would again become part of the background. Of course, there were complaints, there were sharp criticisms, and occasionally even a customer would make an unfavorable report. But Miss Brown stood firm with the buyer, who had the same answer to every objection:

"Miss Brown sells more than the three others at the counter. I could not get along without her. I am not saying that she does not make mistakes. We all do, even I myself. Only I wish you would pick on someone else besides Miss Brown for a change."

Mr. Vernon

I HEARD many spirited discussions among the sales persons about what definite disposition was to be made of Miss Brown when they were fired. Incidentally, the feeling of insecurity that existed among many employes was a constant source of amazement to me. Whenever anyone was summoned by a superior, he or she would say, "I guess this is good-by"; or, "If I don't return, send flowers." But they continued the small indignation meetings, which doubtless allowed excess steam to escape. Otherwise they were unproductive. When there was a dismissal, the ex-employe left without a backward glance at Miss Brown.

Of course, Miss Brown annoyed me, but I would console myself by saying, "If you had sold for twenty-five years, you would probably become case-hardened, too, and perhaps you would stoop to ways that are dark to strengthen your own position. Perhaps you would."

But it was Miss Brown's girl friend, Miss Lacey of the toilet goods, who in my estimation deserved a rapier between the third and fifth ribs. She was a woman of thirty-five, with sharp black eyes, bleach-blond hair, and, with men, a languishing manner. She was enamored of the department floorwalker, Mr. Vernon, who accepted her attentions with masculine complacency and disregard. He, for his part, with a fine catholicity of taste, allowed his courtesies to be limited only by the number of pretty faces present. Miss Lacey therefore took it upon herself to confine that number to one—her own. When blue-eyed, dimpling Miss Key was put as a new recruit behind the comb-and-mirror counter, Mr. Vernon was Johnny-on-the-spot.

(Continued on Page 221)

ROYAL RAIMENT

By James Stevens

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES REYNOLDS

Q. If you ain't got to, why are you working?
A. To wear out my old clothes
The Laborer's Catechism.

AS A LABORER in both town and country for years, a follower of occupations in which vast numbers of the population are engaged, I venture to speak with some authority about American clothes. In my various jobs I have worn the garbs of the cowboy, the logger, the miner, the muleteer, the farmer and the city mill hand. I was out and around the country at the end of the period when most laborers still wore work clothes in their times of leisure, excepting Sundays and holidays; and I know intimately the royal raiment which, like all Americans, they now wear when the day's work is done.

I think I have worn every variety of male American garment except golf knickers and evening clothes. And such rigs are not clothes, properly speaking; they are to be classed with lodge regalia and the military uniform as insignia of etiquette or formality. Men uniform themselves in such fashion to please women; consciously or unconsciously, they select their real clothes as an expression of individuality. The bright and sporty chap wants a bright and sporty appearance, and he wears the kind of clothes that will give it. The man of neat and orderly mind dresses the part; the public man of dignity does likewise; and the usual slovenly dress of the thinker and the dreamer gives the appearance of remoteness from the world which such men feel in their minds.

The shrewd man judges his fellows with the same regard for their clothes that he has for their speech and physiognomy. Woman's interest in clothes is certainly part of her inherent interest in the domestic arts and sciences; design, style, color, and the like, mean everything to her. She can never, never understand the necessity a man feels to wear his one certain kind of clothes; and, indeed, she thinks all men's clothes are foolish and horrid, and wishes in her soul that they would all take to some one uniform and stop worrying her.

There is not the slightest danger of the fair sex as a body ever taking to pants. There may be some remote danger of men taking to skirts or short pants. But most American males still hold out manfully and wear the suits that suit them, even as clean and unpretentious Main Street resists the attempts of ladies and artists to remodel it after some quaint and cute village in Hunyokia.

Dancing Farmers

THERE is a powerful school of American writers, professors and artists which has created a dismal caricature of the American scene and vociferously insists that it is a true picture.

Perhaps these people depict a life that they really see; if so, it is because they look only at the reflection of America in the mirror of European art, psychology, and social and political philosophy. Reflected in such a mirror, our towns, our affairs, our customs, our clothes lose all shape and color of individuality.

A famous poet of the school, all aflame with a false concept of the individual American, trotted out into the farm states with proposals and preachments which, for all their impertinence, must have tickled many a corn husker into fits. He told them that the country boys and girls "should become teachers of dancing in the Greek spirit," that they should "make their village known for its pottery or its processions, its philosophy or its peacocks, its music or its swans, its golden roofs or its great union cathedral of all faiths." He declared that "Plowboys will bring these benefits. I have talked to these boys. I know them. I have seen their gleaming eyes."

Thus speaks one of the chief poets of the school that would artify and Marxify America

A weekly of wide circulation, edited by members of the school, sent out a year ago a nonsensical appeal to workingmen and farmers to come to Washington in their work clothes, their overalls and rough coats, to plead with a politician of the school to reconsider his decision to retire. Which was like asking artists to come to the capital in their smocks or actors to come in their grease paint.

To such European minds, the American laborer at his best appears as a poor peasant; more often they regard him as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals regards a work horse. The laborer in his work clothes is the horse in his harness. A sociologist of the school could easily seem to be speaking of farm horses when he says that common laborers should be herded into the country because farm labor is "much more wholesome for economically dependent and mechanically untrained men than labor in towns or cities. They are more likely under such conditions to maintain a higher moral standard."

The sociologist would be indignant if I, as a laborer, advocated a year in a logging camp for the benefit of his morals; yet when he writes he shows no regard whatever for the rights and feelings of the common laborer as an individual.

In the view of the school to which these men belong there is no shape of the American as an individual. It shows only masses of tired toilers and a small group of soulless masters. When it does attempt to picture the common life of the country it shows a dismal scene, drab and dull, something for arty fellows to yelp about and ladies to weep over. "American politics is corrupt! American towns are ugly and dull! The American press is venal! American cookery is ruinous! American dress is atrocious! American farmers and laborers are denied the opportunity for liberating activity!"

This is the lugubrious chant of the new American intelligentzia. It sounds in schools, colleges, journals and women's clubs all over the land. But in the face of this noisy negation American individuality serenely develops—an interesting spectacle. And not the least part of the spectacle is the appearance of the American laborer in the noble apparel he wears today. He presents the appearance of a free and prosperous man because that is exactly what he is. In other periods of American life the laborer always dressed for the part that he played as an individual in the development of the country. He was a working man and he wore the clothes which were exactly suited to his particular job; he has never worn a costume.

Togs of Cowboy and of Lumberjack

IN THE view of an "intellectual," the clothes of the pioneer American laborer would certainly lack the color, fancifulness and style of the flaring dress skirt of a Greek peasant, the gaudy kilts of a Highlander, or the cunning pants and pretty jacket of a Spanish mule driver. Cowboys would seem awkward and grotesque figures in their high-heeled boots and leather chaps if they were to wear them in folk dances for the pleasure of twittering tourists; but they appear as powerfully capable riders as they swing their ponies through brush and over stones, the chaps shielding their legs, the high heels giving them a solid stirrup hold. The lumberjack is not a pretty fellow in his heavy calked shoes, stagged pants, red shirt and shapeless hat; but the dress looks as though it is part of him when he is bounding from giant log to giant log, rolling them with his spike-shod feet, guiding them with a heavy pike pole, which he handles as easily as a fencer thrusts a foil.

The point is that such workers dressed—and still dress—on the job not only with a sense of practical fitness but with a sense of appearance as well. They were not simply laborers who went out to the woods to make logs or out on the range to herd cows; each man had an individual pride in his occupation and did his best to show this in his actions, talk and dress while he was at work.

While the frontier lasted and the pioneer spirit lived, such workers kept the character of their occupations when they came to town for a holiday. This was so of farmers and all men who worked away from towns. But they never had any thought of dressing up in effeminate fineries and falderals, and frisking, frolicking and parading about like European peasants, when they had a holiday.

Of course, the European peasant does not wear skirts, gewgaws and lace except on occasions of festivity. When he goes out to plow he does not prance down the furrow in a folk dance, his skirt fluttering in the breeze, his voice chanting a folk song. He works heavily and gloomily; he is a tedious spectacle when he toils. Only the American puts energy, color and joyousness into physical labor. He goes at a job as though he liked it; and this original spirit of his springs from his political and economic freedom and a plenitude of material necessities and comforts.

The European peasant, in dark, shapeless garb, is a sad figure of a man as he toils, because he feels in his soul that he is a slave. He cannot work with a merry heart. Today he may be as free as the American worker, but he bears the traditions of oppressed generations.

Cowboys Appear as Powerfully Capable Riders as They Swing Their Ponies Through Brush and Over Stones

(Continued on Page 90)

THE FOOD OF LOVE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

THERE was no mistake about its being winter weather at the Box Elder stage station, no mistake whatever, for all the sunshine and the cloudless blue sky. It was weather when it behooved any man whose business called him out-of-doors to keep his mind on his nose, testing it frequently for sensation of feeling. Thirty-five and forty below often play hob with that important organ if a person is forgetful, especially when there is no snow to rub it with; and far as the eye could reach, clear to the distant line of the Cheyenne bluffs, not a fleck or patch of white broke the dull gray expanse of sage and buffalo grass. Nothing to relieve the monotony of the vast landscape but the naked branches of the elders along the creek that wound its tortuous way to the frozen river.

Over by the hay corral, a solitary cow, with hoarfrost on her starving hide, stood humped disconsolate, a bovine peri at the gate of paradise. Some few weeks before, the stocktender had carelessly allowed a few wisps of hay to fall outside the bars.

She had chanced upon them, devoured them, and was a spoiled cow from that moment, starving on hope instead of rustling her grub afar, as a good range cow should. The three or four magpies that chattered one to another as they fluttered their glossy black-and-white pinions from post to post must have known that her end was near; otherwise why were they hanging round? Magpies don't eat hay; but they are so fond of cow meat that they don't always wait for it to become beef. Atrocious Boscos of the feathered world, they eat 'em alive.

He Wasn't a Particle Changed; the Same Old Whangdoodle Whose Voice Is Heard in the Land a-Mourning for Its First-Born

The stage had come down from the Hills, dropping a passenger at the station. The stocktender had stared long and earnestly at him and then requested Red Raymond, the stage driver, to introduce the gentleman. Red would do that with a superfluosity of joy and pleasure. Why certainly! The gentleman was Mr. Reginald Dinkelspiel Vanderpoop, who was running Mr. Berry Wall hard for the title of King of the Dudes. So said Red. The gentleman was wearing a celluloid collar, a red necktie and a Clay worsted suit of black under his mangy wolfskin coat. He wore new smoked buck mittens with beautiful shiny copper rivets at the thumb seams, and his obviously recent arctic overshoes retained the pristine polish on their rubber. In addition he wore the dry grin that was the peculiar property of old Sam Stegg, the retired bullwhacker, who, having business at the land office, had taken the stage to Rapid a week before and was now returned in this butterfly garb. You could hardly blame the stocktender for not recognizing his old crony.

Red drove on with his change of horses, his hard-bitten face set for Sidney, and for a time the stocktender and a Bar-T boy who was holing up with him until spring were busy with duties and necessary chores. Naturally the stocktender was the first to get back to the kitchen-bunk-living room, where the old bullwhacker had been industriously stoking the big box stove. He brought with him two five-gallon converted kerosene cans of water, a good deal of which he had slopped on his felt boots on his way from the well, sheathing them with ice. Setting down his burden, he backed up close to the stove and again surveyed Mr. Stegg with somewhat offensive attention.

"Who took pity on you and give you them duds?" he asked

"Sol Bloom," answered the old bullwhacker. "He took sixty dollars off me, too; but shucks, a man in my position and standing has got to dress the part when he's amongst strangers. A whole slough of strangers in Rapid now, Hank. You can't walk five or ten blocks without meeting one or two of 'em, or the same one twice. Makes a man feel old, these changes."

He ostentatiously took a cigar from his vest pocket, lit it and leaned back luxuriously in his chair.

"Where's the mate to that?" demanded the stocktender.

"In Uncle Jimmy Wood's safe at the bank," replied the old bullwhacker. "He always keeps 'em locked up after election. He tells me that he's indorsed Wes Bligh for postmaster at Blueblanket, so that settles Parker's hash. Say, if you was to take them boots off and put 'em inside the stove you'd burn 'em quicker. Burning felt ain't roses, nor yet vi'lets."

"Dog-gone! I thought it was that see-gar of yours," exclaimed the stocktender, ruefully examining the charred backs of his boots. "Lookut that now, and the ice not melted in front!"

"It's a right cold day," explained the old bullwhacker. "Yes," he resumed. "Rapid's changing. Only a few of the old-timers left. One of 'em got back the same day I got in. Who do you reckon it was? John A. Merry, b'gosh! Yes, sir, John A. Merry got back, and I reckon he means to stay. Old John A. Merry! Back again at last!"

"I'm beginning to get your idee," said the stocktender. "You mean to say that John has returned. Seems mighty hard to believe. Who in Hoboken is John A. Merry? Must have went away sometime, didn't he?"

I knew John A. Merry nigh onto twenty years ago—the old bullwhacker began with the satisfied reminiscent gleam in his eyes—nigh onto twenty years ago it was when he walked into old Sanders' office at the Z-Bell ranch and struck him for a job. That was about two years before Bobby Nevins was foreman. He was a long, lanky, solemncholy lad, about twenty, I reckon, or mabbe he was a year or two older; the forlornest, pitifulest specimen you ever seen; looked 's if he'd been wrung out and drawed through a knot hole. Joe Gutch had brought him out from Rapid in the wagon with a load of supplies. Seemed like he'd been stranded in Rapid, dead broke, being left there by a granger outfit from Missoura headed for the Belle Fourche. He had took sick with quinsy and they had to leave him behind.

"Pick up your lip before you step on it," says Sanders to him, after he'd looked him over. "Never punched cows, did you?"

"No, sir," says John, looking as if he was a-going to bust into tears, being spoke to so harsh and sharp.

"Huh!" says Sanders. "I allowed you wasn't no top hand, anyway. Too bad all your folks died so sudden. Must have been a hell of a shock."

"They ain't dead," says John. "They're all back in Nodaway County, Missoura—all but my Uncle Levi, who brung me out here with him."

"Well, you do surprise me," says Sanders. "What's your name?"

"Merry," answers John; and old Sanders, who wasn't noways addicted to mirthsomeness himself as a general thing, threw a fit of it and come nigh to rolling out of his chair, while the noises he made brought all hands and the cook a-running in.

"Merry!" shrieks Sanders, a-pointing to John. "Merry!" Then he got a-holt of himself and straightened up and wanted to know what in Tophet we wanted, busting into his office thataway, and for us to get plumb straight and swift out of there—which we done. Then he turned to John and says, "Merry, you're hired. Name your own wages—Me-Merry!" And then he had another spasm that was almost as bad as the first.

Of course, the old man was joking when he told John to name his own wages. What John got was twenty-five a month, when cow hands was then drawing forty-upward. He thought it was riches untold, though; yet he didn't stay for more than the one month. He couldn't fork a cayuse nohow, although he'd try, being as willing as a four-year-old widow lady; so Sanders kept him to chore around at the home ranch, helping the cook wash dishes and pare murphies, and so forth, and doing odd jobs. He hadn't a lazy hair on him, I'll say that for him. A natural-born worker, John was, is and ever will be; but thirty days of the Z-Bell was enough and aplenty for him. The trouble was that he was plumb unhappy. I done my level best to cheer him up whenever I was around, but even what little rays of sunshine I brung into his life couldn't make him stay.

Most men who start out in life with a thin and tender hide gets it sort of toughened up as time goes a-fleeting by—in places, anyway. Johnny got his hardened a considerable in the course of years, although he had spots, and one spot in particular, where he was as sensitive as a heel blister. In them days, though, he was blister all over. He couldn't bear so much as an unkind look without pain and anguish; and having no more sense of humor than a

rabbit, he gave the boys an elegant opportunity for amusement which they wasn't noways slow to take advantage of They certainly pestered John aplenty and he took it hard

Had a way of going off to a solitude, whenever one was handy, and meditating on the insulting things that was said to him that was meant to be friendly. One day when I was a-setting on a cottonwood log, watching him saw stove wood for the cook and putting in a word or two of encouragement now and then, he stopped halfway through a stick and allowed that he was disliked and despised and disesteemed by everybody on the ranch excepting the cat.

"Don't say that, John," says I. "It hurts my feelings, when you ought to know how fond I am of you. Sanders thinks a heap of you, too, and so does Israel Putnam Wakefield and Joe Gutch. Joe ain't never easy in his mind when you ain't around; he begins asking where you are right away. It may sound a little thing, but it goes to show. In fact," I says, "you're popular with one and all, contrary to what you think, and not counting the cat."

"Like fun I am!" says he in his mournful voice. "Joe Gutch ain't happy when I ain't around for him to torment. It's sport for him, but it's death to me, like the frog says to the kids that was throwing rocks at him in the fourth reader. And Wakefield come around here with Geddings not fifteen minutes ago, dragging his saddle by the horn, and he pushes me to one side and throws the saddle over this here sawhorse and tells me to climb on.

"'I'm a-going to make a rider of you, Gladsome,' he says, calling me out of my name. 'Hop on, Happy, and let's see how long you can stay with it. When you get so's you can stick we'll take you down to Mac the saddler's and let you take a whirl at that wooden pinto that he's got in his store window. Little by little, we'll make a bronco buster of you. Gleeful, old socks, climb on!'

"Of course I wasn't a-going to do no such a reedicklous thing," says John. "It wouldn't have helped me none with a sure-enough live cow pony, and well they knew it, the both of them. Yes, sir, they was just trying to fool me and make sport of me. They stood and argued with me about it quite a spell and I seen what they was after, and when they seen that I was dead onto them they bust out a-laughing right in my face and went off a-whooping like two hyenas. You cain't tell me!"

"I'm not so sure of that, John," I told him. "Israel might have thought it would get you used to the feel of a saddle; and as for laughing, them two galoots would laugh at their aunt's funeral. They really think the world of you, John."

"I wish't I could believe it," says he, looking miserabler than ever. "I'd sure like to think that anybody was a friend of mine—anybody on earth; I don't care how low-down. I'd like to feel right sure that you was a friend of mine and wouldn't gab around to the other boys what I told you in the sacred seal of friendship."

"You'd have to take a chance on that, John," I says.

He looked at me wishful. There wasn't never sure-enough tears in his eyes; it was just that it looked as if there was going to be in about the next second. He was setting on the sawhorse by this time, and staying on, in spite of its legs being uneven.

Then all of a sudden he busts out, "I'll take a chance! I'll trust you! I want somebody to love me," he says; "somebody to love me, Sam."

Maybe you think that I showed hilariousness. I didn't. I kept my face straight and I done it without no effort. The old song come into my head

No one to love,
None to caress

But I didn't even sing it at him; no sir. You wouldn't, either. It was plumb pathetic the way he said that, and I just nodded, sympathetic.

"All of my life I've wanted somebody to love me," he went on. "I reckon my mother would have if she'd had time. But she hain't ever had time. I got nine brothers and sisters, and my pappy he's a right smart of care for any woman. Got a misery, he has, and he cain't work. Well, anyway, as I said, I've always wanted somebody to love me hongry for it, like it was vittles; but seems like folks cain't quite make out to do it, so I reckon I'll have to want all my days. I kin bear that, being used to it, but I cain't bear with everybody picking on me like they do here. I don't see nothing wrong with the name of Merry There's a right smart of Merrys in Nodaway, but folks don't make sport of it there. They'd get filled plumb full of buckshot if they so done. I hain't never been on the shoot, myself, but the most of my kin is some. My Uncle Levi, who brung me here, is. If I had gone on with him to Belle Fourche nobody wouldn't dast pick on me account of my name.

"I'm a-going to quit. Money hain't everything," says he. "I'm a-going to quit and live solitary."

I couldn't talk him out of it. There was a stubborn streak in him that nothing couldn't budge. He turned his back on twenty-five dollars a month and the best of chuck, and Joe Gutch drove him back part of the way to Rapid. The reason he didn't drive him all the way was that Joe had hooked onto a green team that he had to harness with a pitchfork, which wouldn't have cut ice in an ordinary way, because Joe was a mighty slick driver and would have drove a team of raging rhinoceroses as lief as not, and had 'em gentled and safe for a lady inside of a week or two The reason he let that team get the bits in their teeth and run away and smash the wagon into matchwood and bust John's head against a stump was because he got careless and didn't keep his mind on his driving, and the reason his mind wandered was that they had went off the main trail to Beaver Creek and was approaching Billy Fenwick's and he calculated to stop a few happy minutes and pass the time of day with Billy's daughter Ada

You couldn't blame Joe. You prob'ly never met up with Ada Fenwick, Hank; and you, Dave, m'son, was prob'ly wropped up in a diaper and hooked onto the fam'ly steelyards about that time and tipped the beam at a measly seven pounds. But I'll tell you, gentlemen both, that Ada Fenwick was about as likely to take any man's mind off his business and keep it off as any young lady in the Territory, and then some to spare. She was about nineteen then, and still unmarried, which was her own fault entirely, and she hadn't nobody else to blame for the resulting trouble. I wonder how many old baldheads look back on the time when they used to hit the trail for Beaver to see how Billy and Ma Fenwick was making out. Three of 'em to my knowledge is now rich beyond the dreams of av'rice, as the feller says, according to popular rumor, and one of 'em is a judge of the state supreme court and another a candidate for senator. And they wasn't all of them on their uppers, even then. Macey Smith, who owns the Lone Star Land and Cattle Company, was one of her warmest admirers, until she finally got him chilled to the marrow; Jim Powers, the lumber dealer, who could have wrote his check on the Deadwood National for twenty thousand any day in the week, was another that went into the discard; and there was a right smart sprinkling of young bucks, including Joe Gutch and Israel Wakefield, that hadn't much but rosy hopes and bright prospects, to say nothing of them that wasn't worth hell room. One and all, they doted on Billy and the old lady and would have done anything for them, even to taking Ada off their

(Continued on Page 192)

"I Cain't Stand It!" He Says. "I Cain't Stand It No More! 'Tain't the Cakes So Much as ——"

Remaking the Railroad Maps

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

AT FIRST sight the formula is simplicity itself. You get a sharp pair of scissors and a pot of paste, then a good map of all the railroads of these United States There is still other equipment in the playing of our American transportation mah-jongg. The ponderous official guide of the railroads probably would be of tremendous help; and a Poor's Manual, or a Moody's, will not come amiss Given these things at the outset, you can begin for yourself the task of consolidating and rearranging the 2000 separate railroad properties of the United States. While if you have some knowledge of the half-hidden but very powerful financial strings, or even the traditions that long have knit many of them together, you probably will make quite as good a job of it, perhaps a better one than the average amateur rail consolidator—the remaker of maps—is accomplishing today.

An Engineer Driving One of the Huge Locomotives of Today

Upon my desk there lies a copy of Low's Railway Directory for 1861. When it came from the press the railroad in the United States was a little more than thirty years old. Yet already it had spread itself far inland from the Atlantic Coast, first to the headwaters of the Ohio and to the shores of the lower Great Lakes; where, after a brief halt, it had taken a great plunge and had reached and crossed the Mississippi. In 1861 the railroad was at the Missouri, and the Pony Express was linking it with California. Already there were nearly 32,000 miles of railroad. Yet this was divided into many separate and distinct properties. Low's Directory shows not less than 335 of them.

The longest road on the continent at that time was the Grand Trunk, of Canada, with its 890 miles of line. People in that day spoke of the Grand Trunk with bated breath. They wondered if so large a railroad could ever be successfully operated—wondered and doubted.

Early Consolidations

IN THE United States, the New York Central, already with some 654 miles, was the largest road—the road doing the heaviest business—even though its main line barely spanned the state of New York. The Pennsylvania had 380 miles. And the Baltimore and Ohio, today the oldest railroad in the land, operating all its years under a name and corporate existence unchanged, had 518 miles. In actual length, the Illinois Central, with its 706 miles of trackage, slightly surpassed the New York Central, but its traffic was in no way to be compared with that of the Eastern road. The Erie had 563 miles, the Chicago and North Western but 193. The era of the Western roads seemingly was still far in the future.

Very soon after the issuance of this little book the first real consolidations of our railroads began. Commodore Vanderbilt, who already owned the Hudson River and the New York and Harlem lines, purchased the New York Central, and so found himself in possession of a through route from New York to Buffalo; while west of that important lake port a similar process was merging a group of lines into the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, which, however, was not destined to come fully into the New York Central system until 1914. By the early 70's the Pennsylvania was acquiring the United Railroads of New Jersey for an entrance from its long-time Eastern terminal at Philadelphia to the harbor side of the city of New York. It was clearing its own pathways for itself west of Pittsburgh. For railroad owners were losing faith that far pathways would be kept open for them. It was safer to acquire one's own routes. The ferment of rail merging was in the air. Much railroad building still was in progress; yet all over the land consolidation was being forced through rapidly, with the inevitable result that weak roads—weak not always through the mistakes of their promoters, but ofttimes through the inherent lack of strength of the territory that they sought to serve—were forced down, became weaker and weaker, while strong roads the stronger grew.

Once fairly started, it was forty years before this business of consolidating our rail properties was halted—by a rather vigorous, even though somewhat indefinite, protest on the part of shippers and commercial organizations generally. Some of these viewed the growing tendency with much alarm.

"We want the pathways to our towns kept free and open and competitive," they shouted, and much legislation, both state and Federal, came into effect to save the day for them.

Consolidation was halted. But much of the work already had been done, privately, but thoroughly. Today our roads are already pretty well consolidated. Eighty-five per cent of the business of the country is done over twenty-two of them.

In those forty years the public was not often consulted in the making of railroad consolidations. College professors were not engaged to fabricate ideal plans. Big business kept the maps, the sharp scissors and the paste pot locked up pretty securely.

It did not wish any venturesome boys attempting to play with them.

In the past twenty years many changes have come into our transport situation. One of them has been the perfecting of our state and Federal bodies with strong regulatory powers over the railroads some forty-seven or forty-eight of them all told. For the precise number ask the nearest railroad president. He knows. These bodies—chief of them all, the tremendously powerful Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington—have recently opened up the maps, the scissors and the paste. Today we are all remaking the railroad map of the land.

Reports

THE Federal Transportation Act of 1920 asked us to do it. Although without power to compel, this act recommends the consolidation of the rail carriers of the land, with a distinct public sentiment back of it, not only upholding this provision but steadily seeking to hasten matters by making such consolidation mandatory and immediate. It is with something of a sense of shame that I must confess having dabbled with this thing myself, and in these very pages, some seven or eight years ago. A little while after that Mr. John E. Oldham, of Boston, a banker who has made a close study of railroad problems, brought forth the first definite and recognized scheme for the consolidation of the roads into fifteen or sixteen groups. Other schemes—some fairly good, some fairly bad—were thrust into the ring. Then came the Transportation Act, with its positive suggestions in favor of consolidation, and the appointment by the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the authority that it gave, of Prof. W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard, to study into the entire matter and make a report upon it.

Mr. Ripley made his report, and a very thorough job he made of it too. It was variously received; and a little later the commission made a consolidation report of its own, in some respects differing from the Ripley one, although based upon it.

The mere inclusion of the consolidation plan in the Transportation Act filled the breasts of some prominent railroad executives with an almost unholy joy. Pet projects of long standing that "that damned Sherman Act" had blocked, as with a stone wall, were revived. After slight hesitation railroad lawyers were sent to Washington to see the commission and file formal requests for the acquisition of this property or that.

"Not so fast," said the Interstate Commerce Commission, or words to that effect. It intimated that it did not propose to embarrass itself by taking up consolidation on any hit-or-miss or hodgepodge plan. It was making a national study of the problem, holding many hearings as it wended its way, and it did not intend to be hurried into any snap judgments or premature permissions.

Recently the commission has changed its attitude, without making any revisions of the first plans for consolidations all the way across the land, which are now recognized as being fairly impracticable and almost absolutely certain not to be put in effect. It has issued no sweeping pronunciamiento of its policy—if indeed it has even hit upon a settled policy in the matter. But two Presidents of the United States have spoken in unmistakable terms, and the Interstate Commerce Commission, extrajudicial as it is in many ways, is not too far removed politically from the ground to fail to have its ears to it. Therefore it is moving forward, although not swiftly

Some of the individual commissioners, it is understood, would like to see Congress repeal that part of the Transportation Act which contains a mandatory plan for general consolidation. They feel that it is highly impracticable, not alone because of the physical difficulties of placing so sweeping a plan in effect but also because of the hampering effect of any preconceived and published scheme which says that this road must acquire that road, or the other way round. Opportunities for trading in such a situation obviously are limited. And within the past few months ticker reports have shown that the strong position financially is with the road to be acquired rather than with the one that is doing the acquiring.

Therefore under a certain public sentiment, not very definite or very well guided, yet possessing no little strength, the commission has reversed its former position and is now quietly granting many consolidation permits, slightly limited in their scope; also it is refusing a few, where it believes that they are not in the public interest. Incidentally there are now thirteen fewer Class I railroads doing business of at least $1,000,000 a year—in the country than there were at the time of the passage of the Transportation Act

One of the first of these consolidation permissions gave the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio to the joint ownership of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Louisville and Nashville—these last two for some years past to all practical purposes one railroad. The Clinchfield was a fairly prosperous small road, not quite 300 miles in length, extending along and through the Blue Ridge Mountains of the Carolinas and Tennessee. For years it had struggled ineffectually to make close traffic arrangements with the Southern, whose lines it taps at several points. The Southern, being an extremely well-planned and located and self-contained system, was sufficient unto itself and did not care to do business with the Clinchfield.

The new consolidation, which would not have been easily possible before the coming of the Transportation Act, opens up a really strong competitive road into a territory which has not enjoyed too much competition. Therefore it is in full accord with the highest purpose of that act. It represents it working at its best, particularly as in granting the permission for the consolidation the Interstate Commerce Commission laid down conditions directed toward the absolute maintenance of an open gateway for all carriers touching the Clinchfield route.

The Link

ANOTHER early consolidation was of a vast deal more interest to the country at large. For a number of years past the ultimate position of Central Pacific, the highly important link between Ogden, Utah, and San Francisco, of our first transcontinental railroad has been a matter of much conjecture. Long ago this road—with which one links the names of Mark Hopkins and Crocker and Leland Stanford and C. P. Huntington—lost its name and much of its identity in a merger with the Southern Pacific. It became even more firmly united in the days of Harriman, who sought to make a single system out of the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and their constituent properties. When this combination finally was dissolved, due largely to public opposition and its own top-heavy qualities, and the Union Pacific was completely divorced from its great Western connection, the old Central Pacific property went with the Southern Pacific.

Gradually opposition to this arrangement grew. The courts were invoked. The Union Pacific took a keen interest in obtaining the Central Pacific. With forking routes from Ogden, north to Portland and south to Los Angeles, in the securing of a central direct line to San Francisco, the Union Pacific would complete a rail trident of vast strategic strength. Into the charmed circle it threw its hat with vigor.

There are few impartial observers who would deny that this historic arrangement was logical, and presently the Federal courts ordered the Central Pacific separated from the Southern Pacific. This was counted a point in favor of the Union Pacific. The S. P. fought the thing bitterly. It made much of the point that the old Central Pacific property had been so scrambled in with its own that it would be practically impossible to segregate it after all these years.

Undoubtedly the really ideal arrangement would have been to make the Central Pacific—perhaps with the addition of the parallel Western Pacific an independent road, open on equal terms to all connecting carriers, from the Great Salt Lake to Central California; very much as the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac has for many years been kept as an open gateway line between the capital of Virginia and the capital of the United States There were some operating difficulties in connection with putting such a plan into effect; and the commission, after a pretty thorough study of the entire matter, with its sweeping new powers of the Transportation Act, has given the Central Pacific to the rapidly expanding Southern Pacific system.

Horseshoe Curve on the Pennsylvania Railroad

Successful Housecleaning

BY SIMILAR dictum the Western Pacific, although allotted in most of the original plans for national consolidation to the Santa Fe, goes into the Missouri Pacific family, which, after a thorough housecleaning in its management, has begun rapid expansion once again. Despite the fact that it is *per se* a fairly illogical railroad system—two separate roads, the original Missouri Pacific of Gould days leading due west from St. Louis and Kansas City, and the powerful old Iron Mountain, running sharply southwest from St. Louis and so seeking an entirely different class of traffic—it will bear watching in the next few years

The highly successful housecleaning which Markham accomplished upon the Illinois Central is likely to be duplicated by his student and erstwhile lieutenant, Baldwin, who lately has become president of the Missouri Pacific For not only will the M. P., through a joint ownership with the Western Pacific of the old Denver and Rio Grande, have its own line from the Mississippi River straight through to the Golden Gate, but recent acquisitions of the Gulf Coast Lines, the Texas and Pacific and the International and Great Northern are carrying it on its own rails straight to the Gulf of Mexico and the Mexican border, with a strong probability that Mexico itself may yet be invaded.

As yet this Missouri Pacific combination has shown little or no desire to acquire its own line from St. Louis to Chicago

Whether this inaction foreshadows a growing closeness of connection with the Illinois Central, which already has an excellent route between these two important cities, the student of railroad strategy may prefer to decide for himself.

The new Missouri Pacific is to be met by keen competition at almost every point it invades. Even in its earliest territory it has a

(Continued on Page 186)

An Electric Passenger Train on the Coast Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

Out and Back With Old Whit

But the Constant, Nonstop Argument Came About Usin' Me and the Cars. Sometimes It Was Only a Duet, Then Again It Would be a Foursome, With All Parties Demandin' to Go in Different Directions at the Same Time

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NO, YOU don't always strike it soft on a blind hop. Take my little whirl with the Spooners. You see, I'd just drifted in from the pie-and-doughnut belt, and the first thing I'd done after landin' at Grand Central was to hunt up one of them high-stool cafés off the ramp and stow away a small steak with a platter of French fried and two cups from the urn. Then I lights up a Fumadora special and sort of strolls around, wonderin' if I'd better go register at the agency right away or take a few days' swing as one of the leisure class.

I hadn't quite doped out my program, but I'd got as far as claimin' my suitcase from the checkin' booth when I'm hailed by this crisp-spoken young gent in the hair-line blue suit and the Wales dip to his hat brim.

"Chauffeur?" says he.

"Sure," says I. "This is no disguise I'm wearin'."

"Looking for a job?" he asks.

"Well, I ain't strainin' my eyes any yet," says I, "but if one should jump out and flag me ——"

"I believe that is about to happen," he breaks in. "What driving experience have you had?"

"It would be quicker tellin' you what I've missed," says I. "No hearses nor hook-and-ladder trucks, and I ain't ever piloted a cloud pusher; but outside of them I've run almost every kind of gas wagon from a wheezy-lunged taxi to super twin sixes."

"H-m-m-m!" says he, rubbin' his chin as he sizes me up. "I guessed as much. Rather smart looking too."

"I have to be," says I. "I generally drive for smart people."

"Oh!" says he, sarcastic. "You pick that kind, do you?"

"No," says I. "That kind picks me. So we both qualify, don't we?" And I gives him the grin.

"Rather neat, that," says he, grinnin' back. "I acknowledge the compliment, Mr.—er ——"

"Gillan," says I. "Is it town or country?"

"Westchester," says he. "My train is due to leave in three minutes and I'm going to take a chance on you, Gillan."

"I'll be sporty, too, Mr.—er ——"

"Spooner," says he. "Track 16, lower level."

And so I'm signed on again without wastin' time or breath or givin' up any fee. 'Course, this Mr. Spooner might be almost anything—a bootlegger, a movie star or vice president of a glue works. And I might be the inside man for a gang of yeggs. It's an even split between us, with neither party actin' worried.

I must admit, though, that I likes the looks of the outfit when we finally get there, after a half-hour train ride and bein' jitneyed five or six miles more. It's country, and yet it ain't, for there's New Rochelle one way and White Plains the other. But this big stone house stands on a long, high ridge with a lot of ground around it and even a good-sized grove of trees in the back. Ridge Hall is the name on the stone gateposts and it's most wide enough and long enough to deserve it.

"Big fam'ly?" I asks.

"Well, there are quite a lot of us—just at present," says Mr. Spooner. "But that condition is merely temporary. You will find your quarters in the garage back there."

I did. Also the usual collection of cars—new limousine, antique tourin' car, three-seater station bus, and back in the corner a semi-stripped roadster with bucket seats. I'd inspected the lot casual and was just testin' the motor of the closed car when in walks a husky young gent wearin' baggy knickers and alligator socks and a dizzy striped sweater. When he sees me he stops short and stares.

"Well, where did you drop from?" he asks.

"I'm no dropper," says I. "I was hand-picked. Mr. Spooner just hired me as shuffer."

"Mr. Spooner?" says he. "You don't mean Old Whit?"

"We didn't get as far as callin' each other pet names," says I, "and I shouldn't rate him as old. Tall, slim young party that talks snappy."

"Milt," says he. "And it's quite like him, engaging a chauffeur without consulting anyone. But Lord knows we need you. Take that car and hurry down to meet the 5:13. Marge and the children are on it. They'll be looking for me, but they'll know the bus. You have twenty minutes to make it in."

"I expect I'd better get that O. K.'d by the boss," says I.

"Boss!" he gasps. "Say, listen. If you stay here you'll take orders from me. I'm Whitney Spooner, Junior."

"Well, I'm Rusty Gillan, Senior," says I. "But I'll chance it this once."

I wanted to ask him how many more Spooners there was around the place, but I saved that up for another time, and beat it for the station. What I picks from the 5:13 is a zippy-dressed young woman with two cute kids, say about three and five, the boy bein' the oldest.

"Really! A chauffeur at last," is her greetin' to me. "I hope you stay for more than a month."

"Sometimes I do, ma'am," says I, touchin' my cap.

"I dess he don't, mummer," puts in the boy. "I dess he does away, like the others did."

"Hush, Bertie!" says mummer, givin' him a shake.

So maybe I should have worked up suspicions that something was wrong with this job I'd had tossed at me so casual. But I'm no trouble hunter and I don't do much advance frettin'. My plan is to let things ride until I'm sure. Besides, these Spooners, what I'd seen of 'em, seemed like reg'lar people—not too smart-setty, nor new-richers. Then at dinnertime I discovers the chow is all to the good; nothing fancy, but cooked special for the help and cooked right—pork chops and fried apples and corn bread, and a pumpkin pie that made me want to go right out and hug the cook—until I got a glimpse of the hefty old girl at the range and decides if I did I'd have to hug on the installment plan. So I passes my thanks on to Aline, the ruddy-cheeked maid with the calm eyes and the elbow dimples. She'd slipped me a second helpin' of the pie.

"Just for that, Aline darlin'," says I, "I'm gonna date you up for a joy ride on your first evenin' off."

"Huh!" says she. "If you find time for joy riding in this place you're a wonder."

"How quick you got me," says I. "I am."

"Then you'll know," says she, "just how to take Miss Isabel to her dramatic club, drive Mr. and Mrs. Junior over to the Kendricks' for bridge, and get the Milton Spooners to the country club, all between eight and 8:30."

"Who mapped out that schedule?" I asks.

"They scrapped it out during dinner," says she. "Anyway, the debate was well started, and the last I heard, Miss Isabel had a shade the best of it."

"Who's Miss Isabel?" says I.

"She'll tell you soon enough," says Aline. "You're not likely to forget either."

Sure enough, it's Miss Isabel who steps out to claim the limousine when I drives around. She's some little queen, too, with a saucy mouth and a tilted nose, and lots of pep in her motions.

"Do you know where the Community House is in the village?" she asks. "Well, I'll show you when we get there. Down the hill and take the first left. Make it snappy, Gillan, or I'll be late for rehearsal."

"And hurry back for us," calls out Milton.

"You may take us at the same time," adds Mrs. Whitney Spooner, Jr.

"Go along," urges Miss Isabel. "They can wait."

"I expect they'll have to," says I.

Well, by nine o'clock or so I had 'em all distributed and I'd been given three different schedules as to how I was to pick 'em up. I done my best, too, but it was 1:30 A.M. before I'd collected the last load, and I hadn't pleased any of 'em. I'd been too early at some places and too late at others.

And in the mornin' the cross-firin' begins all over again. Mr. Milton Spooner wants to catch the 8:32, while Whitney, Junior, says he can't make anything before the 8:46, and Mrs. Whitney announces that little Bertie must be at the kindergarten at nine and Mrs. Milton says the housekeeper has to go marketin' at 9:15. The only good break I had was that Miss Isabel hadn't left the hay yet, but she'd given me orders that she had to go take a golf lesson at 10:30 and I must be sure to be on hand. Yes, I had quite a busy forenoon.

"Say," I asks Aline at lunch, "how many bosses have I got anyway?"

"I figure on six," says she.

"Then I must have missed one," says I, countin' 'em up on my fingers. "Who's the other?"

"Pa Spooner," says she. "Old Whit, they call him."

"Not the meek-lookin' little old guy that I've seen walkin' around the grounds with his chin down and his hands behind his back?" I asks.

"That's him, only he don't do much bossing."

"I should say not," says I. "Why, he acts like a poor relation who's been notified that his visit is about up. Mean to say he owns the place?"

Yes, that's the idea. And between times, when I wasn't dashin' around to pick up or drop different lots of Spooners, I pumped out of Aline the rest of the scenario. It seems that Old Whit is the one who makes the Spooner Suction Sweepers. That is, he did. He invented the thing, put it on the market, and developed the business from a five-man shop to a six-acre factory, with main offices on Forty-second Street and agents in every county seat from Kineo to Kalamuk, from Twig, Minnesota, to Chokoloskee, Florida. And up to eight or ten months ago he was the big wheeze of the corporation, goin' down to the city every day and keepin' an eye on every detail, from how the oilin' directions was worded on the tags, to decidin' when to break into the South American market. Then, all of a sudden, his nerves went back on him. Two doctors told him he had to lay off, maybe for good. So he has to turn the sweeper business over to his sons and put in his time moonin' about the grounds at his big place on the ridge

"They don't look much like brothers," says I.

"They're only half," says Aline, "but they scrap together just as much as if they was full brothers."

"And which is Miss Isabel a full sister to?" I asks.

"Neither," says she.

"How come?" says I.

It wasn't so complicated as it sounds. Whitney was by Old Whit's first wife, and Milton was by a second one. Then she died and he married a third time, and along came Isabel, who lost her mother when she was ten. So she has two half brothers, and she ain't crazy about either. Nor about their wives. Specially she ain't enthusiastic about both families campin' down at Ridge Hall when they got perfectly good homes of their own. But they both claim they ought to be on hand to look after Old Whit and see that he don't do anything foolish. Besides, the house is big enough and they might as well. Also Mrs. Whitney says it's so good for the children bein' out in the country, and dear Bertie and Sallie will do so much to cheer up poor granddaddy.

"Is the old boy all in?" I asks.

"Take a good look at him and then guess," says Aline.

So the next chance I has I gives him the up and down. Uh-huh. All he lacks is a sign on him—"Ground under repair." Shoulders drooped, bags under his eyes, and that way of draggin' his heels which shows he ain't goin' anywhere special. Kind of a beaten, puzzled look under the shaggy eyebrows too. Sort of pathetic old codger. I couldn't help salutin' respectful and slippin' him one of my chirkiest grins. Almost stops him in his tracks. Then he nods friendly and wanders on.

After that, though, he takes to driftin' out to the garage while I'm grabbin' off a spare half hour or so to clean up the cars. Drags an old chair out in the sun and just sits watchin' me, not sayin' much, but followin' all my moves. And for all he's so much of a wreck, he's got a keen set of old eyes in his head. Only once, when I'd dropped the suction sweeper for a broom as I was tryin' to get some dirt out of the corners of the limousine, does he offer any advice.

"That will blow as well as suck," says he, and tells me how to reverse the motor.

"Why, so it will!" says I. "How did you ——" And then I stops, snickerin'. "I forgot," I goes on. "This is something you got up yourself, ain't it?"

"I suppose so," says he. "But—but that was a long time ago, son."

We was almost gettin' folksy when Mrs. Milton happens by and proceeds to shoo him off. "Why, grandpa!" says she. "You shouldn't be out in this smelly place. You ought to be taking your walk. And you haven't your sweater coat buttoned either. Come. Let me fix it and then you must go along."

He sighs patient and toddles off. But next day he sneaks back again.

"How about a little drive?" I suggests. "I gotta go collect little Bertie. We'll only be gone half an hour."

"I wish I could," says he. "I—I haven't been in a car for months."

"Well, what's the harm?" says I. "Might do you good."

He looks around cautious and then climbs in. "I believe I will try it," says he.

But we both got a good call from Mrs. Milton when we comes back. "You knew better than to do that, grandpa," says she. "I shall phone the doctor all about it, and there's no telling what he'll say. I am surprised at you."

He hangs his head like a kid caught playin' hooky.

Another bad break I made was when I let him have one of my cigarettes and young Whitney discovers him puffin' away and chinnin' with me. Say, by the fuss Junior makes over that you'd almost think we'd been chuckin' stones through the greenhouse windows.

"Smoking!" says he. "The worst thing you could possibly do, dad."

"But I used to have my ten cigars a day regular," he protests.

"You used to do a lot of things that you can't do now," says Junior, real severe.

"Yes, I know," says the old boy, sighin', and if it hadn't been for me tippin' him the wink he might have gone off snifflin'. As it is, he winks back and walks away with his chin up a little.

That's only a sample of the way they kept after him, the whole four of 'em. It was "Grandpa, don't do this" and "Grandpa mustn't do that." I expect they meant well enough and was just followin' what the doctor had told 'em. Maybe they didn't intend to be naggy, either; but they sure didn't miss any chances of tellin' the old boy what was what.

"We're kinda long on bosses, both of us. Eh?" says I.

He don't deny it. He fishes an old pipe out of his pocket, and after scoutin' around careful loads it and lights up.

"They tell me what I can have to eat, when I must go to sleep, and what I must wear," says he, not whiny but sort of discouraged. "I'm not really sick any longer either. Feel almost as well as ever, but I can't make them believe me."

(Continued on Page 96)

Little Blondy Stares at Him for a Minute Before She Gives Way to a Fit of Tee-Hees. "You!" Says She. "Oh, What a Comic Old Sport You Are! Who'd Have Thought It Was in You?"

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

By Major General James G. Harbord

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED

General Pershing's Headquarters, 72 Rue de Varenne, Paris, the Residence of Mr. Ogden Mills

LONDON,
June 9, 1917.

I DO not suppose that a more effusive greeting has ever been given a foreigner landing in England than that extended to General Pershing at Liverpool yesterday morning. The ship had anchored in the Mersey River late Thursday night, and yesterday morning there were the usual arrangements, hurry and bustle for going ashore. Tugs steamed alongside with late papers. Rumors of S O S signals the day before from vessels sunk by the submarines flew around, with statements that the number for the current week had been about fifteen so far.

The American military attaché, Colonel Lassiter, met us. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the local admiral, Lieutenant General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell, K. C. B., several dozen assorted staff officers, some fifty newspapermen, several movie cameras, and a score of private cameras came on board and welcomed us to Old England. The ranking dozen of us went off with the general and stood attention while the band of the Welsh Fusiliers, who were drawn up on the platform, played The Star-Spangled Banner.

The general made a hit by stopping in front of a young soldier who wore the vertical stripes on his arm which indicate twice wounded and asking him, "Where were you wounded, my man?" The newspapermen told me that made a great impression.

When the admiral came aboard he formally welcomed the general and party to the port; the Lord Mayor welcomed us to Liverpool; the general also welcomed us to the Kingdom.

When we crossed the gangway the old lieutenant general faced around formally—he had been leading—and when General Pershing reached the solid soil, welcomed him to the soil of England, shaking hands with him with great formality.

There was a perfect battery of cameras as we walked around the Fusiliers, and moving-picture machines grinding steadily. We returned aboard the ship to wait while the baggage was being handled, which by the swift methods in vogue in our motherland here took more than an hour, when our orderlies could have walked off with it certainly in fifteen minutes. The celerity with which the British handled it, however, quite surprised themselves, and I was given the impression that no foreigner landing in Great Britain had been handled with such suddenness since perhaps the late J. Cæsar came ashore some time ago.

The train that took us to London was a very good one, the general and his immediate party having some government coaches. In fact, as the lieutenant colonel told me in those happy confiding moments when he thought I was a brigadier, it was a Royal train, one in which the King had come up to inspect some weeks before, and which was so convenient that "the equerries had their bawth the same as at home." We came into Euston Station, and were met by the American ambassador, Admiral Sims, Field Marshal Viscount French, the Lord Mayor of London, and many lesser dignitaries. At a suggestion from his chief of staff General Pershing had sent for the engineer and fireman on our arrival to thank them for bringing him down safely, and the grimy pair were ostentatiously brought up and he shook hands with them, ruining a new pair of gloves. At request of the moving-picture man the performance responded to an encore, the gloves were entirely put out of the running and the camera immortalized the chief's democracy.

General Petain and General Pershing

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is one of a series of articles drawn from the informal journal in which General Harbord made entries from day to day for his personal information. It reflects his current impressions upon events in which he was concerned and persons with whom he came in contact.

Elaborate preparations for our entertainment had been made. The general and twelve others are guests at the Savoy of the British Government; the remainder of the officers of some clubs or societies, but all here at the Savoy. The soldiers were taken to the Tower for quarters, and the clerks are at a near-by hotel. Brigadier General Lord Brooke, the future Earl of Warwick, is A. D. C. to General Pershing. He is a youngster of perhaps thirty-five, not of great height, rather plump, with a very handsome pair of eyes and a rather more expressive face than the average Britisher. He won his brigade on the west front, was wounded in the left hand by a piece of shell, and is still denied full use of the hand. He is a very attractive type to me; is extremely polite and keeps the general's room piled with flowers with the "Compliments of Lord and Lady Brooke."

LONDON, June 10, 1917.

WE WERE rounded up, the aides and principal twelve, to be known hereafter as the staff in these memoirs, and, with General Brooke, Colonel Lassiter and Major Maitland Kersey, drove in the motor cars which have been assigned for our use to Buckingham Palace, where George V was to receive us at 10:30. The drive took us through a historic part of London, up the Strand, along the Mall, past old St. James's, once a favorite royal residence and the court to which our ambassadors are still assigned, but now broken up into suites and assigned by the Crown to needy and indigent relatives. When the danger of offending our Russian allies is over I fancy that Nicholas, once Czar of all the Russias, and his Czarina, now referred to here as the Boche Czarina, may here find a room and "bawth."

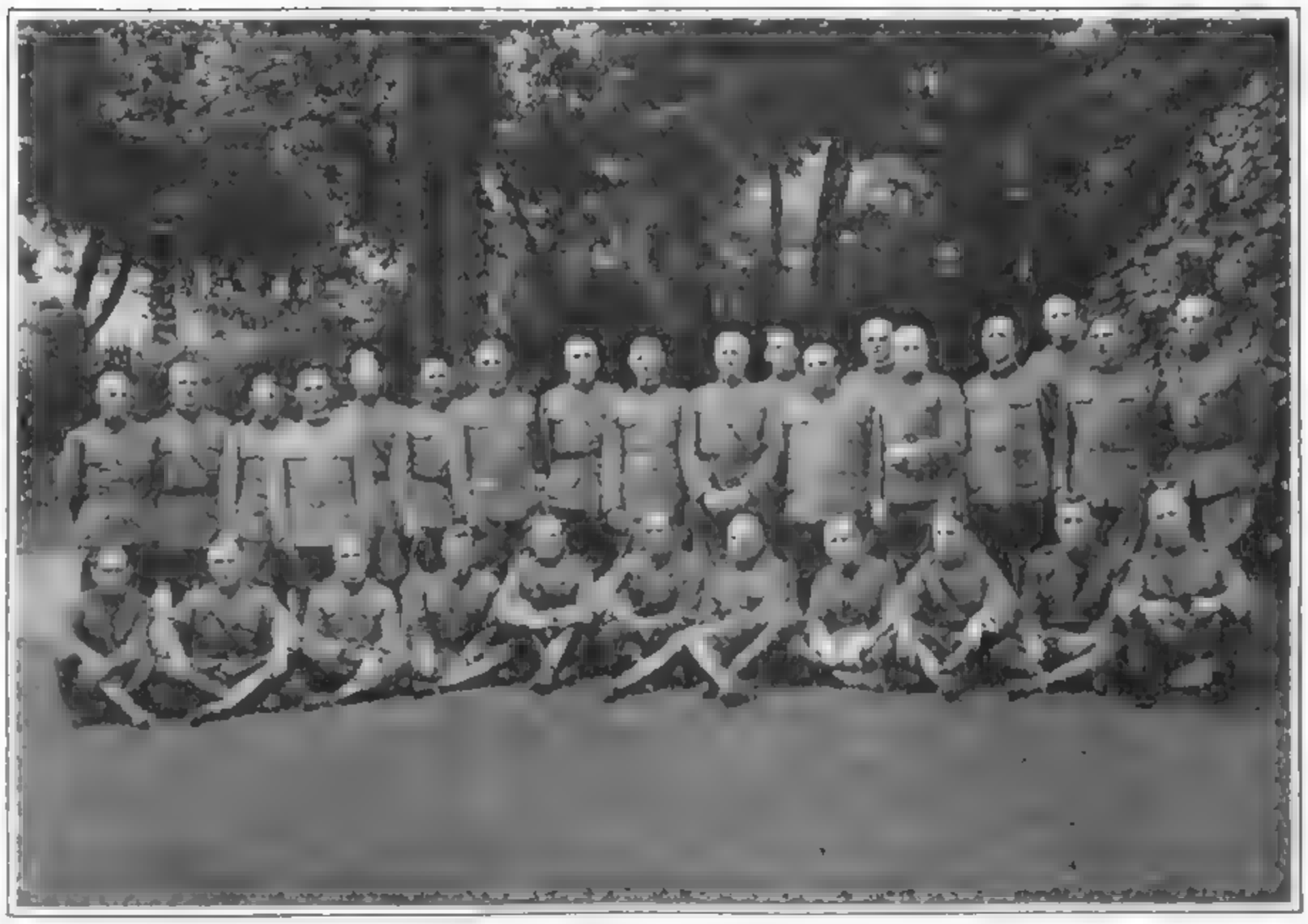
The great Victoria Memorial looks down the Mall in front of Buckingham, and one of the Royal parks is to your left as you approach. We were met and conducted through a waiting room to a drawing-room which has a sort of veranda, awning-covered, which looks out directly on the beautiful palace gardens, grounds which existed several centuries before the palace did. There is a lake, now drained to avoid its glimmer at night attracting wandering Zeppelins; and a hill, said to be artificial, which has trees growing on it which must be two centuries old.

Waiting was tedious. A king's anteroom is no better place for me to cool my heels in than that of many a man of less degree for whom I have waited. I am rapidly getting to be a professional waiter since I joined this staff. At the appointed hour the general was ushered into an adjoining apartment and had perhaps twenty minutes with the King; and then the remainder of us were ushered in, in "column of files," the personal staff first and then the others. The etiquette, as we were told on inquiry, prescribed a bow at the threshold and again when the King shook your hand. As we shook hands we spread out in a half circle to the general's left.

The King said in substance that he was glad to see us all; that it had been a dream of his to see the two great English-speaking peoples fighting side by side for civilization; that with such a cause, the best that could exist, he was sure we should be victorious. We all then shook hands again and filed out.

The King is a small man He has a good manly voice and either speaks readily or has well learned something someone has prepared for him. He has a nervous habit while speaking of shaking his left knee—his legs being very thin. He wore the service uniform of a British field marshal. I am obliged to say that physically he does not at all look the King. The general, however, tells me he had a most satisfactory talk with him, and that the King is thoroughly in touch with events, policies, and so on. He considers him to be exerting a real influence on events

From Buckingham we drove to the American Embassy, where we were joined by the staff who had not been received by the King, and were presented to the American ambassador, Walter Hines Page, who is understood to have amassed a fortune in publishing, and to be a Democrat.



A Group of Officers at the American Headquarters in 1917

LONDON, June 11, 1917.

THE general and nine others of us attended service in old Westminster Abbey at ten A. M. yesterday, the usual Church of England service, conducted by the Archbishop of Dublin. It would be useless to tell or attempt to tell the impression given. We entered by the door where, on the left, you pass Pitt of the "eagle glance and outstretched arm," and were ushered to seats in the choir. In front, piled high on one of the figure groups, are the banners of regular regiments gone to the war, which by old custom are deposited here for safe-keeping, a splendid show of color, a constant reminder and a very pretty custom—colors piled at the shrine of the oldest temple of their faith, where lie so many of England's royal and illustrious dead, where their kings are crowned, and a shrine which in one form or another has survived almost since the time of the Romans in Britain. The sermon was good, as was the singing. The collection—never forgotten in any church that I have ever attended—was for the British sailor and soldier orphans, a worthy cause.

From Westminster our arrangements began to run counter to the plans of our ambassador apparently. Three days before, General Brooke had made arrangements and accepted an invitation to luncheon for General Pershing at Sir Arthur Paget's, a country place just in the suburbs of London, to meet various dignitaries. Balfour was invited, Field Marshal French, General Cowans, Quartermaster General of the British Army; a number of others also.

Sir Arthur is a full general in the British Army, a very distinguished soldier, now in command of all mobile forces in Southern England intended for defense against German invasion.

The ambassador was told of the engagement, but late Saturday night announced that he had made an engagement for the general to lunch with the Waldorf Astors, the son of the Lord Astor, the expatriated New Yorker, and his wife—"an adroit politician," according to one of our British friends in attendance. General Brooke suggested that we might have luncheon at Lady Paget's, as that had been already arranged, and motor to Cliveden for dinner with the Astors, and was allowed to arrange it by telephone with the two ladies.

Yesterday morning, however, the ambassador announced that the general would accompany him to the Astors' and come to the Pagets' for tea. This was telephoned to Lady Paget, who had to send word to Balfour, French and one or two others that General Pershing would not be there, and release them, as they were coming solely for him. Colonels Alvord, Brewster and myself went to the Pagets' for luncheon and spent as lovely a day as I ever expect to spend outside my own little home.

Sir Arthur Paget is a very handsome, soldierly man, somewhere in the sixties, a fine type, of whom and his brother Lord Brooke remarked, in relating an incident of the South African War, "None of those Pagets are afraid of anything." Lady Paget was a Miss Stevens, of New York, but has lived for thirty years in England, and has three sons, officers, at the Front. She is charming, and a woman of great influence with various people in this great capital. She had asked American women—one or two besides a guest or two she had—an American woman married to an Irish artist of fame named Lavery; Mrs. Leeds, the American who visited Baguio in 1912 with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, about whom we had a letter from General Edwards at the time; Mrs. Astor—not the one with whom the ambassador mixed us up; and Lady Drogheda—pronounced Droida—who is a Scotchwoman married to an Irishman. I sat at Lady Paget's right, and to the left of Lady Drogheda, who is an enthusiast on aeroplanes and really seems to know a good deal about them. Her husband is in the War Office, and I believe is one of the Irish earls.

After luncheon everyone did about as he pleased. Some played tennis, some walked alone, some sat—perfect freedom. The grounds—garden, as they call it here—comprise perhaps, I should judge, about ten acres, with century-old trees, masses of rhododendrons, a mass of color, tangle of ferns—the most beautiful private place I have ever seen. I walked and later talked with Lady Paget and Mrs. Leeds. Lady Paget is very lame, walks with a cane and gets about with difficulty, having fallen down an elevator about ten years ago and broken some bones.

Teatime came, to which General Pershing had been promised by the ambassador, but no one came. It was served for the rest of us, and Cliveden was telephoned to know if a car should be sent, to which reply was received that the general had been "ordered" to make a speech at a Canadian hospital, a pet of Mrs. Astor's, but would be there for dinner at 7:30. Of course we were asked for dinner too.

Eight o'clock came, but no general had arrived; but pretty soon the Ambassador and Mrs. Page and the general arrived. The ambassador announced that they were going on to town, but I took the general aside and told him he simply had to stay, which he realized he should do and really wished to do. When we then told the ambassador he said they also would stay and take the general in afterward. That program was carried out, the ambassador watching his watch after dinner and carrying the general off as soon as he could get him started.

They say the embassy retires at 9:30. By great effort I managed to interest Ambassador Page and got the general a few minutes' talk with Sir Arthur Paget, who has promised to turn out a full division in a trench attack for us some time Tuesday morning.

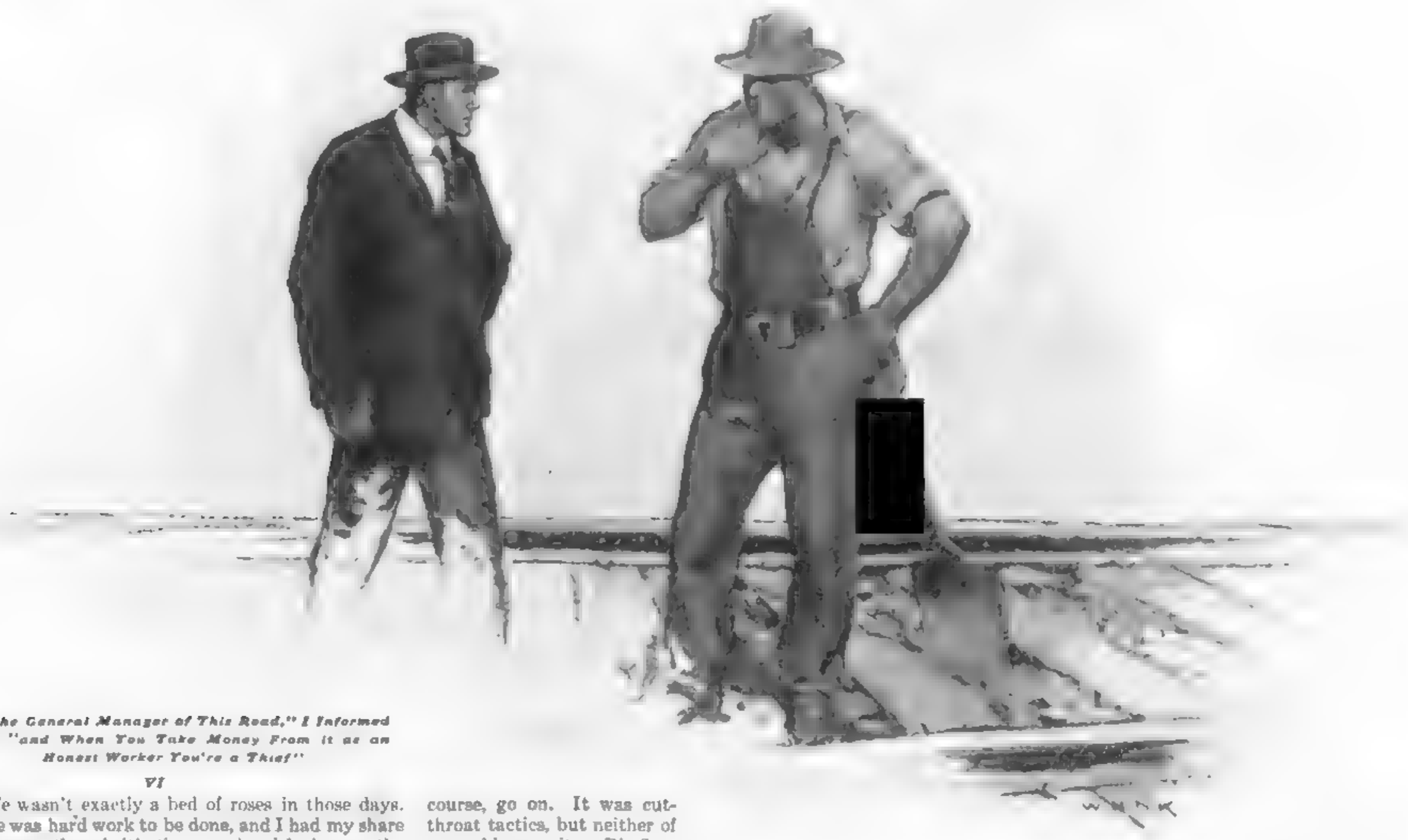
(Continued on Page 130)

The Gardens of the Residence of Mr. Ogden Mills in Paris

POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"I'm the General Manager of This Road," I Informed Him, "and When You Take Money From it as an Honest Worker You're a Thief"

VI

BUT life wasn't exactly a bed of roses in those days. There was hard work to be done, and I had my share of it, even though it's the occasional kick over the traces, oddly enough, that now stands out clearest in my memory. They were the green oases in the gray Sahara of toil. Fishing parties were pleasant enough, but they were merely breathing spells in a bitter and never-ending war to survive.

Big Sam was about as worried as a farmer fighting red-root. He was worried about his finances and about his Eastern connections, and about the labor trouble that he was long-headed enough to foresee. And to add to his problems, he found himself with a rate war on his hands. We were still an aggregation of scalping parties, knifing and being knifed, just feeling our way into that better era where railway regulation first began as a coöperative control of conduct, to the end that we might do away with over-costly competitive campaigns and weed out unethical and self-destructive rivalries.

That was before the regulation of rates and before the still later regulation of profits and before the newer-fangled regulation of mergers. There are those who claim, of course, that our transportation laws have never been so savage toward the roads as those roads were toward one another, that this legislation is not punitive but protective. And when I look back at the savagery of those old rate wars I sometimes feel there may be a shadow of truth in the claim. For in the fight I speak of we fought without hope of gain; we fought blindly and brutally; we fought only to hurt an enemy who was hurting us. When we found that enemy had resorted to secret rebates, we made a public announcement of a 20 per cent reduction in all passenger rates. That cut was promptly met by our rival and we as promptly made another cut. We slaughtered rates until we were hauling people six hundred miles for two dollars and sixty cents. We not only let them crowd into our comfortable coaches and be carried from point to point at a dead loss but we gave them free meals and coaxed them aboard and advertised for more and asked for more.

We didn't get enough out of that traffic to pay for the oil in our journal boxes; but the war was on and it was not for us to give up or give in. We almost knocked people down and dragged them aboard. We linked up with an Eastern connection that had in turn linked up with a contending steamship line, and together we carried happy and incredulous immigrants from the wharves of Hamburg and Bremen and Liverpool and Cherbourg right across the Atlantic and on to the rich plains of the Middle West for the suicidal rate of twelve dollars a passenger. And in the freight rates it was still worse. The thing could not, of course, go on. It was cut-throat tactics, but neither of us could cry quits. Big Sam was a good fighter, but he fought with his head as well as his fists. He saw that the two of us would go down locked together like a couple of embattled stags, and there was neither glory nor gold in that. So he looked for a way out.

When he called me into his office and told me he wanted me to go to New York to represent him at a special meeting of the traffic association, I thought at first, since our traffic officer was in bed with bronchitis, that the big boss was side-stepping a responsibility peculiarly his own. But I saw, in the end, that it was another instance of his sagacity, a case of keeping the capital ship in harbor while the mere destroyer did the scouting. And I was to go as the destroyer, in more ways than one. I was to go as a fighter, challenging our enemy, openly eager for more fray, ready for another winter and still another summer of rate slashing, if need be, and openly scornful of the differentials which they had already proffered us in view of our less direct haul. We were satisfied, and we were to tell them so. But that, of course, was a mere theatricality. It was more than a theatricality, for a few more months of that warfare would have run us into the ground. I was to screen our bleeding flanks, make my jauntiest parade of power—and wring from the mild-mannered association as quick and as favorable a verdict as such determined ferocity as ours could elicit. In plain English, we were licked; but we refused to know it, and we were even more determined not to let the other fellow know it.

I was considerably keyed up about that visit to New York, for I'd never seen the big city and it had all the glamour of the unknown. I'd stared at Milwaukee, of course; stared at it from the lake and seen it so incredibly lovely in the morning light that I used to wonder if old Athens itself ever looked more stately from the Phalerum Road. I'd seen San Francisco flowing over its golden hills at sunset and more than once my frontier blood had thrilled with foolish pride at the tumbled beauty of that guardian of our Western coast, with its eyes on the West that so mysteriously became the East. I was also no stranger to Chicago, it's true, and had always liked her morning pall of smoke between lake and plain, with her windy corners and her suggestion of youthful strength and frontier vigor waiting to be tamed. But she was a riddle already read, holding none of the mystery of the remoter city on the Hudson.

New York, in some way, seemed the final end of the none too definite road along which I was groping, for it was there men forgathered for the final fight and the final prize. It was the arena of the giants, the ultimate testing ground of American success, the home circle of the New World's wealth and power. As a mere Midwesterner I pretended to be hostile to it, harping blithely enough and often enough on the old string of its Sodom and Gomorrah effeteness. I derided it because I was secretly afraid of it. I scoffed at it because I had never attained to it. I tried to laugh at it because I wanted to lower it to a more comprehensible plane. But it both mystified and intimidated me. So, naturally enough, I pretended to hate it. Fear, if we're only honest enough to admit it, lies somewhere at the background of every antipathy.

Big Sam may have seen that I needed that journey into the East, whence the Wise Men once came and whither the wise men now go. My first visit to New York, at any rate, did me good. It widened my vision. It put a crimp or two in my ego. It made me feel small, made me feel alien and trivial and inconsequential, and at the same time teased me with a hunger to thrust myself above its million-throated mediocrities. It elated me with its movement and at the same time depressed me with the vague melancholy of its immensity, the same melancholy I'd so often found in my home pinelands and the open prairies and the lonely Rockies that remind man of his littleness in a world where he lives so briefly.

It was early morning when I landed at Hoboken. To reach New York from the West in those days it was, with a single exception, necessary to cross the Hudson on one of the river ferries. As I followed my fellow passengers toward the slips, where I could hear the churning of tide-water and the tinkle of pawl and ratchet and the cough of harbor tugs, I found myself caught up by a wider stream of human traffic crowding over the double-decked gangways. These were the commuters trekking cityward from their Jersey homes. Between them rumbled trucks and wagons, where the twin rows of draft horses made the splintered timbers smell like a stable. But from the upper deck I could smell sea air. It was different from any air I had ever smelled before; heavy, yet at the same time disturbingly pungent, watery and warm and touched with wonder.

I leaned against the guard chain, on the lip of the upper deck, drinking in my first glimpse of New York as we forged out of the slip and headed for the thousand-towered island beyond the drifting mile of tidewater aripple in the morning sunlight. Gulls croaked and called around us, harbor craft shuttled back and forth, car scows crawled up and down the current, tugs with mat-covered

bows tooted for their right of way, even a warship lay at anchor in midstream. But I wasted little time on any of these things. What caught and held my attention was the panorama of the city that lay ahead of me, rising in one compact and imperial whole out of the water that laved its feet

The skyscrapers of that day were not so high as they are today; the liners berthed in their shore stalls were not so gigantic as the Leviathans and the Berengarias of this later generation; the city itself had not spilled out over its island triangle until its environs were ten times greater than its core. But it was pageant enough for me. It brought me the same thrill that band music used to bring me in the days of my youth. For I saw a castellated sky line of towers and roofs and domes, some golden in the morning light, some clear-cut as the teeth of a trap, some mysterious with shadow and dreamlike with the opal mist that drifted in from the upper bay and hung like a scarf about the throat of the Battery.

I could see the buildings rise, tier by tier, gilded cornice by cornice, about the same as the foothills rise into the Rockies, until the topmost peaks stood misted blue against the stronger blue of the sky. And for some reason or other they looked mighty romantic to me. As I said before, I'd seen Chicago often enough smoke-crowned above the morning prairie, and it had the beauty of a young giant waking up to his unconsidered strength. And I'd often felt that my own city of Detroit, seated on its sky-blue river between two flashing lakes, lordly and lusty on the fringe of its lordly and lusty Midwest, was as pretty a picture as the eye of man could look on. But New York was different. It was more than pretty. It was the center of things, the market place of power. It was where men came to try their strength in the big game, and went up or went down according to the power they had behind their pretenses. It gave you a chance for the big gamble. It made you a success or a failure.

And to me, that morning, it was a good deal like a drink of gin. It stirred something that hadn't been often stirred in that sullen body of mine, and I had a foolish impulse to stretch out my arm and say, "Some day I'll have my heel on your neck! Some day, instead of bunting me about like a calf in a corral, your crowds will step aside and say, "There goes John Rusk!"

It was, of course, a mood and nothing more. It didn't even last long, for I had troubles enough as soon as I landed on that hostile island, where they seemed to work as hard as they played. It took a little of the wind out of my sails. It reminded me that I was still a pretty small pebble on the beach of railroad operation. It even made me a little ashamed of my clothes. And what was more, it made me ashamed of my roughness. It taught me a new respect for system and established authority.

My earlier training had combined to persuade me that railroading was mostly a triumph of physical force, that it was human driving power that usually got results; and I was right enough in a way, for the physical-force man can clean up local spots and pound crooked lines straight. He can do that through sheer fist power. But that makes for a one-man road, and when the man checks in his method collapses. It doesn't make the system right, and it's the system that counts; for unless the system is right, the newcomer has to learn the lesson all over again. And that's how we still seem to be railroading today, with each road and each era going back to fundamentals again and fighting its way toward its own tricks in operation and transportation, its own methods of solving the same old problems.

I'd never had much sympathy with the college theorist, outside the engineering department, for I felt a man ought to work up from the bottom and not down from the top. But during that New York visit of mine I bumped into the disturbing discovery that a man could wear a butterfly tie and still be a financier, just as he could indulge in the luxury of spats and at the same time design a locomotive.

I confronted my colleagues in a chamber of polished wood and soft rugs up on the fourteenth floor of a marble-faced building with mirror-set elevators with uniformed attendants, and in the midst of that universal order and quietness I felt secretly ill at ease; and that, I suppose, tended to make me even more aggressive. They probably accepted me as something new and wild and woolly out of the West. And I probably was, but I didn't let them run away with the idea I was a weakling. I took my stand and made my speech and fought for my cause with every ounce of bitterness in my body.

They laughed at me in the beginning, sensing something ludicrous in my heroics. But they weren't laughing much when I got through and our rate question was thrown open for discussion. I was in unknown territory and in the midst of unknown adversaries. But I knew my subject and wasn't to be shaken from my position. I watched every move and parried every thrust. And in the end I won my point for Big Sam and the D. & B. We got our differentials approved and a promise of interchange of traffic and a chance to live. I sat with a match over the powder keg until they saw I meant business. I even lost sight of the fact, as I played my rôle out to the bitter end, that I was threatening to blow myself up along with the rest of them. But I gave it to them straight from the shoulder, and nothing succeeds like sincerity; and you can't put too much thunder into your claim when your cause is weak.

I was tired out after that fight, and I remember going to the window while the final vote was being taken and staring down at the widening North River and the upper bay. To me it looked like an open mouth singing a never-ending song toward Europe. It was a mouth full of the music of commerce, and I wanted to have a hand in its making. I could see twenty million tons rolling into it and twenty million tons rolling out of it, season by season. I could see wheat trains flowing toward it across the autumn hills. I could see coal and corn, steel and stone, lumber and livestock converging toward that tapering triangle that swarmed with its straitened crowds. And crowds, to me, meant crowds to carry, crowds to shuttle back and forth to the surrounding country, crowds to lift inland and crowds to waft seaward, crowds that would more and more seek to travel on wheels.

And above all things I wanted to learn the orchestration of those crowds. I wanted the power and knowledge to handle them, to carry to them the fruits of other men's toil. I may have been a roughneck with baggy trousers and linen soiled with sweat, but for a few minutes there something with wings crouched warm in the nest of my soul.

(Continued on Page 142)

We Were Fighting Night and Day to Break the Blockade and Get a Wheel Moving — The First Gang of Strike Breakers We Brought In Were Stoned

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 7, 1925

Gas, the New Goose

WISE, if cynical, was the minister of finance who remarked that the art of taxation consisted of so plucking the goose that it should not squawk. Equity in taxation, equality and justice, are noble ideals, but so difficult of attainment as to be almost in the nature of myths. They are much sought for but never found. Meanwhile legislators must provide funds, and provide them in a hurry. Naturally they seek where the seeking is softest and produces the least squawking.

Just because a tax is easy to get, it is not necessarily the most theoretically perfect measure. But long hard experience indicates that ease of collection is an outstanding merit.

When a tax proves to be simple, certain and convenient, incapable of evasion, free from the element of chance, quite or very productive and free from any particularly evil characteristics of incidence and burden, it is sure to be widely adopted, perhaps too widely adopted.

Probably this is a fair description of the gasoline tax for the maintenance and construction of highways, a measure which the states are taking up in a veritable fever of hurry. Like the former duties on alcoholic beverages and the present revenues derived from tobacco, such a tax appeals to harried lawmakers and administrative officials because it lacks altogether the maddening complexities which have made of the general property, income and inheritance taxes such a nightmare, not only to officialdom itself but to practically all citizens who happen to have any property or savings.

The great danger with the gasoline tax, as with all measures that promise well, lies in its possible abuse. When the goose does not squawk, rapacity, unless restrained, plucks all its feathers and sometimes kills the bird itself. In one state which has had a tax on gasoline of one cent a gallon there is now talk of making it six.

Over a period of ten years, during which a program of highway construction might be completed, moderation as regards the motorist would no doubt produce a greater aggregate net revenue.

No one knows as yet exactly what proportion of highway construction should be paid by the motorist, by the adjoining and presumably benefited property owner, and by the state as a whole from its general revenues, such as inheritance taxes. A tentative formula drawn up by a student of highway finance provides that half the total amount be furnished by automobile owners in the form of license fees and fuel taxes.

This seems reasonable enough.

From the tax standpoint farmers are a heavily burdened class, and any measure which approaches punitive motor taxation will still further penalize agriculture. But reasonable license fees and gasoline taxes have important advantages aside from simplicity, certainty, convenience and productiveness; the ownership of automobiles has become so widespread that these imposts make it certain that all groups and elements shall contribute to the support of government, and very largely according to their ability to pay.

What Cannot be Given

THE apparently increasing tendency on the part of owners of business enterprises to give them away to a group of employes raises searching questions as to the present and future organization of industry. Any tendency which makes for the more adequate rewarding of faithful employes or for the stimulus and release of their talents through improved methods of partnership merits high commendation. Presumably also a retiring owner has confidence in the associates or assistants to whom he makes the gift, or he would not risk the dissipation of what he has worked so hard to create.

But often there is only fallacy in supposing that a business can be given away. The man of constructive genius who has built it up can give the bricks and mortar, the organization, the shares of stock and even the good name. But he cannot present to anyone the vital spark which puts life into these otherwise inanimate and valueless donations and keeps it there. Without him the business may die or slowly fade into invalidism and impotence.

A biologist has said that only one man in six million has genius, and only one in six thousand special skill, intelligence, courage, enterprise or strength. Business success may not require actual genius, but in most cases it demands a quality rare enough to excite interest, curiosity and even wonder. Those who possess this attribute serve the public more truly by exercising it than by elaborate schemes to distribute the personal gains that come from its exercise.

Gifts and giving are of relatively little importance alongside the necessity of a continuous employment of labor and the services to society which a well-conducted business commonly renders. Those who become rich honestly and through the successful conduct of a serviceable business should be chiefly concerned with its continuance and extension rather than with personal whims and theories as to what a rich man ought to do with his wealth. If the gift of a business renders the recipients capable of carrying on, and if that is its intention, well and good. If the motive of the gift is merely to relieve the conscience of the donor, the world will be no better off.

Leveling Downward

THE philosophy of history used to be attempted after the events. Signs are accumulating that the trend of policy in the League of Nations is in the direction of a philosophy of history before the events. This seems to be the result of the collaborations of small nations. Interpretation of recent deliberations within the League of Nations would seem to suggest the following propositions:

For all races, freedom of emigration;

For all importing countries, free access to raw materials;

For all exporting countries, free entry to all markets.

This is suggested as a sort of international Bill of Rights, opposed to the existing order of national state rights. Heralded as an economic proposition, it is clearly philosophical rather than economic or political. Historical foresight in the development of natural resources would be eliminated. Scientific advances, technical improvements and inventive accomplishments would become denationalized. In effect, the process would constitute a leveling downward. In effect, it would put a premium on low standards of living. It would mean a melting pot of resources, brains and aspirations as well as of blood. It would represent the negation of our history. This may be the ideal of a distant day in the world of a Utopian mankind, but Americans would be wise to regard the League of Nations closely, in order to be sure that what may be termed international confiscation does not become a practical policy of tomorrow.

A Good Jack-of-All-Trades

THE recently issued annual report of the War Finance Corporation—the seventh—is the last report of active operations, since the life of the corporation draws to a close and the next report will presumably be the final accounting. The War Finance Corporation was created in April, 1918, as a part of the program of war finance, with a paid-up capital of $500,000,000, subscribed by the United States Treasury. Following the close of the war the operations of the corporation were in process of contraction and liquidation when, in the spring of 1919, was intrusted to it the financing of the railroads still under Federal control. More than $200,000,000 was advanced to the railroads, and long since paid off. Thereupon the Congress authorized the corporation to make advances to exporters and to banks that were financing exports. Within the year some $47,000,000 was advanced in aid of exports, nearly all repaid. In 1921 Congress by resolution and in the passage of the Agricultural Credits Act revived the functions of the corporation and broadened the scope of activities to include aid for exports, agricultural banking and financing institutions, livestock-loan companies and coöperative-marketing associations.

During the four years' activities of the revived corporation the total sum of loans approved was some $539,000,000, divided as follows, using round figures:

To exporters	$ 10,000,000
To coöperative-marketing associations	203,000,000
To banking and financing institutions	233,000,000
To livestock-loan companies	93,000,000

By no means were all these approved loans actually advanced—that is, they were not found to be necessary. The loans actually made were as follows, again using round figures:

To exporters	$ 8,000,000
To coöperative-marketing associations	41,000,000
To banking and financial institutions	201,000,000
To livestock-loan companies	87,000,000

On November 30, 1924, the unpaid outstanding balance was a little more than $45,000,000, and this is in process of repayment. The balance of the corporation in the Treasury of the United States is more than $500,000,000, the capital of the corporation.

It is expected that the liquidation of the remaining assets of the corporation will be enough to repay the Treasury for the costs of the money used in the operations of the corporation.

This is a brilliant record of stewardship of public funds. It is much more than that. It is a brilliant record of management of temporarily embarrassed essential industries. The corporation has been of great service to American agriculture in the years of its most trying need. Continuity of operations has been maintained, insolvencies averted, losses minimized, lands and animals restored to remunerative production. How much worse the agricultural depression of the past three years would have been without the War Finance Corporation can only be guessed at.

Perhaps best of all, the corporation has not established a habit of government relief. The funds of the corporation have been used to teach agriculture to help itself. The corporation has taught lessons in sound banking. There are no regrets, no vicious precedents, no entangling alliances with the Government. To the director of the corporation, Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., who has given years of public service in this task, and to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. A. W. Mellon, the agriculture of the United States owes a debt of gratitude for services whose value will be even more highly appraised later than is possible today.

THE NEW DEMOCRACIES

By Richard Washburn Child

DEMOCRACY is earned: it is no gift of the gods, and still less something which a peace conference, such as the one in Paris, can hand out ready-made.

Democracy—parliamentary democracy—requires a good deal of rehearsal before the company is prepared to act the piece. A mere sign outside the tent does not guarantee that a real democracy is within, no matter how much sentimentalists may ballyhoo "It's alive! It's alive!"

Constitutional governments in a century had spread almost all over the world, but the war and the peacemakers were responsible for creating new republics in wholesale lots. We often forget what a litter of them were patty-caked. There were Latvia, Finland, Esthonia and Lithuania. There were Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Hungary. The Paris styles of 1918 and 1919 were adopted in later seasons by Greece and Turkey. Germany was a special case, owing to her size. Taken together, the new experiments in democracy cover a large part of Europe and Asia, and affect an important fraction of civilized mankind. Some of them represent a hunger in the peoples of new nations for democracy and republican forms; there was abroad the idea that democracy was the infallible doctor of all evils. But other democracies were created by a paternal statesmanship in Paris which spoke of self-determination but said to those who could not self-determine correctly, "You have lived under willful rulers so long that you do not know what is good for you. Now you can take democracy or we will shake the stuffing out of you."

Since that time there has been a rather comfortable feeling in America that, the label "democracy" having been pasted on the new nations, we could go to bed of nights quite satisfied.

I have just been visiting some of these new democracies, and I cannot find that this satisfaction is justified. Any good advocate of democracy, any truly sympathetic and conscientious defender of democracy would be a fool to go about mumbling "Democracy is a success." It is much more important to recognize any weak spots and correct them; it is much more important to recognize facts.

The first fact to realize today is that democracy as a mere label on a bottle, no matter how high-sounding, is almost worthless if there is no real democracy, no peace, no prosperity, no health, no happiness under the cork.

How worthless such labels may be and what degree of disintegration can take place under them are illustrated by the one new experiment in democracy which had washed up a good deal of our romantic interest just before the war.

That experiment was the Republic of China. I went out to China to look at the experiment. At that time plenty of persons believed that dear old China, so peaceful that she had been governed for centuries by invaders, had nevertheless succeeded in preserving a glorious culture, a fascinating philosophic calm and a mysterious superiority while other inferior civilizations rose and fell like crops of summer grasses. I enraged a good many of those persons who like to patronize China, by telling the truth. I found that the China talked about in America was a handful of educated Chinese; I found that the real civilization consisted of the four hundred million impoverished, illiterate and miserable people who lived and died like flies, burdened by disease, filth and suffering.

Under the hopeful young republic, although there were some patriots, a crew of crooked politicians and suave diplomats, playing one foreign nation against another in Peking, hung the sign "Democracy" over the door and then proceeded to govern China in a way that would have made a Manchu emperor blush.

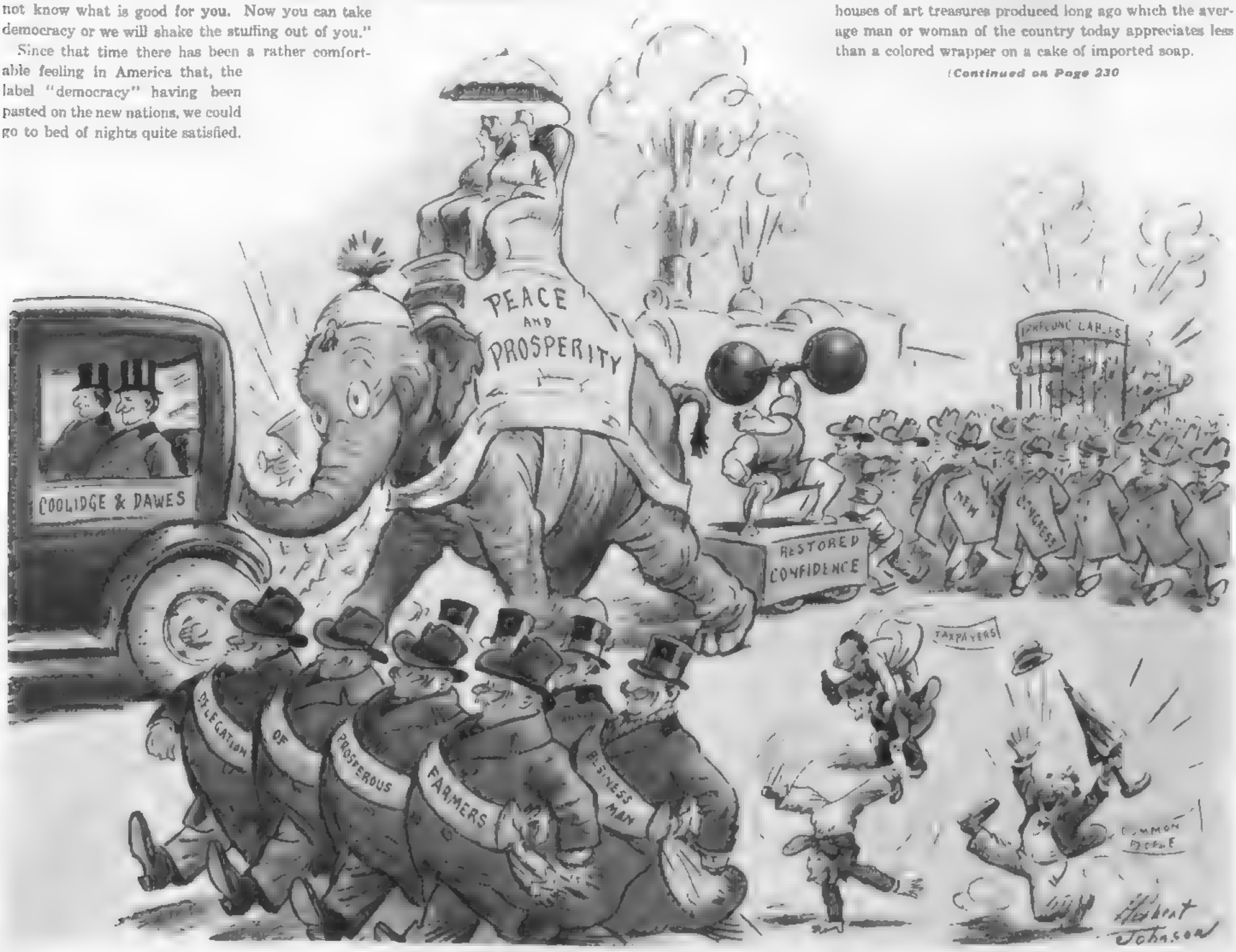
I enraged some persons who were hoodwinked by Peking's large staff of propagandists and by the label "democracy" when I said that as sure as sunrise the nations of the world would soon have to take some kind of joint action to put China on her feet again and prevent her from becoming still more of a cancerous menace to the peace and the health of the world and to her own people. I was not interested in the label "democracy" to which the handful of oily politicians pointed; I was interested in the welfare of the four hundred million.

"Oh, but China is China," said an American to me, and heaved a great sigh. "China is permanent."

I replied, "Not permanent, but chronic."

Culture as a label is nonsense if it means a few warehouses of art treasures produced long ago which the average man or woman of the country today appreciates less than a colored wrapper on a cake of imported soap.

(Continued on Page 230



THE BIG SHOW IS HERE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Woman Started It

BACK in the days when the men were brutish,
When their fists were hard and their necks were rough,
A girl who was pretty and trim and cutish
Refused to submit to the caveman stuff
"I hate these fellows who like to shock me,"
She said in a very determined way,
"And I'll marry no bird who's inclined to sock me
On my lovely features day after day."

She wanted a man who would like to fold her
Tenderly, fondly within his arms;
She was vain and silly, her sisters told her,
And thought too much of her girlish charms.
"Your eyes," they babbled, "will lose their twinkle,
Your mouth will cease to be like a rose;
Your chin will sag and your cheeks will wrinkle
As soon as your fleeting girlhood goes."

But she found a man who was clean and slender;
He cut his nails and he trimmed his beard;
He had learned some words that were fine and tender;
When she heard him speak them her heart was cheered.
Often when they were alone together
He kissed her blithely and gave her praise;
She sat in their cave in inclement weather,
While he fared forth in the stormy ways.

Her sisters watched her, and much it mattered;
After years had passed she was youthful still;
They had all grown old, they were bruised and battered,
And they longed for beauty, as women will.
She spoke concerning her man's affection,
When they asked her how she had kept so fair;
They saw the effects of the male's protection,
And civilization began right there.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

JONAH'S DEEP SEA DIVERS
SHOOT THE CHUTE
MOVIES THIS WEEK JACK HOLT
Hit th Ethiopian an get a good Seeger
Dat sho' am powful heavy drama today
Joseph And his coat of many colors (Sport Model)
BEARD CONTEST FINALS ABIMELECH 1ST BELSHAZZAR 2ND
Step inside and watch the big boy work out
STEEP EL - CHASE
GOLIATH training here
NEBUCHADNEZZERS PALACE LUNCH
TRY A NICE HOT MESOPOTAMIA
REGULAR 40 SHEKEL LUNCH 1-2
DE-LIL AH OR IS WIL DAN CER

An Intimate Outline of History. No. 4—On the Midway at the Babylonian County Fair

What Price Grandma?

By Alsy Dashford, Aged 8 Years

ONCE upon a time there was a gurl called Red Riding Hood because she wore one to keep off the dust and flies. One day her papa who was a poor plummer this is a fairy tale said to her Here kid. Beat it over to your grandmas with this bottul of gin and this bun.

Is the bun necussery asked Red in a snappy tone.

But in the mean time a wicked wulf had eaten the old lady for brekfast and was waiting too eat Red to.

When the little gurl got to her grandmas door a gruff voice asked whos dar.

Qwicker than a politishun could view with alarm 8 times Little Red Riding Hood answered in a very superior tone Befo de lawd massah dey aint nobuddy out heyah but us chickens. She used to read judge you see. Whos in their she asked.

Im your red hot grandma your red hot grandma replied the wulf crossing his fingers.

Oh grandma cried the little gurl when she was inside what large teeth you have.

All the better to eat you with growled the wulf jumping out of bed.

At that Little Red Riding Hood popped out of the cabin and run down the road as fast as she could with the wulf after her. When she had gone four or 5 miles she heard a long low moo and looking back she saw to her chagrin their were now 2 wulfs. She began running faster throwing out her legs behind and her arms swinging in rithum. After a superier gallop of about 7 furlongs she looked back again and saw their were now 3 wulfs. Deciding not to look back enny more she ran threw county after county.

By and by she saw a policeman with a ruddy compleckshun and flat feet reading a newspaper. He was about 52 and had a big stummick. Good den to you officer cried Red isnt it warm for Feb.

Yes it is answered the cop in a trembly voice you are now entering the rapidly growing hamlot of Chicago, Cook County, Ill.

God gasped Red not Chicago. I would rarther die. Its the wulfs then.

Ha ha said the policeman so she kicked him hansomely in the stummick and he fell to the sidewalk with a long low plop. Here wulfs she said eat me.

Well said the wulfs your grandma was tuff and she sets kind of uneasy on our stummicks. Lets not eat now. Lets dance a hoe down. And they did. And Little Red Riding Hood married a drummer from Los Angulus and had 19 children and the malaria one of which grew up to be a author and broke her hart.

So now my readers we will say farewell to the carakters in this story. Farewell. —*Stuart Little.*

Drab Ballads

x

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, MARION WEINZ, (LEIT, WEINZ & BIER, TROMBONE DRYADS & MUSICAL NYMPHS), sang with great

(Continued on Page 94)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Buster! What Can That Policeman be Wanting of Your Father? He Simply Cannot Keep Out of Trouble

"I Wonder if He is Under Arrest. If He is in Trouble I Must Go to Him"

"Congratulate Me, Viz! Officer Casey Informs Me I am Elected Garbage Inspector"

"Oh, Beans! It's Even Worse Than I Feared"

This is just the time you'll most enjoy Rich Cream Soups so easily prepared with Campbell's!

The majority of Campbell's Soups are made with meat. But many people prefer, either regularly or at special times, nourishing and delicious vegetable soups in which meat is not an ingredient.

During Lent, on Fridays throughout the year—in fact any time when a smooth, rich cream soup—strictly vegetable—appeals to the appetite, Campbell's Tomato, Pea or Celery, prepared with milk, is hard to equal.

Luscious, red-ripe tomatoes—just the pure juices and tender "fruity" parts. Small selected peas—the kind that have the most tempting flavor. Crisp, snow-white celery such as you would gladly pass around your table. Each of these—enriched with golden butter, delightfully seasoned, wonderfully satisfying.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Read on the labels how quickly and easily Cream Soups are prepared with these vegetable purees, by adding milk instead of water.

Seek the Label Red-and-White,
There you'll surely find delight—
Soups that always are delicious
Soups so healthful and nutritious!

Great Lenten favorites!

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Campbells' Soups

MINTED GOLD

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

JIM SIN overslept four minutes in Doctor Allan's San Francisco house, and then in his consequent haste he burned his tongue with his morning tea and suffered a nipped finger at the beak of an erratic old parrot that resented hurried attentions and an unvarying diet of crusts and cold coffee.

At seven o'clock the old Chinaman walked from his kitchen to the living room of the house. The living room was a field of action wherein on the previous night there had been staged the Battle of Mah Jongg. Jim Sin's first survey of the night's activity inspired a splutter of sulphuric criticism, but while these cackling phrases were yet flaming in his throat he checked them—"The silent man is never strangled by his own tongue."

His mood needed action.

"True enough," he reflected, "that violence is the destruction of children and fools and soldiers. I am not a soldier nor am I a child. I must therefore be a fool, because my next act will be violent."

Enough is enough.

Deliberation marked the old Chinaman's movements as he returned from the disordered living room to his kitchen. From the rack opposite the sink he selected a dish towel. He turned on the cold water faucet and for thirty seconds he held the towel in the running water. When all of its fabric was soaked he wrung the superfluous water out of it with three impulsive twists, and then upon the resonant drain board of the sink he began an attack with the soggy towel. He derived from his exercise an outlet for his surcharge of petulant anger which the Mah Jongg epidemic had inspired.

Then in His Dreaming He Saw a Cascade of Golden Coin Pour Forth at the Tiger's Feet

Bam! And again bam! And for the third and last time an enthusiastic, enjoyable bam!

With this third violent act he let the towel remain on the drain board of the sink.

"The superior man bows to the will of heaven. I am refreshed by the departure of the demons of anger, and now, spiritually cleansed, I shall return to my labor."

He made his way back to the living room of the house and in twenty minutes the disordered tiles on the Mah Jongg tables were stored in their boxes. He folded the tables and put them away and soon thereafter the room was once more a credit to the house over which Doctor Allan's wife presided. He had worked with an energy which left him fatigued with nervousness, and presently, in spite of the early hour, he returned to his own room, where from a vermilion chest parked beneath his bed he lifted a small earthenware jug. He removed the stopper from the jug and with closed eyes he indulged himself in a mammoth drink of its contained liquor.

"True enough, a corkscrew can never pull a man out of trouble, but now and then it dulls his vision and blinds him to the tragedies which are forever played on this earthly stage."

He set the earthenware jug back into the vermilion chest and snapped the pendent lock which closed his treasure from whoever might invade his personal domain. He returned to his kitchen to begin the preparation of Doctor Allan's breakfast.

At eight o'clock he served the doctor's breakfast in the dining room of the house, interrupting his attentions to the doctor long enough to carry Mrs. Allan's breakfast tray upstairs to her. When he returned the doctor had finished his second cup of coffee. Jim Sin seized upon the moment as one favorable for accomplishing an ambition which had developed with his morning survey of the débris of recreation that he had discovered two hours earlier in the disordered living room. Facing the doctor across the table, standing with stooped shoulders and looking sidewise out of his eyes at a flaring headline spread across the doctor's morning paper, he began an elaborate recitation whose theme was the sudden illness of a mysterious cousin.

"Him all time sick. Catchum letter. He talk my cousin mebbe die. He old man. No see him mebby fifty year. I go way now. Come back, mebbe ——"

"Where does this cousin of yours live?"

"Live Saclamento lilly boy. Change his house. Mebbe Modesto, mebbe Pal Alto, mebbe ——"

"How you know he sick, you no savvy where he live?"

Doctor Allan's endeavor to pin Jim Sin to the elusive truth found the inquisitor himself lapsing into his victim's pidgin English.

Jim Sin lifted his eyes and accorded the doctor a glance wherein were mingled compassion and resentment. He made no verbal reply, but with a sudden dignity he pointed first to the doctor, then to himself, then to the heavens and then to earth.

"Secret. Tonight I go see old man uncle Grant Avenue. I get you numbah-one boy. He cook for you while I go. All time lady too much play Mah Jongg lose money. I likee go way sometime night. Mis' Allan tell me stay here cookum dinner ten people. Pretty soon mebbe I die. I go way see my cousin. New boy clean up Mah Jongg room for Mis' Allan. Mebbe when I come back Mah Jongg finish."

Seeing more clearly now, Doctor Allan was infused with a sudden resolve to become master of his own house. He remembered that at his club a navy pal visiting San Francisco had been busy for a week attempting to dispose of his Chinese cook, whom he had brought over from France.

Forever in doubt whether to kill the mulish Jim Sin or to raise his wages, the doctor realized that here was an opportunity of teaching the rebel a lesson. He knew that no restraining influence short of chains or forcible confinement could keep Jim Sin away from his mythical cousin, but there remained one high card which could be played with gratifying results.

"You no get cook. I got number-one cook already come take your place."

Jim Sin looked at the doctor and batted his eyes.

"You catchum?"

"I catchum. You go see your cousin. Maybe you stay one year. All right New cook good boy."

Jim Sin absorbed the shock without showing it.

"You tellem boy hurry up come here. I show him what to do. I tell him how Mis' Allan likee breakfast. Tell him how you likee egg."

Saving face, Doctor Allan temporized.

"I bring cook home tomorrow. I think better you wait here one day more."

The master gloated over this display of his iron will, and Jim Sin interpreted the one-day delay as being a flattering request and a confession of dependence. Both adult children, therefore, were enabled to leave the field of conflict with lances unbroken.

Throughout the day Jim Sin worried more or less about the substitute cook At evening, after the duties of the day were past, enjoying a freedom uncomplicated by Mah Jongg or house guests, he retired to his room, where he adorned himself for a journey to the Cavern of Wisdom in Chinatown, where, awaiting him, would be the other elect of the exclusive social tong to which he belonged

About his thin chest he buttoned a felt jacket as a protective armor against the chill fogs of the San Francisco summer night. Over this, sagging in unexpected areas, he wore one of Doctor Allan's discarded golf coats. He changed his black silk house slippers for a pair of number twelve street shoes, wherein his feet had room to live their own life, wild and free. On his head, for the final detail of his costume, he set an old black felt hat whose planes and curves had retained their original state throughout ten years of use.

"A wick is no substitute for a walking stick. This evening I shall abandon my perusal of the murder, suicide and robbery papers and with my own eyes look upon life, listening with my own ears to the counsel of my wise companions at our meeting place."

Where the Jackson Street car swings to turn up Powell Street Jim Sin hopped off and shuffled directly toward the Cavern of Wisdom.

At this moment his six companions, who were employed in various San Francisco residences, were waiting for him With them, scraping along in a leaning position against the baseboard of the dark room, first in one direction and then in the opposite, enjoying the contact of the rough wood against his sleek fur, walked the fat cat, Hoy Quah.

In his prime Hoy Quah had been the rat-catching champion of Chinatown, but long years of companionship with seven lazy masters who lavished upon their favorite delicacies in the form of chicken wings and bits of pork rind

(Continued on Page 40)

A new carton that measures your lard!
—*in a quicker, easier way*

Measure your lard this easy
"Silverleaf" way
Before removing the lard from the package, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed without the time and trouble of packing cups or leveling spoons.
1 CUP
8 TABLESPOONS
4 TABLESPOONS
2 TABLESPOONS
Swift's "Silverleaf" Pure Lard
"Best to buy for bake or fry"
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand
Guaranteed
Pure Lard

Haven't you often thought, as you packed your lard in a spoon or a measuring cup, what a bothersome, messy business it is? Wasteful, too, and inaccurate. This new "Silverleaf" way is so much quicker and easier. You just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling, cut the *exact* amount you need!

It's an old stand-by that comes to you in this new, convenient form. Swift's "Silverleaf" has been famous these many years as a brand of lard that is guaranteed pure, uniformly fine, *perfect* for all shortening and frying.

Order one of these pound "Silverleaf" cartons the next time you need lard—unless you prefer to buy in larger quantities such as the 2, 4 or 8-pound pails. In either case, the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label will always be an assurance that you are really getting "Silverleaf".

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds

(Continued from Page 38)

had rendered Hoy Quah too corpulent for success at the chase.

At the doorway of the Cavern of Wisdom, under a single dim electric bulb, Jim Sin paused long enough to deliver upon the darkened panels of the door an interrupted series of alarms, which, according to the private ritual of the seven, announced to the waiting elect a companion member of the Cavern crew.

The door opened before him, and a moment later, after salutations had been exchanged, he was seated at a teakwood table sipping a libation of lukewarm tea, conscious of a sense of gratitude to whatever reigning gods of the night might have permitted him to arrive safely at this congenial haven.

At another table were seated four of Jim Sin's companions, and these old men, faithful retainers in long-established households of San Francisco, were gambling at Mah Jongg with a set of yellow tiles whose discoloration bore witness to long years of use. The game excited in Jim Sin's mind acute memories of lost hours which he had suffered through the vogue which had fascinated the evening guests at his master's house. He compared the technic of the rapid play before him with the hesitation and clamor that marked the game as it was played by Doctor Allan's guests.

The game ended. Twenty cents changed hands. The new game began. Jim Sin drank a fifth cup of tea and turned to the two old men beside him.

"Truly a royal game, spoiled as usual by the methods of America. I have suffered the loss of many hours of freedom which could otherwise have been spent here with you, and I have had to watch my master's wife and her guests make every known mistake playing this game until I was filled with sentiments unworthy of one who has tried to guide himself along the Pathway of the Perfect Way."

"It is such an ancient game in China," one of the idle trio returned, "that the thing that surprises me is that it did not invade this country long years ago."

"Ladies played cards in those early days, or else played at love," the third member interposed. "Even then the game was not popular with us. We preferred, as you remember, fan-tan and faro and poker and the other American games."

"Particularly poker." This from Jim Sin's fat companion. "Through the long winters in the railroad camps when we were in the mountain snows poker was to us the great gift of the Gods of Chance."

"Ai, poker and the fumes of good black opium, which kept us out of the clutches of the Sierra snow."

"Not all of our people escaped the snow."

"True enough. You are thinking of the men who were working beyond Dutch Flat—the men who were swept into Cañon Creek almost three score years ago. More than a hundred of our countrymen went to their death in an avalanche of snow and twisted trees."

At this the fat Chinaman, Moy Gow, got to his feet and with a single phrase he claimed the attention of the Mah Jongg players.

"I will interrupt you to say that I am reminded of a duty yet to be performed by those of us who try to walk according to the Perfect Way. I speak of our brothers who sleep in their unquiet resting place in the high hills. I am reminded of the pledge to which we all subscribed. I think that the hour for their removal to their quiet graves in the country of our birth has come. We are old men now, and of the early multitude we alone remain."

At the speaker's words other interests were forgotten and old memories revived. Each of the seven lived again the long-departed days of his youth on the railroad line which had fought its way through the rough country of the California Sierra.

Presently one of the men at the Mah Jongg table spoke:

"It is time that our old companions were transferred from this foreign ground to the peaceful domain outside of Canton." Nodding heads indorsed the speaker's words.

"True enough," one of the old men agreed. "Within another ten years probably none of us will remain to accomplish our obligation to our brothers."

"Who at this moment is free for this work?"

Jim Sin spoke quickly.

"I have two weeks or three weeks, if necessary, which I can devote to the discharge of our duty."

"Well enough. We shall share equally, the seven of us, in the expense attached to this project. It is a kindly one and in keeping with the Five Perfect Virtues. The reward may be only the realization of duty performed, but in that we shall all enjoy equal recompense."

Within the hour Jim Sin had refreshed his memory of the territory surrounding the scene of the early tragedy where an avalanche had destroyed half the members of a construction camp on the Central Pacific in 1865. A hundred Chinese laborers had been swept from the railroad grade to the cañon depths and buried under fifty feet of snow. In the spring when the snow melted, their bodies had been found. Their remains had been hurriedly covered up by a burial crew of white men who had worked under too much pressure to indulge themselves in whatever unworthy vandalism might have been prompted by the sight of the worthless jade bracelets and the devil-chasing silver chains which the victims of the catastrophe had worn. The impromptu graves had endured throughout the years untouched by the victims' countrymen, for this would have been forbidden desecration; but now, after long years, the day for the transfer to their permanent sleeping place in China had arrived.

At eleven o'clock that night Jim Sin bade his companions farewell and left the Cavern of Wisdom.

"I will begin my journey to the scene of our early days tomorrow. Putting quicksand in the hourglass does not shorten the day, nor change the march of time, but I will be diligent with my work and I shall meet you here when I return."

He bowed with ceremony to each of his six companions, and with a final admonition against the evils of gluttony addressed to Hoy Quah, the fat cat, he made his way directly to Doctor Allan's house.

Awaiting him in the kitchen he found the substitute cook. For a moment the pair eyed each other in silence, and then Jim Sin essayed a greeting in the Cantonese dialect. Back of the greeting was nothing of sincerity, but nevertheless, according to his code, he wished upon his visitor all of the happy things of life.

The visitor explained that his name was Yut, replying in a dialect of the north which Jim Sin understood imperfectly.

Now that the first exchanges were delivered, there remained of the ceremonial to be enjoyed naught except the few hot cups of tea. Jim Sin brewed the tea, listening the while to Yut's recital of a multitude of details concerning his life.

"I was the bravest soldier in the general's army," Yut declared. "When the Great War came the Americans needed me. With me came hundreds of my fellows."

"What did you do in the war?" Jim Sin inquired.

"I fought with guns and swords and knives, killing hundreds of the enemy."

Doctor Allan, entering the kitchen at that moment, confronted the pair. He turned to Jim Sin.

"This boy Yut new boy. Good cook. He cook in war for Chinese boss in railroad gang. Let him sleep in house boy's room next to yours while you go way. Bring me ham sandwich or something and bottle of beer."

The doctor left abruptly, and Jim Sin, seated, turned to his countryman. Derision sounded in his voice.

"Facing the enemy at the stew kettles instead of on the battlefield! Hai! Prepare thy master's ham sandwich here, while I retrieve the beer for his honorable thirst. And another thing, brave one, beware of yonder evil parrot lest he snip thy heroic body in two with the twin swords of his beak. Another thought, hero! When you feed the canaries in Mis' Allan's room wear an armor heavy with starch for protection against their attacks should they mistake you for a grain of millet seed. That would be naught but an honest estimate of your insignificance."

Jim Sin left the kitchen and walked to the great ice chest which had been built into the walls of the pantry. He came back with two bottles of beer.

"Remember this, Yut, when the doctor says one bottle he means two bottles. This advice will save your legs needless trips. You will need them, here, for running purposes when the sparrows of the street attack you. Cut the bread thin. The doctor demanded a ham sandwich, not a bread sandwich."

"Thy insults glance from me even as summer hailstones from a tiger's back," Yut answered. "My heart is pure and its purity protects me from the filth of thy tongue. I am a brave soldier and a Christian, and I attend church on Sundays and Wednesdays, while you no doubt are indulging your evil desires for gambling and for drinking the nauseating beverage which you and your kind call Chinese gin."

"Hand me the sandwich and stop

(Continued on Page 84)

"In China I Was a Fighting Man," He Boasted, "While the American Armies Were in France I Served With Them"

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS V-63 STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The human desire to own the best suggests—the CADILLAC

Not only is it *human* to want the best—it is also wise.

The object of every investment you make is to gain satisfaction. And nothing satisfies so well as ownership of that which is acknowledged to be the finest of its kind.

Moreover, as in the case of Cadillac, the best is also reliable and lasting, and hence more economical in the end.

Sound business judgment as well as the human desire for that which is best prompts the selection of the Cadillac.

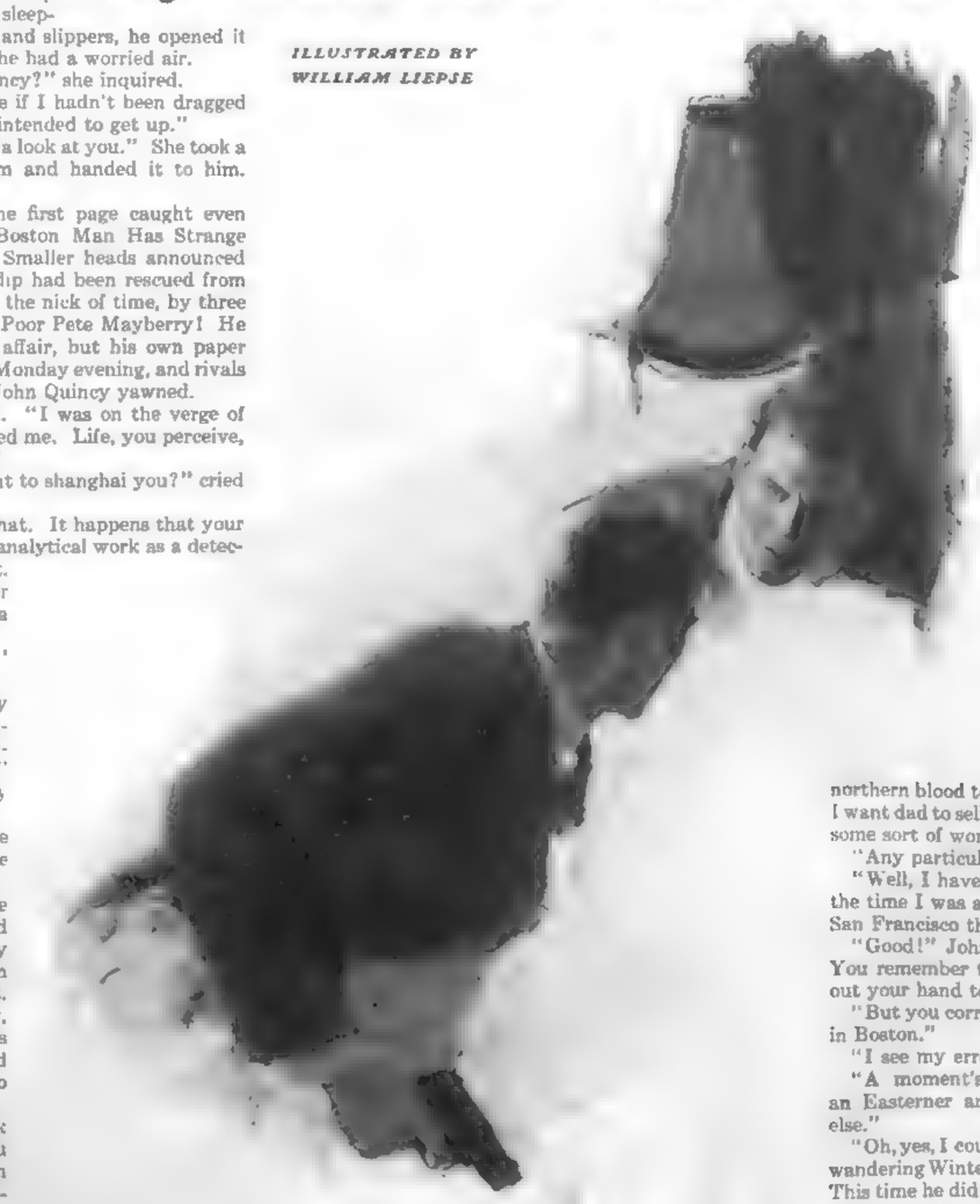
Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



Another Moment—What Then? John Quincy Wondered

XX

EARLY Sunday morning John Quincy was awakened by a sharp knock on his door. Rising sleepily and donning dressing gown and slippers, he opened it to admit his Aunt Minerva. She had a worried air.

"Are you all right, John Quincy?" she inquired.

"Surely. That is, I would be if I hadn't been dragged out of bed a full hour before I intended to get up."

"I'm sorry, but I had to have a look at you." She took a newspaper from under her arm and handed it to him. "What's all this?"

An eight-column head on the first page caught even John Quincy's sleepy eye. "Boston Man Has Strange Adventure on Water Front." Smaller heads announced that Mr. John Quincy Winterslip had been rescued from an unwelcome trip to China, in the nick of time, by three midshipmen from the Oregon. Poor Pete Mayberry! He had been the real hero of the affair, but his own paper would not come out again until Monday evening, and rivals had beaten him to the story. John Quincy yawned.

"All true, my dear," he said. "I was on the verge of leaving you when the Navy saved me. Life, you perceive, has become a musical comedy."

"But why should anyone want to shanghai you?" cried Miss Minerva.

"Ah, I hoped you'd ask me that. It happens that your nephew has a brain. His keen, analytical work as a detective is getting someone's goat. He admitted as much in a letter he sent me the night he took a few shots at my head."

"Someone shot at you!" gasped Miss Minerva.

"I'll say so! You rather fancy yourself as a sleuth, but is anybody taking aim at you from behind bushes? Answer me that!" Miss Minerva sat down weakly on a chair.

"You're going home on the next boat," she announced. He laughed

"About two weeks ago I made that suggestion to you. And what was your reply? Ah, my dear, the tables are turned. I'm not going home on the next boat. I may never go home. This gay, carefree, sudden country begins to appeal to me. Let me read about myself." He returned to the paper.

"The clock was turned back thirty years on the Honolulu water front last night," began the somewhat imaginative account. It closed with the news that the tramp steamer Mary S. Allison had left port before the police could board her. Evidently she'd had steam up and papers ready, and was only awaiting the return of the red-haired man and his victim. John Quincy handed the paper back to his aunt.

"Too bad," he remarked. "They slipped through Hallet's fingers."

"Of course they did," she snapped. "Everybody does. I'd like a talk with Captain Hallet. If I could only tell him what I think of him, I'd feel better."

"Save that paper," John Quincy said. "I want to send it to mother." She stared at him.

"Are you mad? Poor Grace, she'd have a nervous breakdown. I only hope she doesn't hear of this until you're back in Boston safe and sound."

"Oh, yes, Boston," laughed John Quincy. "Quaint old town, they tell me. I must visit there some day. Now if you'll leave me a minute, I'll prepare to join you at breakfast and relate the story of my adventurous life."

"Very well," agreed Miss Minerva, rising. She paused at the door. "A little witch hazel might help your face."

"The scars of honorable battle," said her nephew. "Why remove them?"

"Honorable fiddlesticks!" Miss Minerva answered. "After all, the Back Bay has its good points." But in the hall outside she smiled a delighted little smile.

When John Quincy and his aunt were leaving the dining room after breakfast, Kamaikui, stiff and dignified in a freshly laundered *holoku*, approached the boy.

"So very happy to see you safe this morning," she announced.

"Why, thank you, Kamaikui," he answered. He wondered. Was Kaohla responsible for his troubles, and if so, did this silent woman know of her grandson's activities?

"Poor thing," Miss Minerva said as they entered the living room. "She's been quite downcast since Dan went I'm sorry for her. I've always liked her."

"Naturally," smiled John Quincy. "There's a bond between you."

"What's that?"

"Two vanishing races—yours and hers. The Boston Brahman and the pure Hawaiian."

Later in the morning Carlota Egan telephoned him, greatly excited. She had just seen the Sunday paper.

"All true," he admitted. "While you were dancing your heart out I was struggling to side-step a tour of the Orient."

"I shouldn't have had a happy moment if I'd known."

"Then I'm glad you didn't. Big party, I suppose?"

"Yes. You know, I've been terribly worried about you ever since that night on the avenue. I want to talk with you. Will you come and see me?"

"Will I? I'm on my way already."

He hung up the receiver and hastened down the beach. Carlota was sitting on the white sand not far from the Reef and Palm, all in white herself; a serious, wide-eyed Carlota quite different from the gay girl who had been hurrying to a party the night before. John Quincy dropped down beside her, and for a time they talked of the dance and of his adventure. Suddenly she turned to him.

"I have no right to ask it, I know; but I want you to do something for me."

"It will make me very happy—anything you ask."

"Go back to Boston."

"What? Not that! I was wrong that wouldn't make me happy."

"Yes, it would. You don't think so now, perhaps. You're dazzled by the sun out here, but this isn't your kind of place. We're not your kind of people. You think you like us, but you'd soon forget. Back among your own sort—the sort who are interested in the things that interest you. Please go."

"It would be retreating under fire," he objected.

"But you proved your courage last night. I'm afraid for you. Someone out here has a terrible grudge against you. I'd never forgive Hawaii if—if anything happened to you."

"That's sweet of you." He moved closer. But confound it, there was Agatha! Bound to Agatha by all the ties of honor. He edged away again. "I'll think about it," he agreed.

"I'm leaving Honolulu, too, you know," she reminded him.

"I know. You'll have a wonderful time in England." She shook her head.

"Oh, I dread the whole idea. Dad's heart is set on it and I shall go to please him. But I shan't enjoy it. I'm not up to England."

"Nonsense!"

"No, I'm not. I'm unsophisticated—crude, really—just a girl of the islands."

"But you wouldn't care to stay here all your life?"

"No, indeed. It's a beautiful spot to loll about in. But I've too much northern blood to be satisfied with that. One of these days I want dad to sell and we'll go to the mainland. I could get some sort of work."

"Any particular place on the mainland?"

"Well, I haven't been about much, of course. But all the time I was at school I kept thinking I'd rather live in San Francisco than in any other city in the world."

"Good!" John Quincy cried. "That's my choice too. You remember that morning on the ferry, how you held out your hand to me and said, 'Welcome to your city'?'

"But you corrected me at once. You said you belonged in Boston."

"I see my error now." She shook her head.

"A moment's madness, but you'll recover. You're an Easterner and you could never be happy anywhere else."

"Oh, yes, I could," he assured her. "I'm a Winterslip, a wandering Winterslip. Any old place we hang our hats——" This time he did lean rather close. "I could be happy anywhere," he began. He wanted to add "With you." But Agatha's slim patrician hand was on his shoulder. "Anywhere," he repeated, with a different inflection. A gong sounded from the Reef and Palm. Carlota rose.

"That's lunch." John Quincy stood too. "It's beside the point—where you go," she went on. "I asked you to do something for me."

"I know. If you'd asked anything else in the world I'd be up to my neck in it now. But what you suggest would take a bit of doing. To leave Hawaii—and say good-by to you ——"

"I meant to be very firm about it," she broke in.

"But I must have a little time to consider. Will you wait?" She smiled up at him.

"You're so much wiser than I am," she said. "Yes, I'll wait."

He went slowly along the beach. Unsophisticated, yes—and charming. "You're so much wiser than I am." Where on the mainland could one encounter a girl nowadays who'd say that? He had quite forgotten that she smiled when she said it.

In the afternoon John Quincy visited the police station. Hallet was in his room in rather a grouchy mood. Chan was out somewhere hunting the watch. No, they hadn't found it yet. John Quincy was mildly reproving.

"Well, you saw it, didn't you?" growled Hallet. "Why in Sam Hill didn't you grab it?"

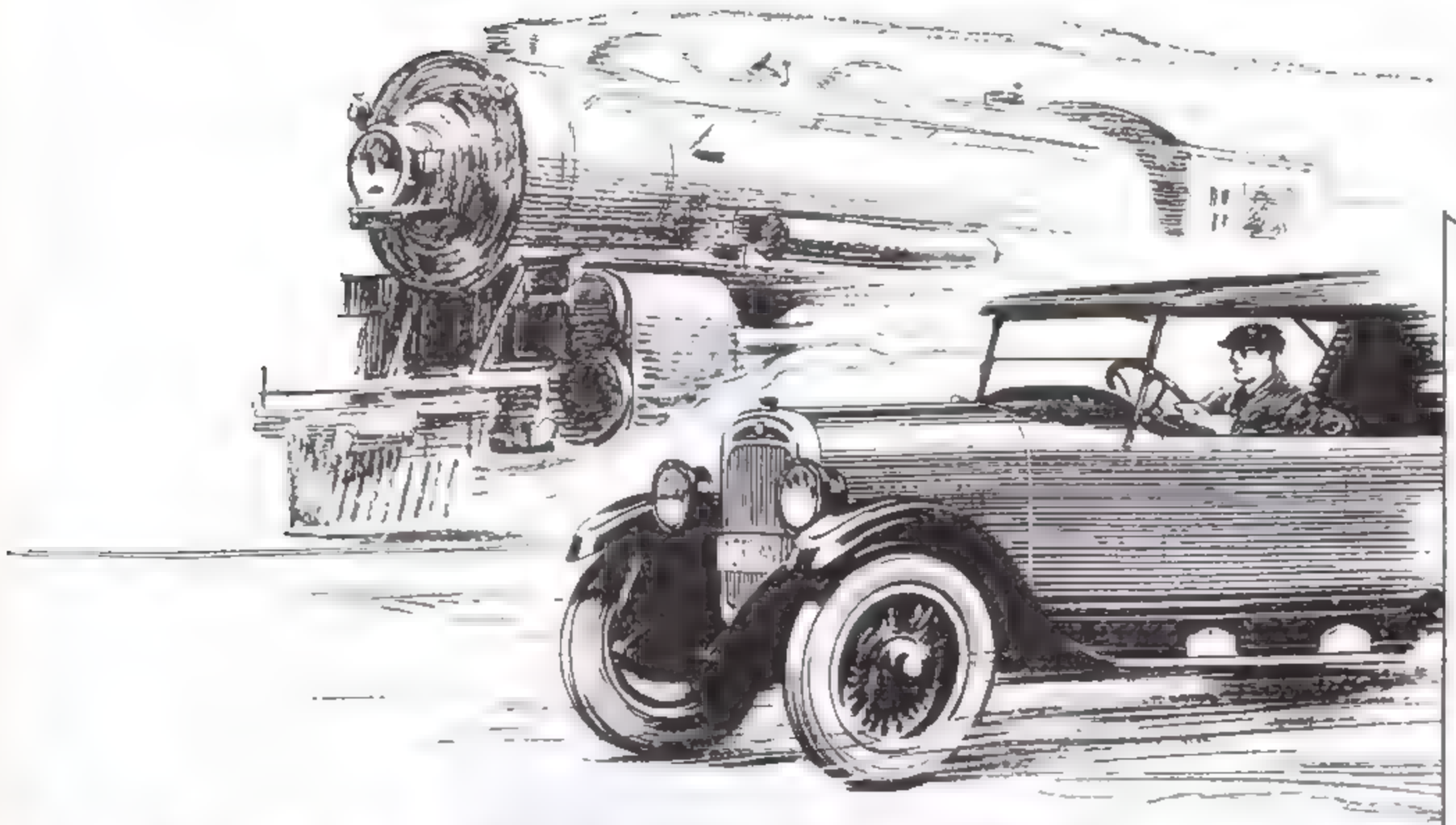
"Because they tied my hands," John Quincy reminded him. "I've narrowed the search down for you to the taxi drivers of Honolulu."

"Hundreds of them, my boy."

"More than that, I've given you the first two numbers on the license plate of the car. If you're any good at all you ought to be able to land that watch now."

"Oh, we'll land it," Hallet said. "Give us time."

(Continued on Page 44)



Speed of the Country's Famous Fast Trains

	Miles per hour
Twentieth Century	55
Broadway Limited	55
Merchants Limited	60
Detroiter	55
Wolverine	55
East Coast Limited	35
The Lark	55
California Limited	40
Olympian	40
Overland Limited	50
Golden State Limited	50

58 Miles per Hour

25 Miles *to the* Gallon

5 *to* 25 Miles *in* 8 Seconds

At one step, the new good Maxwell creates an immeasurably higher conception of the dollar's buying power in its relation to motor car speed and power.

The owner of this new good Maxwell finds in it an ability for sustained speed which wins his respect no matter how powerful the cars which he has driven before.

He becomes used to leading traffic in the city because of a flashing acceleration which is not surpassed by any car built today.

He finds himself enjoying these advantages at an operating and maintenance cost which owners declare is lower than any previous motor car experience has ever taught them to expect.

For the cause of this revolutionary achievement, credit the engineering genius which produced the Chrysler Six, the wonderful plants in which the good Maxwell is manufactured from wheels to body, from radiator to rear axle.

In this new Maxwell, Chrysler engineers and Maxwell's fine workmanship have advanced the ability of four cylinders beyond anything the industry had previously produced.

Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stop-light, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof, heater, standard on all closed models.

Touring Car, $895; Club Coupe, $995; Club Sedan, $1045; Standard Sedan, $1095; Special Sedan, $1245. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, Tax extra.

There are Maxwell dealers everywhere. All are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

The New Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 42)

Time was just what John Quincy had to give them. Monday came and went. Miss Minerva was bitterly sarcastic.

"Patience are a very lovely virtue," John Quincy told her. "I got that from Charlie."

"At any rate," she snapped, "it are a virtue very much needed with Captain Hallet in charge."

In another direction, too, John Quincy was called upon to exercise patience. Agatha Parker was unaccountably silent regarding that short peremptory cable he had sent on his big night in town. Was she offended? The Parkers were notoriously not a family who accepted dictation. But in such a vital matter as this a girl should be willing to listen to reason.

Late Tuesday afternoon Chan telephoned from the station house—unquestionably Chan this time. Would John Quincy do him the great honor to join him for an early dinner at the Alexander Young Hotel?

"Something doing, Charlie?" cried the boy eagerly.

"Maybe it might be," answered Chan, "and maybe also not. At six o'clock in hotel lobby, if you will so far condescend."

"I'll be there," John Quincy promised, and he was.

He greeted Chan with anxious, inquiring eyes, but the Chinaman was suave and entirely noncommittal. He led John Quincy to the dining room and carefully selected a table by a front window.

"Do me the great favor to recline," he suggested. John Quincy reclined.

"Charlie, don't keep me in suspense," he pleaded. Chan smiled.

"Let us not shade the feast with gloomy murder talk," he replied. "This are social meeting. Is it that you are in the mood to dry up plate of soup?"

"Why, yes, of course," John Quincy answered. Politeness, he saw, dictated that he hide his curiosity.

"Two of the soup," ordered Chan of a white-jacketed waiter. A car drew up to the door of the Alexander Young. Chan half rose, staring at it keenly. He dropped back to his seat. "It is my high delight to entertain you thus humbly before you are restored to Boston. Converse at some length of Boston. I feel interested."

"Really?" smiled the boy.

"Undubitably. Gentleman I meet once say Boston are like China. The future of both, he say, lies in graveyards where repose useless bodies of honored guests on high. I am fogged as to meaning."

"He meant both places live in the past," John Quincy explained. "And he was right, in a way. Boston, like China, boasts a glorious history. But that isn't saying the Boston of today isn't progressive. Why, do you know——"

He talked eloquently of his native city. Chan listened.

"Always," he sighed, when John Quincy finished, "I have unlimited yearning for travel." He paused to watch another car draw up before the hotel. "But it are unavailable. I am policeman on small remuneration. In my youth, rambling on evening hillside or by moonly ocean, I dream of more lofty position. Not so now. But that other American citizen, my eldest son, he are dreaming too. Maybe for him dreams eventuate. Perhaps he become second Baby Ruth, home-run emperor, applause of thousands making him deaf. Who knows it?"

The dinner passed, unshaded by gloomy talk, and they went outside. Chan proffered a cigar of which he spoke in the most belittling fashion. He suggested that they stand for a time before the hotel door.

"Waiting for somebody?" inquired John Quincy, unable longer to dissemble.

"Precisely the fact. Barely dare to mention it, however. Great disappointment may drive up here any minute now."

An open car stopped before the hotel entrance. John Quincy's eyes sought the license plate and he got an immediate thrill. The first two figures were 33. A party of tourists, a man and two women, alighted. The door man ran forward and busied himself with luggage. Chan strolled across the walk, and as the Japanese driver shifted his gears preparatory to driving away put a restraining hand on the car door.

"One moment, please." The Jap turned, fright in his eyes. "You are Okuda, from auto stand across way?"

"Yes-s," hissed the driver.

"You are now returned from exploring island with party of tourists? You leave this spot early Sunday morning?"

"Yes-s."

"Is it possible that you wear wrist watch, please?"

"Yes-s."

"Deign to reveal face of same."

Carlota Egan

The Jap hesitated. Chan leaned far over into the car and thrust aside the man's coat sleeve. He came back, a pleased light in his eyes, and held open the rear door.

"Kindly embark into tonneau, Mr. Winterslip." Obediently John Quincy got in. Chan took his place by the driver's side. "The police station, if you will be so kind." The car leaped forward.

The essential clew! They had it at last! John Quincy's heart beat fast there in the rear of the car where, only a few nights before, he had been bound and gagged. Captain Hallet's grim face relaxed into happy lines when he met them at the door of his room.

"You got him, eh? Good work!" He glanced at the prisoner's wrist. "Rip that watch off him, Charlie."

Charlie obeyed. He examined the watch for a moment.

"Inexpensive timepiece of noted brand," he announced. "Numeral 2 faint and far away. One other fact emerge into light. This Jap here have small wrist. Yet worn place on strap convey impression of being worn by man with wrist of vastly larger circumference." Hallet nodded.

"Yes, that's right. Some other man has owned this watch. He had a big wrist; but most men in Honolulu have, you know. Sit down, Okuda. You understand what it means to lie to me?"

"I do not lie, sir."

"No, you bet your sweet life you don't. First, tell me who engaged your car last Saturday night."

"Saturday night?"

"That's what I said!"

"Ah, yes. Two sailors from ship. Engage for evening, paying large cash at once. I drive to shop on River Street, wait long time. Then off we go to dock with extra passenger in back."

"Know the names of those sailors?"

"Could not say."

"What ship were they from?"

"How can I know? Not told."

(Continued on Page 46)

John Quincy Dropped Down Beside Her. Suddenly She Turned to Him. "I Have No Right to Ask It, I Know; But I Want You to Do Something for Me"

Above is shown Congoleum Rug No. 378 surrounded by Congoleum Rug Border No. 150

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Creating a charming room—

Graceful lines and color harmony mean everything in home decorating. Too many straight lines give a prim, severe effect. In the room shown above, note how skilfully curving lines have been introduced by the clock on the bookcase, the mirror of the chiffonier and the pattern of flowers on the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug.

Variety of Beautiful Patterns

Congoleum Art-Rugs solve many a problem for a woman bent on creating a charming room. Such a variety of patterns from which to choose! One of them is sure to harmonize with any furnishings and add a touch of colorful individuality.

But *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are something more than rugs—they are the most modern form of floor-covering that science has devised. An occasional mopping makes them just like new. They are made in one flat-lying, durable piece, which cannot curl at the edges or corners.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated	1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
7½ x 9	feet	11.25	are made only in the five	3 x 3	feet	1.40
9 x 9	feet	13.50	large sizes. The smaller	3 x 4½	feet	1.91
9 x 10½	feet	15.75	rugs are made in designs	3 x 6	feet	2.50
9 x 12	feet	18.00	to harmonize with them.			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug-Border

The illustration shows Congoleum Rug-Border laid over an old, worn wooden floor. These Rug-Borders look for all the world like real hardwood flooring. They are made in five very attractive grainings, and in two widths—24 inches, which retails at 60c per running yard, and 36 inches, retailing at 75c per square yard.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland
London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Pattern No. 323 *Pattern No. 396* *Pattern No. 552* *Pattern No. 558*

(Continued from Page 44)

"All right. I'm coming now to the important thing. Understand? The truth—that's what I want! Where did you get this watch?"

"I buy him," said the Jap.

"You bought him? Where?"

"At jewel store of Chinese Lau Ho on Maunakea Street." Hallet turned to Chan.

"Know the place, Charlie?" Chan nodded.

"Yes, indeed."

"Open now?"

"Open until hour of ten, maybe more."

"Good!" said Hallet. "Come along, Okuda. You can drive us there."

Lau Ho, a little wizened Chinaman, sat back of his workbench with a microscope screwed into one dim old eye. The four men who entered his tiny store filled it to overflowing, but he gave them barely a glance.

"Come on, Ho, wake up," Hallet cried.

With the utmost deliberation the Chinaman descended from his stool and approached the counter. He regarded Hallet with a hostile eye. The captain laid the wrist watch on top of a show case in which reposed many trays of jade.

"Ever see that before?" he inquired. Lau Ho regarded it casually. Slowly he raised his eyes.

"Maybe so. Cannot say," he replied in a high, squeaky voice. Hallet reddened.

"Nonsense! You had it here in the store and you sold it to this Jap. Now, didn't you?" Lau Ho dreamily regarded the taxi driver.

"Maybe so. Cannot say."

"Damn it!" cried Hallet. "You know who I am?"

"Policeman, maybe."

"Policeman maybe, yes! And I want you to tell me about this watch. Now wake up and come across or by the Lord Harry ——"

Chan laid a deferential hand on his chief's arm.

"Humbly suggest I attempt this," he said.

Hallet nodded. "All right; he's your meat, Charlie."

Chan bowed with a great show of politeness. He launched into a long story in Chinese. Lau Ho looked at him with slight interest. Presently he squeaked a brief reply. Chan resumed his flow of talk. Occasionally he paused and Lau Ho spoke. In a few moments Chan turned, beaming.

"Story are now completely extracted like aching tooth," he said. "Wrist watch was brought to Lau Ho on Thursday, same week as murder. Offered him on sale by young man darkly colored, with small knife scar marring cheek. Lau Ho buy and repair watch, interior works being in injured state. Saturday morning he sell at seemly profit to Japanese, presumably this Okuda here, but Lau Ho will not swear. Saturday night dark young man appear much overwhelmed with excitement and demand watch again, please. Lau Ho say it is sold to Japanese. Which Japanese? Lau Ho is not aware of name, and cannot describe, all Japanese faces being uninteresting outlook for him. Dark young man curse and fly. Appear frequently demanding any news, but Lau Ho is unable to oblige. Such are story of this jewel merchant here."

They went out onto the street. Hallet scowled at the Jap.

"All right, run along. I'll keep the watch."

"Very thankful," said the taxi driver, and leaped into his car. Hallet turned to Chan.

"A dark young man with a scar?" he queried.

"Clear enough to me," Chan answered. "Same are the Spaniard José Cabrera, careless man about town with reputation not so savory. Mr. Winterslip, is it that you have forgotten him?" John Quincy started.

"Me? Did I ever see him?"

"Recall," said Chan. "It are the night following the murder. You and I linger in All-American Restaurant engaged in debate regarding hygiene of pie. Door open, admitting Bowker, steward on President Tyler, joyously full of okolehau. With him are dark young man—this José Cabrera himself."

"Oh, I remember now," John Quincy answered.

"Well, the Spaniard's easy to pick up," said Hallet. "I'll have him inside an hour."

"One moment, please," interposed Chan. "Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock the President Tyler return from Orient. No gambler myself, but will wager increditable sum Spaniard waits on pier for Mr. Bowker. If you present no fierce objection I have a yearning to arrest him at that very moment."

"Why, of course," agreed Hallet. He looked keenly at Charlie Chan. "Charlie, you old rascal, you've got the scent at last."

"Who—me?" grinned Chan. "With your gracious permission I would alter the picture. Stone walls are crumbling now like dust. Through many loopholes light stream in like rosy streaks of dawn."

XXI

THE stone walls were crumbling and the light streaming through—but only for Chan. John Quincy was still groping in the dark, and his reflections were a little bitter as he returned to the house at Waikiki. Chan and he had worked together; but now that they approached the crisis of their efforts, the detective evidently preferred to push on alone, leaving his fellow worker to follow if he could. Well, so be it; but John Quincy's pride was touched.

He had suddenly a keen desire to show Chan that he could not be left behind like that. If only he could, by some inspirational flash of deductive reasoning, arrive at the solution of the mystery simultaneously with the detective—for the honor of Boston and the Winterslips!

Frowning deeply, he considered all the old discarded clews again. The people who had been under suspicion and then dropped—Egan, the Compton woman, Brade, Kaohla, Leatherbee, Saladine, Cope. He even considered several the investigation had not touched. Presently he came to Bowker. What did Bowker's reappearance mean?

For the first time in two weeks he thought of the little man with the fierce pompadour and the gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Bowker, with his sorrowful talk of vanished barrooms and lost friends behind the bar. How was the steward on the President Tyler connected with the murder of Dan Winterslip? He had not done it himself, that was obvious; but in some way he was linked up with the crime. John Quincy spent a long and painful period seeking to join Bowker up with one or another of the suspects. It couldn't be done.

All through that Tuesday evening the boy puzzled, so silent and distrait that Miss Minerva finally gave him up and retired to her room with a book. He awoke on Wednesday morning with the problem no nearer solution.

Barbara was due to arrive at ten o'clock from Kauai, and taking the small car, John Quincy went downtown to meet her. Pausing at the bank to cash a check, he encountered his old shipmate on the President Tyler, the sprightly Mrs. Maynard.

"I really shouldn't speak to you," she said. "You never come to see me."

"I know," he answered. "But I've been so very busy."

"So I hear. Running round with policemen and their victims. I have no doubt you'll go back to Boston and report we're all criminals and cutthroats out here."

"Oh, hardly that."

"Yes, you will. You're getting a very biased view of Honolulu. Why not stoop to associate with a respectable person now and then?"

"I'd enjoy it—if they're all like you."

"Like me? They're much more intelligent and charming than I am. Some of them are dropping in at my house tonight for an informal little party. A bit of a chat and then a moonlight swim. Won't you come too?"

"I want to, of course," John Quincy replied. "But there's Cousin Dan ——"

Her eyes flashed.

"I'll say it, even if he was your relative. Ten minutes of mourning for Cousin Dan is ample. I'll be looking for you." John Quincy laughed.

"I'll come."

"Do," she answered. "And bring your Aunt Minerva. Tell her I said she might as well be dead as hog-tied by convention."

John Quincy went out to the corner of Fort and King Streets, near which he had parked the car. As he was about to climb into it he paused. A familiar figure was jauntily crossing the street—the figure of Bowker, the steward, and with him was Willie Chan, demon backstop of the Pacific.

"Hello, Bowker," John Quincy called. Mr. Bowker came blithely to join him.

"Well, well, well! My old friend, Mr. Winterslip. Shake hands with William Chan, the local Ty Cobb."

"Mr. Chan and I have met before," John Quincy said.

"Know all the celebrities, eh? That's good. Well, we missed you on the President Tyler." Bowker was evidently quite sober.

"Just got in, I take it," John Quincy remarked.

"A few minutes ago. How about joining us?" He came closer and lowered his voice. "This intelligent young man tells me he knows a taxi stand out near the beach where one may obtain a superior brand of fusel oil with a very pretty label on the bottle."

"Sorry," John Quincy answered. "My cousin's coming in shortly on an interisland boat and I'm elected to meet her."

"I'm sorry too," said the graduate of Dublin University. "If my strength holds out I'm aiming to stage quite a little party, and I'd like to have you in on it. Yes, a rather large affair—in memory of Tim and as a last long lingering farewell to the seven seas."

"What? You're pau?"

"Pau it is. When I sail out of here tonight at nine on the old P. T. I'm through forever. You don't happen to know a good country newspaper that can be bought for—well, say, ten grand?"

"This is rather sudden, isn't it?" John Quincy inquired.

"This is sudden country out here, sir. Well, we must roll along. Sorry you can't join us. If the going's not too rough and I can find a nice smooth table top, I intend to turn down an empty glass—for poor old Tim. So long, sir, and happy days."

He nodded to Willie Chan and they went on down the street. John Quincy stood staring after them, a puzzled expression on his face.

Barbara seemed paler and thinner than ever; but she announced that her visit had been an enjoyable one, and on the ride to the beach seemed to be making a distinct effort to be gay and sprightly. When they reached the house John Quincy repeated to his aunt Mrs. Maynard's invitation.

"Better come along," he urged.

"Perhaps I will," she answered. "I'll see."

The day passed quietly, and it was not until evening that the monotony was broken. Leaving the dining room with his aunt and Barbara, John Quincy was handed a cablegram. He hastily opened it. It had been sent from Boston; evidently Agatha Parker, overwhelmed by the crude impossibility of the West, had fled home again, and John Quincy's brief "San Francisco or nothing" had followed her there. Hence the delay.

The cablegram said simply, "Nothing. Agatha." John Quincy crushed it in his hand; he tried to suffer a little, but it was no use. He was a mighty happy man. The end of a romance—no. There had never been any nonsense of that kind between them; just an affectionate regard too slight to stand the strain of parting. Agatha was younger than he; she would marry some nice proper boy who had no desire to roam. And John Quincy Winterslip would read of her wedding—in the San Francisco papers.

He found Miss Minerva alone in the living room.

"It's none of my business," she said, "but I'm wondering what was in your cablegram."

"Nothing," he answered truthfully.

"All the same, you were very pleased to get it." He nodded.

"Yes; I imagine nobody was ever so happy over nothing before."

"Good heavens!" she cried. "Have you given up grammar too?"

"I'm thinking of it. How about going down the beach with me?" She shook her head.

"Someone is coming to look at the house—a leading lawyer, I believe he is. He's thinking of buying, and I feel I should be here to show him about. Barbara appears so listless and disinterested. Tell Sally Maynard I may drop in later."

At a quarter to eight John Quincy took his bathing suit and wandered down Kalia Road. It was another of those nights; a bright moon was riding high; from a bungalow buried under purple alamander came the soft croon of Hawaiian music. Through the hedges of flaming hibiscus he caught again the exquisite odors of this exotic island.

Mrs. Maynard's big house was a particularly unlovely type of New England architecture, but a hundred flowering vines did much to conceal that fact. John Quincy found his hostess enthroned in her great airy drawing-room, surrounded by a handsome, laughing group of the best people; pleasant people too. As she introduced him he began to wonder if he hadn't been missing a great deal of congenial companionship.

"I dragged him here against his will," the old lady explained. "I felt I owed it to Hawaii. He's been associating with the riffraff long enough."

They insisted that he take an enormous chair, pressed cigarettes upon him, showered him with hospitable attentions. As he sat down and the chatter was resumed he reflected that here was as civilized a company as Boston itself could offer. And why not? Most of these families came originally from New England and had kept in their exile the old ideals of culture and caste.

"It might interest Beacon Street to know," Mrs. Maynard said, "that long before the days of '49 the people of California were sending their children over here to be educated in the missionary schools, and importing their wheat from here too."

"Go on, tell him the other one, Aunt Sally," laughed a pretty girl in blue. "That about the first printing press in San Francisco being brought over from Honolulu." Mrs. Maynard shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, what's the use? We're so far away, New England will never get us straight."

John Quincy looked up, to see Carlota Egan in the doorway. A moment later Lieutenant Booth, of Richmond, appeared at her side. It occurred to the young man from Boston that the fleet was rather overdoing its stop at Honolulu. Mrs. Maynard rose to greet the girl.

"Come in, my dear. You know most of these people." She turned to the others. "This is Miss Egan, a neighbor of mine on the beach."

It was amusing to note that most of these people knew Carlota too. John Quincy smiled—the British Admiralty and the soap business. It must have been rather an ordeal for the girl, but she saw it through with a sweet graciousness that led John Quincy to reflect that she would be at home in England—if she went there.

Carlota sat down on a sofa, and while Lieutenant Booth was busily arranging a cushion at her back, John Quincy dropped down beside her. The sofa was fortunately too small for three. (Continued on Page 106)

What is your Margin of Safety?

No good bridge is built without providing an ample margin of safety. No skyscraper is erected without allowing a margin of safety. No good automobile is designed without making sure that there is a margin of safety in all those parts which must withstand severe strains.

No lubricating oil should be used in your automobile engine which does not provide an ample margin of safety. Unusual strains are sure to come—demands of cold weather which congeals inferior oil, the added heat of a hard pull in low gear through snow or mud, the added friction of a necessary spurt of speed. Even the most careful drivers run into these conditions.

It is then that the difference between haphazard lubrication and Gargoyle Mobiloil, with its greater margin of safety, may mean

—*the difference between a burned out bearing—or a* protected *bearing*
—*the difference between a damaged engine —or a* protected *engine*
—*the difference between excessive carbon —or* infrequent *carbon*
—*the difference between dangerous frictional heat—or* minimized *frictional heat.*

When you use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car, you secure the fullest possible margin of safety in the operation of your automobile engine. For no other automobile oil has back of it such specialized manufacturing experience and success.

That is why practically every automobile manufacturer endorses the Gargoyle Mobiloil recommendation for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

That is why Gargoyle Mobiloil is asked for by name at least five times as often as any other oil.

If you want the greatest margin of safety in the lubrication of your automobile engine, you want Gargoyle Mobiloil —the grade recommended for your car.

If you keep your car at home, a 5-gallon can or 15-gallon steel drum of the correct Gargoyle Mobiloil will provide perfect engine protection.

Chart of Recommendations

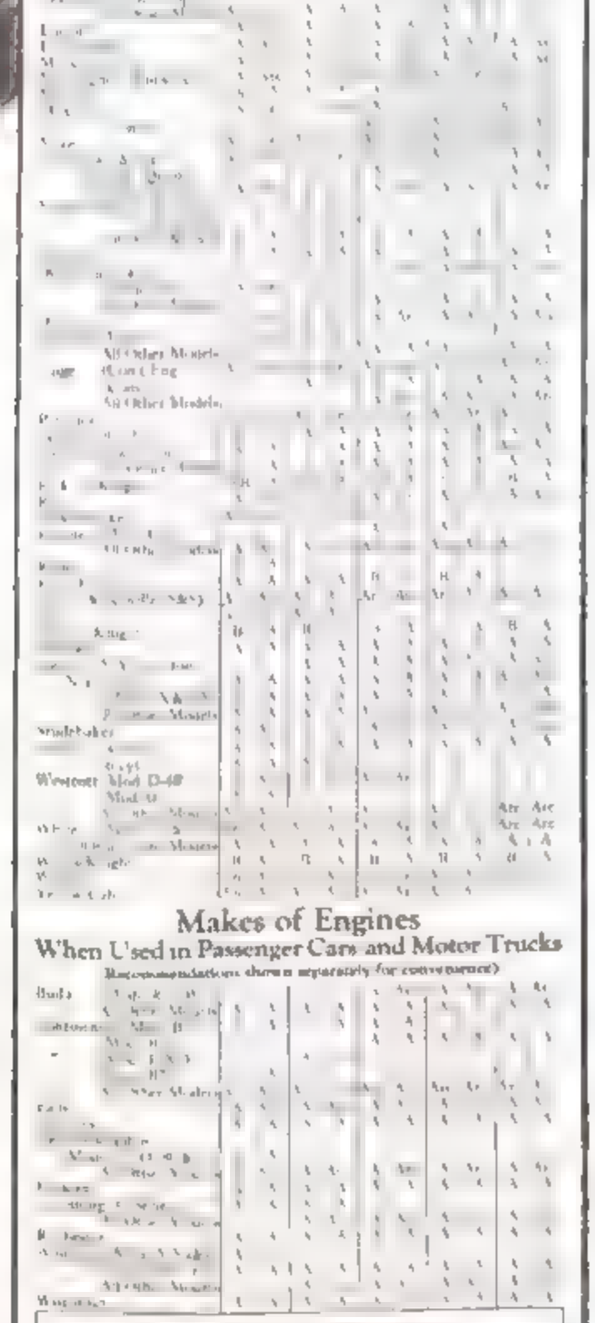
(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below

How to Read the Chart:
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.


1924
1923
1922
1921
1920
NAMES OF CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS
Makes of Engines
When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks
Transmission and Differential
For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "D," or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

The QUART CAN

The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E," "Arctic," and "A," 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

FAIR RETAIL PRICE

30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and Far West.

Domestic Branches:

New York (*Main Office*) Albany Boston Buffalo Chicago Dallas Des Moines Detroit Indianapolis Kansas City, Mo. Milwaukee Minneapolis New Haven Oklahoma City Peoria Philadelphia Pittsburgh Portland, Me. Rochester Springfield, Mass. St. Louis

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Thousands of Mothers tell me this solves the problem of their children's mealtime drink

By Carrie Blanchard

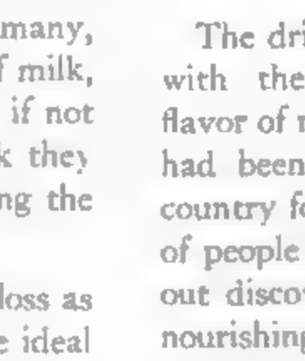
"NO, you can't have that. Wait until you grow up."

What an unsatisfactory answer to a child's request! And yet it is the answer so often given—naturally—when the youngsters want a drink which you know they shouldn't have.

This is only one distressing phase of the children's beverage problem. There are so many, many children who don't like the taste of milk, quite honestly, and it is at least difficult, if not impossible, to get them to drink the milk they need. And you are quite right in thinking the children should have a *warm* drink, too.

For a long time I was just as much at loss as you may be for a drink combining *all* the ideal qualities for children. Postum was good for them, I knew, but they need milk, too; and all of the other warm drinks, it seemed, contained caffein or some other objectionable element.

And then one day a little woman who called on me (you know I have about 25,000 visitors a year) told me how much her children loved Instant Postum made with hot milk instead of boiling water. We made some on the spot, I can tell you, because I was tremendously excited about it. If Instant Postum *could* be prepared this way, it, of course, was the ideal drink for children.



Made in an Instant

We heated the milk just to the boiling point, put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in each cup, and filled the cups up with the hot milk. Just a little stirring with a spoon, and the powder was completely dissolved. Then we added a little sugar.

The drink was wonderful! Smooth and rich, with the real Postum flavor—the delicious flavor of roasted whole wheat and bran! Here I had been demonstrating Postum all over the country for years, telling hundreds of thousands of people the story of its wholesomeness, without discovering this easy way of adding to its nourishing qualities—of making it a complete and perfect food for children. It remained for a mother to do that. Honestly, I felt foolish!

But I can't tell you how glad I was. Here was a drink so economical that everyone could afford it, so easy to prepare that it would lighten the busy mother's work, as well as set her mind at rest. It was a perfect drink to combat the menace of caffein, and give every child a warm, completely nourishing and wholesome drink, and, as I have found out since, every child likes this drink immediately—even those who abhor milk. It delightfully satisfies that childish longing to have the same drink as the "grown-ups," and it has all the qualities of perfect healthfulness which authorities so urgently recommend. So from that moment I began telling mothers about it. Now I wish you could see the letters I get—scores of them every day, overflowing with gratitude, from mothers whose children are growing up sturdy and full of life, always happy to get this wonderful drink!

This really solves the problem of the children's mealtime drink in every way. I mean that and I want you to know it as I do. There is only one way you can be completely convinced and that is to try it. So I ask you to get some at your grocer's, or accept my offer—now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer!

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to send you, free, your first week's supply and my directions for preparing it.

For Postum made with milk you will want Instant Postum, the powder form which is made instantly in the cup. If you want Postum prepared in the usual way, with water, you can use either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). You will be glad to know that Postum made this way costs much less, per cup, than most other hot drinks.

Incidentally, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to try Postum, too? At any rate, for your children, let me send you the Instant Postum right away!

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

S.E.P. 3-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ Check which you prefer
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

© 1925 P C Co

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 m[illegible]

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

The Publisher's Story—Reported by Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

PUBLISHING books is the most adventurous business in the world, because about four out of every five issued do not make a profit, the publisher began. Nevertheless, the business is so rich in compensations other than financial profit that it is in no danger of declining.

I stumbled upon books in a most fortunate way. Ours was an old house, with a glorious old-fashioned garret containing the relics of former generations. Most of the junk stored there has since been rediscovered and appraised as first editions; or, if furniture, antiques. The books that were purchased for me, between the ages of seven and twelve, all suffered from one fatal defect—they were not long enough. You have doubtless observed that children read much more rapidly than grown persons. Once having learned to read with pleasure, it was necessary for me to find more books than the family budget could possibly provide. Therefore I would explore the attic. Under its dust were books of sufficient weight, size and number of pages to satisfy anyone.

You may not know that people still select books somewhat as they buy meat; that is to say, by the pound or cubic inch. Very often critics complain that a writer could have told his story, or elucidated his argument, in half the number of pages he used. We publishers smile at such criticism, whether it is just or not, because we know that the buyer, hesitating between two books of the same price, will almost invariably choose the one that weighs the most. Even as a little boy, excavating books from under the attic dust, I exercised the same critical faculty that others seem to employ when buying. The larger the book, the greater the find. I read all sorts of books, among them a pseudo-scientific work on the exact interpretation of signs and omens—very valuable to a person torn by doubt as to whether bad luck resulted from the appearance of a black cat behind or in front.

I Read All Sorts of Books

Books That Never Die

THIS garret was particularly rich in sermons, and I also found some excellent illustrations in color of the daily life in purgatory. These are very valuable now. No less a personage than William Shakspere resided in our garret, his occupation, at the time, being to support one corner of the four-poster bed that lacked a caster. I relieved him for a few weeks by substituting a work on surveying. Stored up there were many books by professional travelers; some very good and some very atrocious poetry; much lyrical literature about life at sea; and endless tributes to the gallant soldiers of the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars—offered as history, but written before the smell of powder had cleared away. One of the purposes unwittingly disclosed by most of these writers was to prove which general won the war.

The habit of reading was easily acquired, because other members of the family frequently spent the long evenings with their periodicals or books. In spite of the number of volumes available, however, I discovered most alluring titles on shelves that were out of my reach. In those days we had articles of furniture quite obviously designed to accommodate a library of only ten or twelve books, and the top shelves would usually stand six to eight feet above the floor, with only the most uncertain and perilous toe holds intervening. There is a life of Napoleon Bonaparte that I shall never forget for the simple reason that the Corsican and I tumbled off the shelf together, landing upon our several heads. I was spanked, quite appropriately, with a large flat volume containing pictures of British ships of the line. Majestic, towering vessels they were; and, combined with the influence of pictures of clipper ships, they later contributed to a chapter of my life.

I have dwelt at some length on my early adventures with books to point out that they were not thrust upon me. I was merely exposed to books and the reading habit. A new book was always a temptation—and still is. I am particularly glad that I found most of the classics in this way and read them without knowing that they were classics. People resent having books thrust upon them. Almost without realizing it, they bristle at the word "classic," forgetting that these are simply books that refused to die—people continued to enjoy them through succeeding generations. A great many of the classics were extremely popular when new; but people, I think, are under the impression that classics resulted entirely from the labors of gloomy-minded men out of touch with their own generations.

Within my own brief time I have seen several new writers appear in popular magazines, later in books, and finally become merchandise—to use a publisher's term. I mean that they are already classics. They may not endure forever, but their works are now staples of the publishing business, while the writers are either still living or dead at untimely ages. Unquestionably most of us have read one or more of the classics of 1950 and gossiped about the author, just as the Globe Theater patrons probably commented that Bill Shakspere was acquiring fat and a bald spot, without realizing that three centuries later solemn bronze representations of his head would be found in high schools all over the world.

Well, you must pardon these little excursions away from the plot of my narrative. I entered college early, and with no very definite idea as to the purpose of my education. In those days more men went to school in search of culture than asked equipment to earn a living. The whole idea of vocational training—outside of the three professions of law, medicine and the ministry—is of fairly recent growth. A boy going to college at that time did not necessarily feel that he had to have a definite purpose in mind. I had none.

Genius Incognito

THERE are, as you have observed, teachers who merely teach, and others who inspire. I encountered one of the latter type in the English course, and he reached the heights when dealing with Elizabethan literature, much of which relates to the theater. I decided that I would be an actor—a great actor. So tremendous was this enthusiasm that I interpreted it as a call of genius and did not remain to graduate. A diploma, it seemed to me, would be of very little value in the lofty realms of art to which I now aspired.

Having some well-grounded suspicions that genius would again suffer mayhem at the hands of an outraged family if my purpose were disclosed, I departed for New York secretly, and took only booking agents, theater managers and actors into my confidence. Though my funds were extremely limited, I suffered no hardships beyond the usual pain inflicted by callous persons who cannot recognize genius at a glance and therefore mistake it for a young man without experience looking for a job. How that word grated on my sensitive ears! A job! Why, gentlemen, I wanted no job! All I asked was an opportunity to spread my wings and lead the way to Elysian fields. It was clear to me that virtually all human problems would easily be solved if the beauty and wisdom of the poets could be imparted to the multitude. Well, that isn't so far from the truth even now, but at that time I was the instrument selected by destiny to perform the task of imparting. By the grace and charm of my reading, the poets' lines were to become comprehensible to all. A noble ambition. I am not sorry to have cherished it.

Unfortunately for me, the American drama of that period was not in its golden age. Perhaps if I had spent a little more time in the theater and less with my dreams, this fact would have penetrated. But I had never been a theatergoer. That habit did not run in the family. So, as I said, I spent my time seeking a place behind the footlights without having peered over them to any considerable extent. No classics that I recall were being presented that season. Quite a number of old homesteads were being saved from heartless mortgage holders. Beautiful ladies were rescued from villains with mustaches. Cossacks were balked and pirates swooped. The Count of Monte Cristo still led his adventurous life. Plays in blank verse, I fear,

were out of fashion. Anyway, the best I could do was to associate myself with a road company.

My principal function was to enter a drawing-room during Act I and say, "A letter, sir." I was also understudy to another man who had two parts. In one he said, "Aye, aye, captain." In the other he wore a uniform and fell down when shot. He had to fall just so, and took a great deal of pride in his technic. Under his direction I worked much harder on that fall than on learning the lines "Aye, aye, captain." He said he had mastered the art of falling when shot and could not endure seeing it bungled. This actor was understudy to other members of the company. Thus in the event that villain or hero perished, and he also, I would have a chance at a major rôle. But if this good fortune came to me there would not be enough survivors to make a company. All together the prospect appeared somewhat clouded with obstacles. And in the latter category I classed poor hotels and train schedules that were not devised to accommodate actors. A large part of the time I was sleepy.

Despite all the hardships, however, we were a merry company and possessed remarkable resources for devising entertainment. We had our own jokes and managed to turn many a distressing situation into revelry. People who are face to face with real suffering usually do that, a much more notable example being the behavior of the soldiers during the World War.

If I had really possessed the natural talent for writing which I later thought was mine I would have kept a notebook during that very interesting period. Or at any rate, I certainly would not have let so many delightful incidents escape my memory, leaving only a blurred recollection of youthful buoyance overcoming difficulties.

At the close of this tour I realized that I had very little talent for the histrionic art. I was not reëngaged by the manager, nor was I sorry. I totally lacked the will to overcome the horde of obstacles between a beginner and the sort of success I had been dreaming about. Moreover, I had not even seen the country over which I had traveled. Actors don't. The urge to write was beginning to make itself felt, but not very strongly. I wanted to write a play, but I had not the remotest idea of its setting, theme or plot. In short, it had merely occurred to me that writing plays would be a better form of association with the theater than acting; but along with the idea came a certain measure of confidence that I could write a play. Other men have not escaped this idea, but it was my misfortune to take it seriously. In addition to plays I thought I would also write other things. Just what they would be I didn't know.

As nearly as I can now pass judgment upon those dreams they seemed to spring from a love of books. Any man who is very fond of books may cherish the hope that he will some day make one. In most instances, however, the man who writes a book is spurred on by the determination to say something. The book is merely a means to his end. I didn't know that at the time. I thought men wrote in order to make a book. Indeed, I thought every sane person adored books.

A Search for Local Color

HAVING no pressing business in New York on my return, I spent several days strolling along the water front. It was pleasant to be home again—New York becomes home to an actor—and I needed rest. During this pleasant time a wonderful idea emerged from the realm of the unconscious into my conscious mind—I've been reading a little psychology lately. This remarkable invention—and proof of originality—was nothing less than the thought that a ship would make an excellent setting for a drama. I would have the whole ship on the stage, sails and all, and the third act would present a battle extending from the deck clear up into the complicated rigging and down into the hold. It was a wonderful idea, springing full-fledged from that book with which I was spanked the day Napoleon and I met our joint Waterloo by falling off the bookcase. The principal difficulty confronting realization of this dream was that I didn't know just how sailors talked. I would have to meet a few of them in order to write the dialogue. It was necessary to have a fairly complete knowledge of their vocabularies, because I intended to write my play in blank verse. All great plays, I thought, were written in verse. One could write a fair sort of play in ordinary prose, but not a classic.

I now look back to that period of my life with great amusement, because the plain truth of the matter is that I wanted to take a sea voyage. If I had possessed the necessary cash I would have gone abroad, traveling first class without debating the matter more than five minutes. I love the sea. When I travel it is for the pleasure of the trip and not to reach a destination. So far as scenery and countries are concerned, I vastly prefer my own. If Nature permitted, I should like nothing better than to spend a considerable portion of my time sailing back and forth between New York and the Grand Cañon. But at that particular time there was no other way to sea travel open to me than working on a boat, so I invented elaborate reasons to justify my course. The most amusing phase of it is that I had just proved to myself that I didn't relish the physical discomforts of even second or third rate hotels; but off I went again into the identical difficulties—or worse—that had so recently forced me to abandon hope of a career on the stage.

I managed after considerable effort to become an unimportant part of the crew of a steamer sailing from New York to Galveston. This romantic adventure may be summarized in the brief statement that I peeled potatoes just as steadily and uneventfully as the ship plowed through the Gulf Stream. The men I met were taciturn, and, so far as I could discover, rather lacking in both wit and imagination. By the time I arrived in Galveston my verdict was that this ship simply couldn't be dramatized. Realism of the dull, drab type, with an overtone of the futility of life, was still confined to Russia in those days. I needed something entirely different for my purposes. Nobody had said what ho or odds blood; they merely grunted.

The Boer War was then in progress and American mules were being shipped to the British Army in South Africa. This glad news made my blood tingle. Here, said I, is exactly what I am looking for—a war and the sea and a ship in the sea, riding gallantly toward an embattled army. Could anything be finer for a dramatist? Nothing, said I. Coastwise travel had proved a net loss to the drama, but foreign travel would provide plays, novels, adventure and life at concert pitch. In the words of Monte Cristo, I said, "The world is mine," and shipped with a motley crew in a recently reconditioned old tub. Off we went, accompanied by as stubborn and quarrelsome a collection of animals as ever I care to encounter.

Bookselling in New Orleans

I SERVED as nurse, companion, waiter and general flunky to those brutes until the only pleasure life held for me was seeing the carcass of one dropped overboard after it had ended its miserable existence. The boat was smelly and the quarters cramped, dark and ill ventilated. A considerable part of the men on board were landsmen like myself. During the latter part of the journey I found comfort in making plans to get through the British lines and join the Boers. Several of the men on board had shipped with precisely that purpose in mind and two of them eventually carried it into effect. However, they wanted to shoot Britishers; my idea was to shoot those pesky mules.

When our cargo was delivered I had an opportunity to see a military camp and to make some observations as to the conditions under which soldiers in the field lived. These observations were made, of course, at points where hardships barely existed—from the military point of view. I realized for the first time that I was simply not cut out for that sort of life. Without a feeling of physical well-being I couldn't work at all. I had brought some books along on the ship, but I didn't read them, which is an unfailing sign, with me, that my condition is not normal.

The return voyage was decidedly more pleasant and I read daily; I also made elaborate notes for future use in writing. All these notes related to books. There I was, surrounded by new scenes, strange people and with fresh impressions of foreign lands, but making notes for essays on literature. I might just as well have remained in New York so far as progress toward writing was concerned. My notes related largely to deductions about the influence certain writers had exerted upon their successors, as evidenced by their works. This is a favorite topic with critics, but not extremely interesting to the public. Personally, I find great pleasure in ferreting out an author's literary lineage and reaching a conclusion that he stems from this or that predecessor.

By the time I arrived in the United States—the ship landed at New Orleans—my plans and purposes had undergone a complete change. The drama was put aside for the realities of life. I felt oppressed by the thought that I had been wasting my time and associating with people who meant less than nothing to me, for we had no common interests. New England ancestry was at work; also I'm afraid that I was just a trifle snobbish. However, I had saved my money, which was more than some of the others had done. A great desire to settle down and be very respectable took possession of me. This was the manner in which I expressed disgust for the dirt and stench of the boat on which I had been so wretchedly cooped. I now desired to be the founder of a business, and to have a home and neighbors with whom I could discuss literature. With these purposes in mind, I began exploring New Orleans.

On the subject of that charming city, gentlemen, I should like to spend the remainder of the evening. It becomes dearer to me as the years pass. Our cities, as you know, are becoming standardized; they even take great pride in being duplicates of one another. Instead of deploring our growing traffic congestion, one city boasts that it is just as congested as any other. New Orleans, however, is still unspoiled. It is one of the very few remaining American cities that one can truly say is unlike any other upon the earth. And it is beautiful. Moreover, the visitor does not have to whip up his imagination in order to invest its historic buildings with interest. They are not lost among skyscrapers. They arrest your attention no matter where you find them, and regardless of your lack of historical knowledge. I was charmed with New Orleans, as I still am, and decided to make it my home. The next question, then, was to find some sort of business or employment. I preferred a business.

Wandering over the city and reveling in its delights—by the way, it is still without equal in the culinary art—I noticed several bookstores. Immediately I had another novel and brilliant idea. I would open a bookstore. I knew books and liked them; therefore I considered myself probably the best-qualified man on earth to be proprietor of a bookstore. This harmless bit of egotism found great encouragement when I entered a bookstore and asked for a copy of Washington Irving's Sketchbook. A young lady clerk directed me to the stationery counter with a graceful wave of her thumb and continued giving her major attention to her chewing gum. By that innocent gesture she started me on the road to ruin. If she could sell books, I thought I should make a fortune.

I picked out the most unlikely location for a bookstore that New Orleans had to offer and plunged into a business about which I knew precisely nothing at all. The nucleus of my stock was obtained by purchasing every item of a list of books I had made while at sea; they were books I had determined to read as soon as I could turn those mules over to her majesty's army in South Africa. Having selected these books, which I was sure I wanted, I permitted the dealers to advise me as to others. By this time I think I have given you sufficient clews to my literary taste to suggest that there was no best seller on my list.

The shop drew just enough trade to interrupt my own reading in the most absorbing chapters. There was a school near by, so I sold quite a few pencils and tablets. A neighboring photographer favored me with large purchases of library paste. I might have built up quite a trade in ledgers and cash books which other tradesmen in the neighborhood required, but my stock did not include anything so utilitarian. Several sets of books were offered to me by owners in distress at such low prices that I felt like a criminal when buying them. The net result of this venture was that I bought more books than I sold and managed eventually to go into voluntary, informal and honorable bankruptcy while still in possession of enough cash to get back to New York.

I haven't the remotest idea now why I thought it would be pleasanter to starve in New York than New Orleans, but I did. I was afraid, and I wanted to be nearer home.

An Amateur Shadow

ON THE ship coming up there was ample time for serious contemplation of my outlook. It was obvious that I had not yet found a place in life for which I was fitted by nature and talent. If I had known any trade I would have followed it gladly. The writing urge returned, this time disguised as a sail for my wrecked craft. I decided that I was not a seller of books, but a writer of books. The recent error and failure were diagnosed as a mistake in tactics. I had launched into the wrong end of the business. Therefore the thing to do was begin writing. In order to rearrange my forces, I thought it would be well to find a position where I could acquire practice in writing at the expense of someone better supplied with money than myself. That meant newspaper work. Nothing seemed more simple and logical. With my wide knowledge of books, I felt sure that the profession of journalism would welcome me with open arms.

In New York I went on very short rations; also the weather was cold and I had no overcoat. Like hundreds of other unqualified men who have butted their heads against newspaper offices, I adopted the shortest possible course to failure by offering to do book reviews and literary essays. As soon as I had made this horrible admission of ignorance, no one wanted me. One day when I was almost blue with cold and weak from scanty meals, a kind-hearted assistant to a Sunday editor advised me to quit wasting my time and apply for a position as reporter. Out of charity, he coached me in evasion on the subject of my lack of experience and said he thought he could get me a position that would not require much experience. His guess proved correct. There was a sensational criminal case on trial at the time—there usually is in New York—and a man was wanted to shadow one of the attorneys. It was not detective work; I was instructed to follow this lawyer everywhere and report by telephone anything in the nature of a conference or events that might indicate news. Men from other papers went with me. Regular reporters would look after the news if any developed. We were paid by the hour and referred to as leg men. The lawyer knew who we were and why we followed him, and accepted us with cordial good nature. We bade him good night at the door of his room every evening and he promised faithfully to go directly to bed. I shall never forget that man; he always kept his word.

This absurd occupation did not allow me a great deal of time in the office; consequently I learned far less about newspaper work than I had hoped, but I was a tireless

(Continued on Page 69)

In that deep, dark closet—*use your flashlight!*

Don't grope in dark closets. Use your flashlight! To rummage in dark or dim-lighted places, use your flashlight! You can plunge a lighted Eveready into the most inflammable materials with perfect safety. Bright light, right where you want it. Safe light, wherever you need it. Keep an Eveready where you can get your hands on it instantly for those countless uses after dark. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse. New features. New designs. New reasons for owning this safe, handy light.

The type illustrated is No. 2634, the Eveready 2-cell Broad-beam Focusing Flashlight with safety switch, proof against accidental lighting. Oxidation, rust-resisting reflector. Solid, complete [illegible], everywhere.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all **makes of flashlights. They** [illegible] **Keep an extra set on** hand. [illegible] Eveready Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights. [illegible] When replacing either battery or bulb, [illegible] your flashlight what numbers to buy.

Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. And if you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

National Carbon Co., Inc., New York—San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY

FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

Where you see this sign—drive in *now*

Try this service and see for yourself how it cuts the cost of running your car

YOU can easily tell what gas and oil and tires will cost you per mile. But all of these combined are not one half of the *actual* cost of running your car. Repairs and rapid depreciation are your chief expenses. And how much they cost depends on you.

For 80% of all repairs on moving parts are due to one preventable cause—faulty or neglected lubrication. Fleet owners have proved that you can actually cut your operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile if you'll do one thing. Lubricate the 20 to 60 vital exposed chassis parts of your car, every 500 miles—as regularly as you oil your engine.

Below the Body Line

These bearings are the source of most grief. For old-fashioned oil and grease cups invited neglect. Often failed to lubricate even when used.

Now, however, most cars come equipped with a new type of lubrication. The Alemite High Pressure system. (Now on nearly 7,000,000 cars.) Instead of the old bothersome oil and grease cups a high pressure gun shoots fresh lubricant entirely through bearings. The high pressure forces out all old, gritty grease at the same time. It cleans as it lubricates—quickly, easily.

A New Service

Your Alemite System is easy to use. But today you don't even have to do this yourself. Alemite Expert Lubricating Service extends from coast to coast. If Alemite is on your car start using this service now. Drive in where you see the sign. Let the man go over every one of your 20 to 60 vital chassis bearings while you watch. The Giant Service Compressor flushes the old winter grease out with 2500-lbs. pressure. This is just as important as changing crank case oil. It's like a tonic for your car. Do it the first warm day of the season. And every 500 miles thereafter.

If Alemite is not on your car it will pay you to install it at once. The cost is low: $5 to $20 (Ford Zerk type $6.50; Chevrolet, $3.99; Overland, $5.67; Canadian prices higher.)

Have You Read This?

Let us send you a free copy of "Vital Spots to Watch." A book of practical pointers on how to cut the cost of running your car. It's yours for the asking. Just send us a post card.

THE BASSICK MFG. CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

On Machinery Too—

Alemite high pressure lubrication is fast replacing grease and oil cups. Makes any lubricant work better. Makes any bearing more efficient.

A Bassick-Alemite Product

ALEMITE

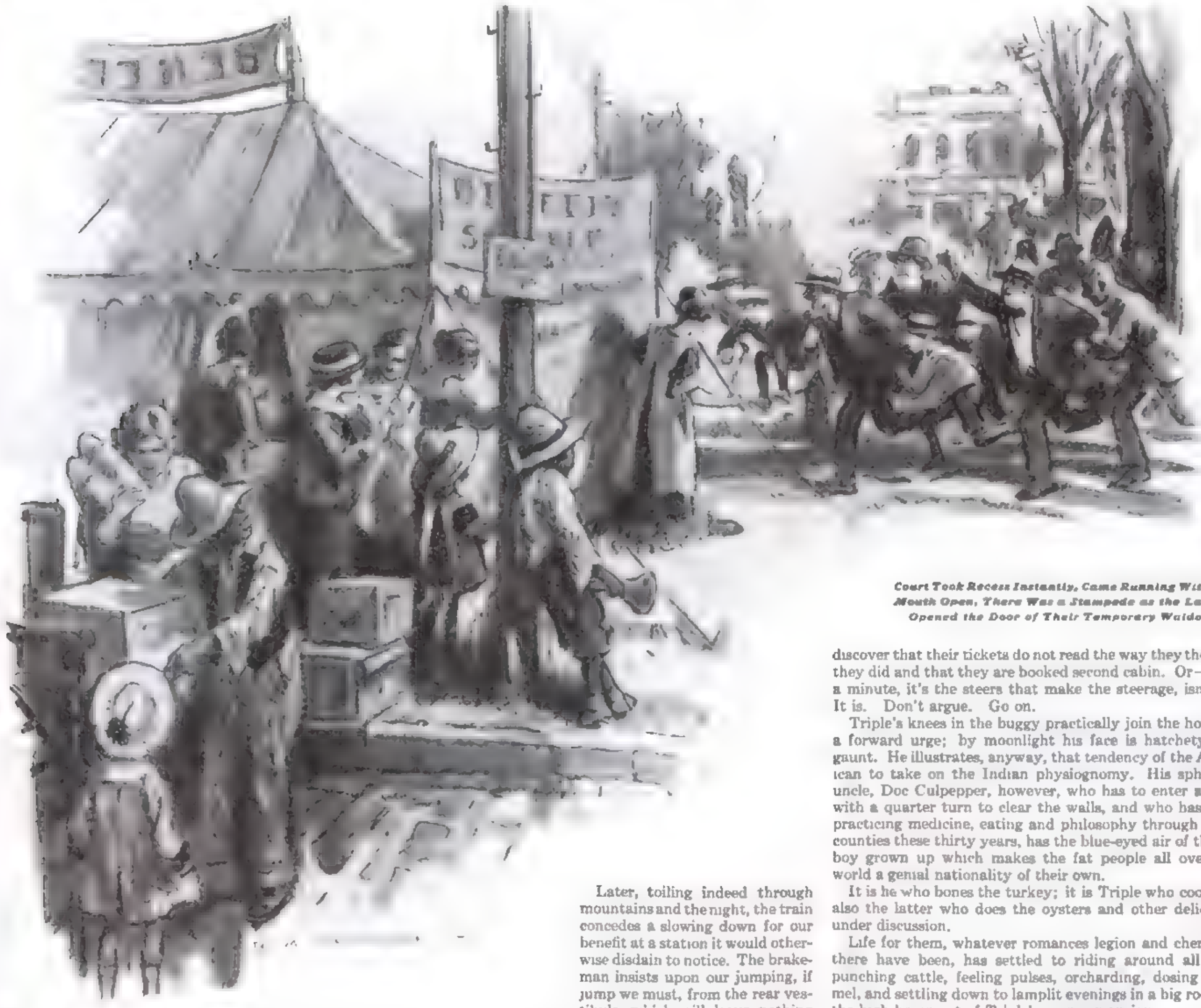
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

High Pressure Lubrication

MEET THE COOK

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Court Took Recess Instantly, Came Running With its Mouth Open, There Was a Stampede as the Ladies Opened the Door of Their Temporary Waldorf

LET us get aboard a beautiful train at the Pennsylvania Station. It is an orange-yellow train, the kind of thing that scatters sunshine where it goes. You know, Browning wrote about it—Pollyanna Passes. People from Newark to Trenton stop shaving, not under the impression the train is coming in through the window, but because it is so pretty to look at. Riding in it, you feel how kind it is to go flashing by in this manner, brightening the corner where you are. It is lettered with a poem in two words, Chesapeake and Ohio, and a neat monogram of F. F. V., which is pertinent to boned turkey, biscuits as is, batter bread, oysters Fredericksburg and other essentials in the viandology of the nation.

There are in the Old Dominion, and southward, people still expert in the art of boning turkey. For this and other delights of the table many perforce have taken to their own kitchens, since for most of the miracle-working mammies and sagacious butlers sweet chariot has swung low and their grandchildren have gone North to have charge of the drama, to usher in the great day of our theater. A dark day to be sure, real dark, but not gloomy.

Among Virginians who have revived tradition at its dying gasp are Triple Carter and his spherical uncle, old Doc Culpepper. They live about two hours beyond Gordonsville, which place is notable in the map of viands for a species of broilers fried whole in batter and of a quality to arrest the attention of the entire train for thirty minutes. Even colored cooks lean fatly from the dining car, grinning pearls and jingling cash for a morsel, in tribute to which they, being no less than surrounded, circumscribed and closeted with tempting edibles, have nevertheless starved all the way from Manhattan

Later, toiling indeed through mountains and the night, the train concedes a slowing down for our benefit at a station it would otherwise disdain to notice. The brakeman insists upon our jumping, if jump we must, from the rear vestibule, which will leave nothing to go over us when we mingle with the landscape. We ride behind a skittish mare in a high-hung buggy, not because Triple is without an auto, but because the swollen waters of the Upper Fork have swept away a bridge and we have to ford the stream. Strange it is that a general swelling and sweeping of Nature always precedes our arrival in a mountainous region, exactly as they always fix up the coldest spell in sixteen years when we go to Florida. We have yet to bring on a landslide or a blizzard. Through deep water we put our feet on the dashboard and our suitcase on our head.

Virginia Comfort

TRIPLE regrets the one inch lacking to his height that would make him as tall as George Washington, to whom, through a certain Bushrod, he is related, although he traces three separate courses of descent right along the valley from his dooryard to the James River and the Carters of the Grove and Shirley, so that I call him Triple to sum up the whole matter once and for all and relieve him of the necessity of dragging the family tree, roots and all, into the sitting room every time the subject gets around to trees and orchards, which frequently happens, since the Albemarle pippin is the basis of his fortune. His other business is queer. He arranges personally conducted tours to Europe for—Texas steers. Hundreds of deluded creatures arrive yearly upon his acres, happy to meet their future guide and mentor, complacent to take on flesh and enjoy the clover of his pastures until, every arrangement for a pleasant voyage effected, he accompanies them as far as Norfolk, where to their utter dismay he suddenly remembers an errand back home, leaves them cold and they discover that their tickets do not read the way they thought they did and that they are booked second cabin. Or—wait a minute, it's the steers that make the steerage, isn't it? It is. Don't argue. Go on.

Triple's knees in the buggy practically join the horse in a forward urge; by moonlight his face is hatchety and gaunt. He illustrates, anyway, that tendency of the American to take on the Indian physiognomy. His spherical uncle, Doc Culpepper, however, who has to enter a door with a quarter turn to clear the walls, and who has been practicing medicine, eating and philosophy through three counties these thirty years, has the blue-eyed air of the fat boy grown up which makes the fat people all over the world a genial nationality of their own.

It is he who bones the turkey; it is Triple who cooks it; also the latter who does the oysters and other delicacies under discussion.

Life for them, whatever romances legion and cherished there have been, has settled to riding around all day, punching cattle, feeling pulses, orcharding, dosing calomel, and settling down to lamplit evenings in a big room in the high basement of Triple's roomy mansion.

The mansion is a house in that foursquare style that came after the Greek revival, without the portico beloved of the novelists; but with high steps to a front door just like a city entrance, and four rooms over a high, thick-walled basement dining room.

Very queer to live in the middle of pastures and gardens, and breakfast in a basement that might be in New York or London. But many houses like it were erected in Virginia, and they are fifty times as comfortable as the truly Colonial. Flag steps and paths and the bricked purlieus of outer kitchen close the window view on one side. In the middle of that intimate area is a spring house with a pepper-pot roof, a low door, and stone steps down to a channeled floor through which runs a diverted brook, cooling crocks of milk and cream. Butter in chunks and cream in buckets twenty paces from the gurgling brook to the table!

I can see old Quintus Horatius sit down by that springhouse door under the dappled shade of grape and trumpet vine and cry with joy. When Soracte's peak is white with snow, or the Peaks of Otter, this fortressed room is a snug berth. Four morris chairs for comfort, others of claw and ball, with old cupboards and tables, somewhat jam the floor space. Furniture goes bouncing out of the way when Doc Culpepper's in a hurry.

It was still more crowded as long as Triple kept an affrighting contrivance called a rest-easy hair grower, a thing to all appearance for electrocution, being an armchair with a headrest bracketed under a terrible metal bowl that claps down on your head and is rigged with pipes and cranks and gears. Reposing in this, cranking for dear life, the machine moaning, wheezing, sucking for

the better part of an evening, Triple would pretend to be unaware of anything unusual.

Now and then he would turn from a book held in his other hand to say, "Hope this doesn't disturb you."

"Not more than a coffee mill, a banshee, a dying cow and a westerly gale off the Ridge," Doc would reply.

Finally he put an end to the business by telling Triple the method was based on a too sanguine theory—that of pulling out all the hair he had to make room for what he hoped to acquire. The machine was bundled off to the woodpile. That presumably ended romance, for about a hundred photographs on the walls of a chill upper bedroom around that time went into obscurity and Triple had long spells of retiring up there, reading and destroying letters.

It is amazing what an abettor of all human desires to comfort is the big fire which in this basement room draws into its throat the excess of tobacco smoke, doubly serving to ventilate and cheer an evening. It has burned down to embers that fret and gossip to themselves by the time we arrive. The doctor and two dogs, a pointer and Llewellyn, are taking naps, each of them in his own morris chair, the dogs being the more honest, as they do not try to keep their spectacles on or hold the Louisa Gazette open at county jottings. It is late. Roosters crow and tom turkeys gargle the midnight watch as we enter. But there is a supper which has been warming its toes at the oven door, way out yonder in a building called the real kitchen and connected to this room by a roofed passage where a lantern casts yellow shafts through grotesque shadows.

Triple considers his crimped oysters—the usual escallop interpreted in a manner which must please the oysters so intuitively treated—as his property. I consider them mine. He has the trick, because Liza Mallory, his mother's cook, practiced it. I paid for the esoteric facts by arduous research. There was a church in the county which didn't want a steeple any more than I want a plug hat, but the people who owned it did. To this end they—that is, the ladies—set up a lunch room at the courthouse every first Monday of the month, when the circuit-riding gavel, with the judge behind it, held session, and the place reeked with horse traders, lawyers and onlookers, who, getting their fill of bargains and oratory, would appreciate a feast of the best that the best cooks of the region could offer.

The Secret of Crimped Oysters

THESE crimped oysters were always sold out in ten minutes from the time that a hunchback darky rang a dinner bell up and down the street. Court took recess instantly, came running with its mouth open; there was a stampede as the ladies opened the door of their temporary Waldorf. The fund grew so fast and the steeple was like to be so high that the whole thing was called off in the interests of public safety.

But I met a terrible rebuff, one of the few in my career. They would not divulge the source of information regarding those pans of curled up, crimped up, sort of gummy, very crackly oysters in crumbs, with candied sea water. They no more resembled the bread poultice with oysters in it, to which you and I are accustomed, than skim milk resembles the ocean. The study of Colonial charters, mere pettifogging in the literature of our liberties, was of no moment, however, compared to unearthing what foods it was that made us great; and I diligently poked into kitchens and collected cookbooks and down through the Wilderness and in Fredericksburg I saw their preparation.

"Used to Poke Into the Kitchen and Watch That Boy Every Time I Went to Richmond"

After a Bowl of Turtle, He Declared That to Hang Such a Cook Was But to Add a Greater Crime to the First Offense

Triple does it *au grand seigneur*. There is Sally Hipps, in the first place—a regal negress, in outstanding skirt, and starched, shaping her like the great bell of the Kremlin—who does a slow dance with a broom through all the rooms, pinks the hearth with red clay and water, makes beds and churns cream. He summons her to the preliminaries. She toasts light bread in thin slices, puts the oysters over to draw, and strains them, saving every drop of the liquor. Beyond this, she, who esteems herself a laundress, not a cook, does not venture. She leaves the big-beamed kitchen to gather umber shadows and stalks home, and two hours before supper Triple comes to the helm. He whangs a great fry pan on the stove, heaves a chunk of butter into it, and when it sizzles, lays toast thereon and spoons oyster liquor over it with discretion—not so fast but what the slices hold their shape and send up an odor as of seaweed on hot stones. Then comes his mother's escallop pan into play. It is shallow, oblong; it stands in a corner close to a mouse hole perpetually watched by a yellow cat begirt with kittens.

He butters and lays the bars of toast crosswise of the pan and an inch apart. A bowl of fine crumbs stands ready to his hand, and a bowl of cream; also the remaining oyster liquor. He dips each oyster in the cream, then in the crumbs and leans it gently against the toast. In the angle of this pretty pattern he puts thin slices of butter, wide as the knife. It goes not into the oven but on the hottest part of the stove, and as it protests and sputters he spoons oyster liquor over it until bubbles, brown and sticky, begin to enmass the whole surface with something suggesting candy about to scorch.

Cream now covers the whole thing, with a last dust of crumbs, and the final heat is the high temperature just under the oven roof. In a hotel kitchen, he would finish it under a gas broiler. Cooked, it is left to settle down and keep warm and do its shrinking, oysters and toast equally concentrating each to itself the zest of the Chesapeake. By midnight they have become the essence of remembered voyages and exploits by sea and strand. Not so the common escallop, which betrays old bread, gets soggy and slumps.

No home or restaurant, however, be it in the East Fifties or Mayfair, should attempt anything to accompany this dish but what Triple and all his forbears have served with it—batter bread—and on its own plate. Here one comes upon thin ice. Spoon bread, batter bread, whichever you call it, is almost a matter of interstate war between Virginia and her sister states. Some put hominy—grits—into it, cooked or raw; others do not. But the whole thing comes down to this: When you spoon the bread to your plate, is it like an omelet with meal in it, a thing which holds the shape of the big spoon just barely enough so that you break it apart to butter it, or is it thin and splashy? In the latter case, it is not what it ought to be. For it must have a soothing degree of body and be able to go by fork and not by spoon on its last journey.

Fourteen recipes—gathered between Hagerstown and Savannah—sum themselves up into just about the formula that Triple insists is the only one. He pours cold water—he doesn't measure it, but it should be a quart—on three heaping tablespoonfuls of meal and boils it to what the witch in the play called thick and slab. He puts in a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of milk, a dash of salt, three beaten eggs, and bakes it in an iron pan in a terrific oven.

Doc Culpepper Bones the Turkey

IN SUMMARIZING this for a chef and his indexed library, one had to be very exact. The meal measured exactly one-half a cupful. Of course, it is the oily meal of the old water mills. Sometimes in its primitive elegance you think it has the miller's whiskers in it, but it's only corn silk. Strange it is to think that heaven lies so close to some people's lives even here and now that they ride horseback with corn bags slung across the saddle to where an overshot wheel toils under live oak and tulip tree, and a miller, silenced, as millers always have been, by the earnest roar and measured splash of their so laborious home, shielding eyes with hand, stands in his cavernous door. There were no live oaks at the mill on Crooked Run. I am dwelling on the scene as it is set in the farther South, where men even more geologically blessed than Triple dwell between the sea and the quartzite break from Roanoke to the Savannah, where bottom lands, bordering canebrake and cypress swamp give to the meal its utmost richness.

Sun streaks through the bricked yard, over boxwood and evonymus hedge, through whitewashed palings of the chicken run into the raftered kitchen whose hickory chairs and time-polished firkins, old crocks and iron skillets it transfigures. One wishes the ancient fireplace, big enough for cooks to walk in under the lintel and poke around the margins of its bonfire, were not bricked up to take the kitchen stove. But for the sake of the boned turkey, which is now in its initial stage, and in respect to these days that are slaveless, almost cookless, one can forgive the stove.

Doc Culpepper is operating. The huge turkey, plucked and dressed and delivered over to him by Sally Hipps with a certain finality, as though she had done her best and was glad to transfer the incorrigible thing to the secular arm, is prone upon its breast on the wide oak table. We look at that table with its stretchers and its cannon-ball feet and wonder what millionaire dining room it would grace if only some people knew where it was.

Doc begins with something that is a stroke of genius. He nails the turkey's wing tips to the table. In view of the struggles we always have to hold the recalcitrant heretic,

(Continued on Page 70)

The New Coach $1215

Four-wheel brakes. Fisher Body with one-piece V. V. windshield. Disc pastel balloon tires disc wheels, full automatic spark control and instrument panel driving controls on steering wheel, automatic windshield cleaner, permanent visor, rear-view mirror transmission lock dome light, extra-wide doors with invisible door checks, and luxurious upholstery.

Oakland will never be content merely to keep abreast of the times. It strives through unremitting betterment always to keep the Oakland Six in advance—worthy of winning and holding the good will of all who buy it.

Roadster $1095 Touring $1095, Special Roadster $1195, Special Touring $1195 Coach $1215 Landau Coupe $1295, Coupe for Four $1395, Sedan $1595 Landau Sedan $1695 At Factory

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

GRILLED CUPID

By Harvey Wickham

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MAJOR MORGAN felt out of sorts. He was about to lose his mother. Not that she was ill—for an old lady of seventy-odd, she was, in fact, singularly hearty—but she was going to Port Jervis to spend a week.

His whole horizon darkened, he had cut himself in shaving; and he swore at the cat as she clawed playfully at the newspaper from which he was tearing a piece upon which to wipe his razor. No safety razors for the major, and Port Jervis was twenty miles from here if it was a rod. While it lasted, the separation promised to be as complete as that between the earth and Mars.

When he sat down at the table, shaved and physically comfortable at last, the ends of his mustache drooped without spirit, and the flesh of his handsome cheeks hung in sagging folds from which the puckering strings of hope had been removed. There was sausage for breakfast—beef sausage, the homemade kind, which is packed in a stocking leg and yields, when fried in slices, a delectable sort of gravy unknown to average mortals. It was probably the only sausage of its species which had succeeded in projecting itself outside of a New England farmhouse and into the twentieth century. There were also homemade bread, homemade butter, coffee which looked like amber and midnight mixed, and tasted like—well, like coffee. And there were griddle cakes with maple sirup. But these only deepened his gloom.

"I Suppose You are Glad Your Mother is Coming Back Today," Said Cora

"You'll be quite comfortable," said Mrs. Morgan briskly, scraping the last spoonful of batter out of its crock and dumping it upon the griddle.

There was a musical hiss, such a sound as might ensue if righteousness and peace were indeed to kiss each other, and a rising cloud of aromatic smoke. For an instant the major forgot his woes, and even the old lady had to pause and breathe before she went on.

"Perfectly comfortable while I'm gone. The Blauvelts are to have black Diana in to help, and they say she's an excellent cook. Don't forget to warm your socks before you put them on. And look for me Saturday morning."

The major tore his eyes from a stick of firewood reposing in the cookstove's open oven—the very stick upon which the socks now incasing his feet had been found toasting when he first got out of bed half an hour before. His sniff of contentment became one of contempt.

"Diana'll be like all Southern darkies. They can cook corn bread and boil sweet potatoes. That's their limit."

"She's better than Cora Blauvelt," said Mrs. Morgan.

Major Morgan groaned. He had never eaten a meal prepared by Cora Blauvelt. He had never been hanged, for that matter, yet felt himself able to imagine the experience. Cora was young—not much more than thirty-five, matrimonially unattached, pretty, with a dark suggestion of strength underlying a languishing and flattering manner.

A final cup of coffee, poured scalding hot from a tin coffeepot on the back of the stove, dispelled this vision and somewhat restored his tone. He felt strong enough to kick off his carpet slippers and to put on his shoes—substantial and commodious affairs which his mother brought from their warm retreat beneath the hearth. It was a difficult operation, stooping to lace them up. But he felt better for it, and for the thought that a less virtuous man might have let his mother do it.

In a wrinkled white nightshirt stuck into a pair of old blue pants, the major still presented a somewhat inharmonious picture. But when he had retired behind a curtain and put on a starched upper garment and a pair of blue pants that were properly pressed, the harmony grew. With the brushing of his graying but abundant hair, the adjustment of a collar and a sober red tie, and the donning of a coat and vest of a color patriotically on a par with the pants, the harmony stood forth, completed—rather amply completed. He was a veteran of the Spanish War, but since then his lines had obviously been cast in pleasant places. No wife had ever dimmed or custom staled his infinite felicity. Nevertheless, his mother had to go. The Port Jervis folks were the source of that homemade butter and farm-killed beef which had helped to give a touch of heaven to breakfast. It would have been madness to neglect them.

The Blauvelts lived in the other half of the roomy Morgan house, so taking one's meals there did not involve the torture of an extensive moving. Yet it was a wrench to ring at their front door instead of descending to the warm and familiar basement where he was accustomed to pass the more sedentary portions of his existence.

He had spent the forenoon in the law office of one of his cronies, where he had a desk—there, and at a certain cigar store. At both places he had discoursed wisely and well of politics, history and the trend of modern thought. Time was when the major had been induced to try his unquestioned powers of language upon the road. He had actually gone forth as a salesman representing a famous firm of safe makers, with a small sample safe provided with a convenient handle, gripped in his fist.

No wonder, then, that he eschewed the local hotel in his present emergency. Didn't he know what hotels were like? Yes, and early trains and the stony hearts of men.

Upon war he could look back with complacency. One supreme sacrifice for an ideal—the capacity for that lies deep-hid in the soul of every son of Adam. If it can be made when one is young and as the staff officer of a general who knows that the best way to confuse the enemy is by pulling strings behind the lines, so much the better. Florida, in fact, was the only Spanish colony which the major had actually invaded. And though the cook there had been a Southern darky whose culinary accomplishments were indeed limited chiefly to sweet potatoes and corn bread, the memory was rather pleasant.

But the safe-selling episode had made him realize what life without mother's griddle-cakes would mean. And now he was to go through that famine again.

At the Blauvelt door he paused. It was only lunchtime—the worst would not be yet. But it was necessary to banish all thoughts of the basement so near at hand, and to summon up the capacity of looking pleased when the door should open. The major would no more have permitted himself to be impolite than he would have permitted himself to strike his mother with the stick of firewood which lay in the oven, ready at all times to toast either socks or feet as the occasion required.

Cora appeared, and received him with just the right mixture of delight and panic.

"Oh, Major Morgan, I'm so glad to see you!"

That was all she said, but she said it in the tones of a schoolgirl whirled by chance into momentary intimacy with the president of the board of education.

She was wearing a blue-and-white-check gingham apron—the kind with an extra flap which pins up over the bosom—and her hair was caught low and with seeming carelessness in the nape of her neck. The arrangement made her look harmless, and did much to put the major instantly at his ease. Evidently Cora didn't intend to bore him with society talk. The only thing to be dreaded now was lunch, and that did not especially matter. He was never very hungry in the middle of the day

A log fire blazed in an open fireplace in the Blauvelt dining room; and before it, awaiting his ease-loving figure, was an authentic exemplar of that particularly easy type of easy-chair inadequately termed the Boston rocker.

The major stared. An open fire was the one luxury dear to him which his mother persistently denied. Such things were too dirty, she said. As to the Boston rocker—and here came the shock—it was his own. Certainly there couldn't be two chairs in the world, both cushioned with that one pattern of faded chintz.

(Continued on Page 59

Dear Jim:

Here's something more important than has come out of your loudspeaker for a long, long time.

The *leading* broadcasting stations use Willards.

When a station broadcasts, voice and music must be amplified many, many times before the program can be put on the air.

The amplifiers used are like the ones in your set—only larger.

Quiet operation of the batteries employed to furnish this amplification is as essential to the broadcasting stations as it is to you.

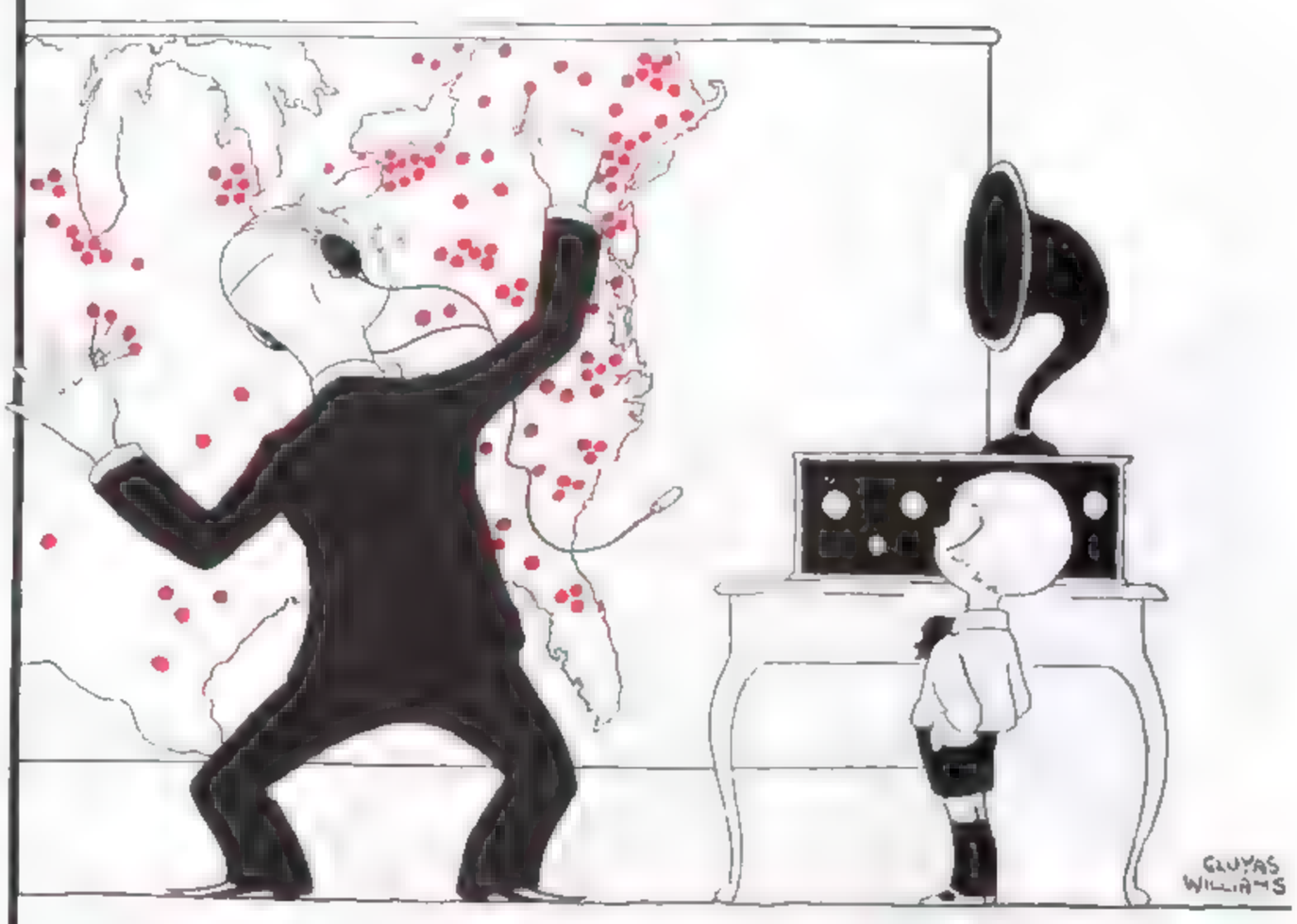
You see, their requirements for a good sending job are the same as your requirements for a good receiving job.

And believe me, Jim, Willards have what it takes to do it.

Signing off,

Sam.

P. S. I have been looking at the map and there are 178 stations using Willards. That will tell you something, I guess.



178 BROADCASTING STATIONS USE WILLARDS

WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES

FOR SALE AT WILLARD SERVICE STATIONS AND RADIO DEALERS

These unusual batteries were developed by WTAM—the Broadcasting Station and Radio Research Laboratory of Willard Storage Battery Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Write to **WTAM** *for this booklet—*

[The Voice of the Storage Battery]

Read how you can get greater distance, and added clearness from your set—how to get the longest life and greatest value from your batteries. It's all in the little booklet. Sent to you with our compliments. Just mail the coupon.

Mail me to WTAM. I'll bring you "Better Results."

Name .....

City and State .....

Street Address .....

P 7

ON THE HIGHWAYS
OF BOTH
HEMISPHERES

All over the world, all hours of the day, Ford cars are serving reliably, economically and faithfully. "Many men of many minds" but all agreeing on the distinctive service and quality of this trustworthy car.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY ∴ Detroit, Michigan

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

(Continued from Page 56)

"I had black Diana steal it for you," said Cora.

"Ah!"

His smile as he settled himself in the familiar embrace of the upholstered wooden arms became spontaneous. This was something like. If they would only leave him alone now till the meal was ready. But of course the whole family would soon come trooping in. There would have to be handshakes, greetings of all sorts carefully graded to the proper amount of respect due to the elder Mrs. Blauvelt, who was feeble; to young Miss Minnie, who was spry; and to old Blauvelt himself. He did not like old Blauvelt—considered him a loafer who hung too much about the house and sponged on his womenfolk. Besides, he never voted the Republican ticket. Conversation with Blauvelt under Blauvelt's own roof promised to be difficult.

"Father and Minnie are away today," said Cora, with the air of one apologizing for bad news.

"Delighted, I'm sure," said the major.

But he was less comfortable already. In the first place, that wasn't a happy remark, though he had only meant that she and her mother would be ample company. Then Cora seemed to have something on her mind. Her eyes kept wandering toward the kitchen door, which had already opened and shut once or twice, moved by invisible means and admitting what were certainly reassuring whiffs. But whiffs are unreliable, and now there were sounds as of altercation. Cora excused herself, and returned a few minutes later with a very red face.

"Black Diana!" she panted. "You know what colored servants are. And since prohibition ——"

"Drunk?"

"I'm afraid so."

"It's outrageous!"

The major had not touched more than three cocktails that morning, and felt soberly indignant.

"She refused to get luncheon," Cora continued. "I had to prepare it myself. And now she refuses to serve it."

The major got to his feet.

"I'm very sorry—can't forgive myself for having put you to all this inconvenience. But, of course, I'll go to a restaurant. I wouldn't think of further ——"

"If you do!" Cora Blauvelt dropped to a chair and clasped her hands in her lap, as if that were the only way she could keep them from flying to her face and hiding it. "If you do, mother and I will never hold up our heads again. Of course it will be very disagreeable for you—a wretched meal with nobody to wait on the table. But——"

"I wasn't thinking of that," the major cut in. "Nothing could be pleasanter than ——"

"Then you'll stay. But no! It is asking too much."

Naturally, he would stay. Since she put it that way there was nothing else to do. So, suppressing a groan, he walked to the table and stood behind his chair till Mrs. Blauvelt, much flustered, hobbled in, half supported by her cane. The two sat down. Cora disappeared, breathing blessings upon his goodness of heart.

From the kitchen rose a final burst of colored language, terminating in a fall of crockery. The back door slammed. Black Diana was gone.

"She is new to this neighborhood," remarked Mrs. Blauvelt, with an air of having heard nothing. "And when we suggested that something more than her usual simple cookery might not be amiss, she was quite indignant."

"I know," said the major.

He stopped. Cora had slipped in, deposited a plate of soup in front of him, another in front of her mother, and slipped away again. He had not expected soup. After what he had just been listening to he had hardly expected much of anything. And there was about this offering an odor, an aroma, a bouquet ——

He lifted a cautious spoonful to his mouth. Potato soup. Onions and potatoes had been sweated together in butter, then boiled to a pulp and passed through a sieve. Milk had been added, with salt, plenty of pepper and a sprinkling of semolina. This made a rich granular mixture, upon which floated an argosy of bread dice fried to a golden brown. He knew how dishes were made, and could retrace the delectable process step by step.

"Evidently," he ruminated, "black Diana didn't go on strike till the soup was well under way—and she must be a wonder."

"Cora didn't have very good luck today," he heard his hostess let fall. "Diana had just put in her sweet potatoes to bake. She always boils them a little first, and they were in the oven. Cora forgot all about them till she was making the soup."

"Till who was making the soup?"

"Why, Cora. That's the reason it isn't so smooth as usual. She was all cut up about the potatoes, which were burned to a crisp."

The major murmured the proper words of sympathy. His question, he felt, had been a little abrupt. But his dominant feeling was relief. Thanks to a certain degree of innocence which he had managed to preserve in spite of years and some experience, he was able to concentrate upon the thought of Cora's unexpected talent. He felt safe, as if a plank had been thrown him in troubled waters.

And after the soup came trout. It was crisp, well done, neither dry and wooden as to outside nor soggy as to middle. Reverently he took a tail between his thumb and finger and lifted it, backbone and all, clean and smooth from its nonadhering environment.

"Where did you get 'em?" he demanded, almost humanly rude, as Cora came in with a second plateful and seated herself to nibble at one of the more tiny specimens.

"I'm afraid that's a secret," she smiled. "At least you mustn't tell, for my brother—the married one, you know—caught them in Smith's brook this morning. It was a godsend—they're so easy to cook."

"I shouldn't think that would make any difference."

"How you talk! I've had so little experience. But I must eat just one of them in honor of the occasion."

"It's a close season, or something," supplemented Mrs. Blauvelt.

"Smith's brook has been stocked. There is no open season there for the next two years," chuckled the major.

"Oh!" gasped Cora. "Do you mind?"

He didn't. Being a perfectly normal citizen, there were few things which he enjoyed more than minor infringements of the law. But he was beginning to be troubled about the rest of the lunch. Nothing could properly follow trout save coffee—and that in excellent quality and riotous abundance was already before him. To proceed now in courses, after the French manner, would be a comedown,

(Continued on Page 80)

He Had Always Thought of Blauvelt as Hard-Shelled, Hopeless. Really, It Was Cruel to Spring Such Surprises on One

WRITE AND WRONG

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEMORE MASHBY stared across the aisle of the Jim Crow car with the hope of detecting a friendly gleam in the eyes of Lawyer Evans Chew. Mr. Mashby was strangely alone in the midst of revelry and mirth. At Birmingham a dozen beaming colored men had boarded the accommodation for Montgomery. They swept breezily into the car and appropriated it to their own enjoyment. They were gentlemen upon a holiday, temporarily bereft of care and trouble and family ties; they were the members of the Supreme Degree Team of Birmingham Lodge No. 17, The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, and they trekked Montgomeryward to install a new lodge in that extensive order.

Chief among the merrymakers was Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate; but the mantle of actual authority bedecked the broad and somewhat fleshy shoulders of Lawyer Evans Chew—Most Regal and Exalted High Counselor. Lawyer Chew gave ear to the festive jocularity of his fellow travelers and permitted an indulgent smile to crease his lips. But Chew himself was possessed of too vast a dignity to do more than signify his aloof and impersonal approval.

"All Right, Old Burn-Pants! You Wait!"

And so he sat in solitary state on one side of the aisle while little Semore Mashby—thin and hungry-looking and garbed in shiny clothes which had long since seen their best days—huddled opposite and hoped against hope that his eager glance might cause the suggestion of a friendly nod to agitate the Chew cranium.

Semore was not an unimportant member of the degree team and—ostensibly—was making the pilgrimage to Montgomery for the sole purpose of assisting a new lodge to take its place within the sacred confines of the order. The brethren who held this belief, however, were sadly in error. Not for the sake of fellow lodge members did Semore desert his musty little money-lending office on Eighteenth Street; business beckoned him to Montgomery, a rare opportunity to make ten dollars grow where but one flourished before; and the installation of the new lodge had presented to him an opportunity for free transportation.

Ever since their departure from the dingy station in Birmingham, Semore had been attempting to summon the nerve to join Lawyer Chew. Twice he actually had risen with that object in view, and each time lost his nerve and swayed uncertainly down the aisle to the water cooler. Now, however, he was becoming desperate; and desperation begot an idea.

From an inner pocket he took a sheet of salmon-pink paper, liberally sprinkled with black type. Then he drew himself to a full five-two of height, crossed the car and boldly plumped himself alongside the ponderous and goggled dean of Birmingham's colored legal brotherhood.

An expression of frank distaste settled upon the Chevian countenance. He moved as though to rise, but Semore placed a gently restraining hand upon his arm.

"Just a minute, Brother Chew. I craves to make talk with you."

Chew favored him with a frosty look. "I assuah you, Mistuh Mashby, that yo' craving is not mutual."

"Aw! now listen—they ain't no need of us fussin' at each other all the time, is there?"

"H'm! I don't know as I see any objection to said fussing hereinbefore mentioned. Frankly, Mistuh Mashby, the happiest I am in yo' sassiety is when you happen to be somewhere else."

"I just wanted to 'scuss some business." He unfolded the sheet of salmon pink. "By the way, has you sawn this yet, Lawyer Chew?"

The vivid color attracted the eye of the attorney. The big black type riveted his attention. He read:

DO YOU WANT TO WIN $250 CASH MONEY?

WRITE A SCENARIO

NO BRAINS REQUIRED—THIS MEANS YOU!

MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.

Birmingham's Own Colored Picture Producing Company offers a cash prize of $250 for the best two-reel comedy synopsis furnished by a boney fide resident of this city by May first. Just outline your story. Grammer don't count. We want ideas and we pays for same. $250 in solid gold money will be publicly paid to the winner. Come one—come all. No entrance fee required. The judges will be:

ORIFICE R. LATIMER—President of Midnight.
J. CÆSAR CLUMP—Our Able Picture Director.
SEMORE MASHBY—Birmingham Financial Wizzid.

Semore bent forward eagerly as Chew perused the document to its bitter conclusion. The little man placed a skinny forefinger upon the words "financial wizzid" and his thin voice tremoloed with pride.

"That," he proclaimed, "is I!"

Chew was both impressed and surprised. "What you know 'bout scenarios, Semore?"

"Huh! I guess I know a lot of things."

"I guess you guess you do. But just the same, it don't make sense that they should selec' you fo' a judge. I s'pose just 'cause you is a stockholder in their comp'ny ——"

"I 'splained to 'em I was anxious to do 'em good. You see, Brother Chew"—and Mashby grew terribly earnest, for this was the matter of business which had caused him to desire conversation with the lawyer—"you see, I feels right sentimental 'bout this heah Midnight Pitcher Company, it bein' made up of Bumminham cullud folks an' ev'ything, an' I has been tellin' Brother Latimer that any time he needs any he'p ——"

"—— to call on you, huh? Well, so long as I is regalarly constituted an' properly vested attorney at law fo' The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., which same I is in law an' in fact, I ain't gwine give them no adwice to call on you fo' he'p."

"But, Brother Chew, you does me injustice. Affection fo' that company is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Pff! Words what you utters."

"They is honest-to-gosh true. Just to prove it—lemme tell you I has found out what a hole they is in right now an' I is willin' to assist 'em out."

"What hole who is in?"

"Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"Who says they is in a hole?"

"I do."

"How come?"

"Well, as legal counsel fo' that comp'ny you sholy ought to know that their lease on that ol' warehouse which they is usin' fo' a studjo ain't got on'y four mo' months to run. Ain't that so?"

Chew nodded, but said nothing. His eyes narrowed slightly and his ears tilted the least bit. The brain which had made Lawyer Evans Chew a foremost power in Birmingham's colored civic life was functioning at its top speed.

Of course he knew about the dire and immediate problem by which Midnight was confronted.

"I don't know much 'bout their leases, Semore."

"Maybe not. Anyway, at the end of four mo' months they has got to git out of that warehouse or else pay a terrible big rent which the ol' barn ain't wuth. Also, if they remains where they is at they is gwine haf to sign a five-yeah lease; an' that, Brother Chew, woul'n't be nothin' short of plumb foolishment."

"Why you think that?"

"I don't think it, I knows it. I reckon I ain't a financial wizzid fo' nothin'."

"You said it, brother!"

"An' I guess I know a thing or two 'bout how successful Midnight is gittin' to be. Pretty near a hund'ed an' fifty fust-run pitcher houses all over the country showin' Midnight comedies, an' they a'ready signed up fo' twenty-six

(Continued on Page 62)

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD

—of a distinguished family

MANY a Packard owner, as a little boy, stood on the corner watching a Packard roll by and wished that he too might some day have a Packard car.

Perhaps a "24", a "30" or an "18". What memories the names recall! And later, the "38's" and "48's" and then, the mighty Twin Six, which reigned for eight years—truly a distinguished family.

And now, today, the finest and greatest Packards of them all—the Packard Six and the Packard Eight—alike in distinction, in beauty, and in quality.

Packard Six and Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 60)

pitchers a yeah fo' two more yeahs after the next fo' months is ended. Ain't that all true?"

"Yeh. You, bein' a stockholder, are acquainted with all that, so it ain't no use fo' me to tell you diff'ent."

"Well, now, just look how fast they has grew in the last eight months. Stahtin' with nothin', they has mo' than doubled themse'ves; an' they is gittin' richer an' prosperouser ev'y day. Inside a yeah they is gwine have outgrew that ol' warehouse; it ain't hahdly big enough fo' 'em now. An' they hahdly got no yard a-tall. What Midnight needs, Lawyer Chew, is expansion."

"Uh-huh. You suttinly 'pears to be pronunciating wisdom, Semore." Chew was adroitly drawing the little man out. "Now s'pose you 'splain to me what swell ideas you has got fo' the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc."

"This: What that comp'ny needs is to find some real, ginuwine financial wizzid—like me, fo' instance—which is willin' to lease 'em a big lot fo' 'bout five yeahs at a small rental, an' build 'em a big studjo on same 'cawdin' to their own specifications. Then they will have ev'ything like they want it an' nothin' to worry about."

"Fumadiddles! Was they cravin' that kind of a plant, Semore, why woul'n't they build it theirownse'ves?"

"Two reasons," snapped Mr. Mashby triumphantly. "One is that they ain't got the money. Oh, I know. They ain't declared no dividends yet 'cause they ain't paid themse'ves back fo' the money which was inwested original an' which was all borried. An' also, they ain't crazy to sink how much capital it would take to build the right sort of a studjo. Of course if they could wait a yeah, what you argues hol's good an' they would build their own; but right now they ain't got the money n'r neither the enthusiasm. Ain't that a fact?"

Chew inclined his head slightly. "I ain't sayin' 'tis or 'tain't. But it does listen reasomble. Now s'pose you tell me why you informs me of all this?"

"Because," replied Mashby candidly, "you is their legal adwiser, an' what you says pretty well goes. An' I was figgerin' that did I conwince you, you would make them see that the best they could do would be to leave me build 'em a studjo on my lot out near Tittisville."

"An' you propose that I elucidate to them that they should enter into this deal with you. Is that it?"

"'Tain't nothin' else."

"An' the rent you would charge?"

"We-e-ell——" Semore hedged. "I'd have to look after myself. Now look heah ."

He produced from an inner pocket an elaborate set of figures. With grimy forefinger he indicated certain salient totals to Lawyer Evans Chew, that erudite gentleman giving him close attention. And then, when Semore had thoroughly aroused Chew's attention, he casually mentioned the rental which he would accept.

For an instant Lawyer Evans Chew sat in stunned silence. Then he turned upon his companion eyes in which amazement vied with disbelief. "Goodness Goshness Miss Agnes, Semore Mashby—has you gone plumb crazy in yo' haid?"

"What you mean—crazy?"

"Them rentals! You must think I is non compos mental does you believe I would adwise Midnight to sign any such of a lease."

"They got to have a new studjo," persisted Semore stubbornly, "an' they ain't in no position to put out the cash it would take to build "

"Also they ain't in no position to han' you no mint. What you ain't got in yo' haid, Semore, is no brains—tryin' to stick folks thataway. Now s'posin' we see what you really will assept."

"Them's my figgers!" snapped Mr. Mashby. "An' time ain't gwine make 'em grow no smaller."

He rose, gathered up his papers and returned to his seat. Semore did not do business in an impulsive manner and had not anticipated immediate indorsement of his scheme. But he knew that he had planted seed in fertile ground. Of course he wouldn't get the very figure he asked, but it was not beyond possibility that he would receive something very close to it. In a year, at the outside, Midnight would require larger quarters; they were already too large for the warehouse which sheltered them, and Semore had it on good authority that the owners of that warehouse were contemplating a bit of high and mighty profiteering when the date for renewing the lease rolled around.

The far-flung outskirts of Montgomery came into view; the train screeched for occasional crossings. Passengers, somewhat worn by the journey, commenced collecting baggage for the exodus—and the dozen members of the degree team prepared to be received in state.

At length the train groaned to a protesting halt under the smoke-grimed shed. Headed by Isaac Gethers and Lawyer Evans Chew, the delegation alighted and passed through the colored waiting room. At the curb there awaited a large and very brass band which blared forth in fierce cacophony the welcoming strains of Linger Awhile. The delegation was completely surrounded and marched in state toward the modest hosteiry where rooms had been engaged.

Arrangements were made to call for them in autos at 7:30 that night. In the meantime plans for entertainment of the visiting dignitaries had been made by prominent Montgomery Afro-Americans. All these invitations were accepted save the one extended to Lawyer Evans Chew. That gentleman clipped the end from a fragrant cigar, waved an important hand and announced that he had some legal business to attend to. "Settlement of an estate," he proclaimed majestically. "Testator is dead and left a last will an' testimony which I has been seeking to adjust fo' some time. I aims to go out an' visit a couple of the heirs which live here. 'Pawtant matter; awful 'pawtant."

Fifteen minutes later the attorney was en route to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lijah Whittle, colored. He reclined in the tonneau of a taxicab and viewed Montgomery with benign approval. Nor was he unconscious of the fact that he was regarded with considerable interest by several members of the colored feminine gender whom he happened to pass.

He was a not unimposing figure as he lolled against the upholstery. His tailored clothes were in the latest mode. In color they were a delicate pearl gray—with felt hat and knitted tie to match. He wore tan shoes and white spats and carried in his gloved left hand the other glove and a heavy cane. Connecting horn-rimmed glasses with his right ear was a heavy black cord, and from the breast pocket of his pearly coat peeped the lavender border of a silk handkerchief.

The distance was greater than Chew had anticipated, but the afternoon was balmy and the drive soothing. The car swung out of the main residential section and thence toward the country. It eventually came to a stop before the gaping gate of an unpainted cottage set well back behind a group of spreading oaks.

Chew alighted, ordered the driver to wait, and approached the house. He employed his most impressive stride, his mammoth figure moving grandiosely toward the dilapidated veranda which spanned the front of the

(Continued on Page 72

"Ruint!" He Moaned. "An' I Ain't Got One Other Single Post Closer Than Bumminham!"

FOR TEN YEARS—DEPENDABLE

Exceptional dependability has been a characteristic of Dodge Brothers Motor Car since the day the first of these sturdy cars was marketed.

Not once in a decade has it failed to uphold and enhance its reputation for faithful performance.

The reason for its consistent goodness and continued betterment points directly back to the ideals of the founders.

Instead of fluctuating between an endless series of annual models, they determined to concentrate on the perfection of a single chassis.

Dodge Brothers Motor Car today is the embodiment of that ideal—an ideal that will endure as long as the institution itself.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH YOUR HANDS?—By Walter Prichard Eaton

I WAS talking the other day with a famous scientist whose specialty is ice. He knows more about ice, probably, than anybody else alive, and his inventions have rendered a repetition of the Titanic disaster highly unlikely. But what he talked about was the marvelous color, the opalescent mystery in icebergs, not their specific gravity; and then he added, "Do you know what I wish I could do? I wish I could make something fine or beautiful with my hands. I find myself constantly wanting to make something with my hands, even something crude and rough. If I lived in the country I could at least lay up a stone wall."

And not long ago I visited an old friend of mine who is now a noted doctor, for whose treatment men and women come from all over the country. He looked drawn and weary after a day of unbroken consultations and led me out of his office and up two flights of stairs to the attic of his house. Here was a big room fitted up with a bewildering assortment of tools and benches, even a tiny forge, and on the central bench, shining with new brass and copper and varnished mahogany, a five-foot-long model of a steam yacht complete in every detail, even to her engines. The small boy in me gave a gasp of joy.

"Will she go?" I cried.

"Sure, she'll go. I had her on the pond two days ago. Isn't she a dandy?"

His eyes shone with pride; and suddenly I saw that his face no longer looked weary.

"Did you really make it all?" I demanded. "How long did it take you?"

"Every bit, even to the boilers. I've been at it, off and on, for three years. My patients interfere a lot."

"I suppose you're prouder of this ship than of being able to cure a diseased mind?"

"Certainly," he smiled.

I remember, too, from many years ago—a quarter of a century—a famous district attorney who was fighting the forces of evil and seemed to us then Saint George against the dragons. Worn with the battle, he fled for rest to his summer home, and reporters, following him there, found him in a little shop behind the house, making a clock! The shop was full of clocks he had made. One reporter stood with mouth agape for a moment, listening intently, and then exclaimed "Why—they go!"

Busy Men's Hobbies

AGAIN, I recall going to see an actor in his dressing room—this was during the New York run of a successful play, so his dressing room was more than a temporary abode—and found him busily at work at a little bench in one corner, making a driver! It was, he informed me, the fourteenth he had made, chiefly while waiting for his cues. He had been to a golf shop and taken a lesson or two, purchased the necessary tools, glue, shellac, thread, rough-hewn heads, shafts, and so on, and then set to work. I tried one of his products, and it didn't perform very well; but as none of my wooden clubs ever perform very well I did not blame his handicraft.

Still again, I remember an evening spent at the house of a lawyer who was also a public man of some repute. While the rest of us talked he sat at a desk with an odd assortment of material before him, busily tying minute bits of feathers, sheared off with tiny scissors, upon fish hooks. Now and then he took part in the conversation, but as often he became engrossed in his occupation. His brows puckered, his fingers handled with delicate care the tiny bits of feathers and the minute thread, and suddenly he would interrupt with a triumphant "There! How's that for a Parmachenee Belle?"

Less surprising, I suppose, since the owner is a painter and so employs his hands technically, so to speak, in his profession, is the house of a famous artist in the New Hampshire hills, where the flood of electric light that illumines the lovely rooms through silk shades of a rich hue characteristic of nearly all his pictures, is generated in a shop at the rear by machinery built entirely by himself. I'm not sure that he didn't also install the plumbing.

And farther north, where the New Hampshire hills are granite mountains, there are miles upon miles of trails cut with sweat and toil through virgin forest, through steel-strong timber-line spruce, up rocky inclines, laid with stones along jagged ledges, ignoring the easiest ways and hitting straight for the high spots. These trails were not built for the most part by hired labor or by boys. They were built by college professors, by a leather manufacturer, by a banker, by a librarian, by an auctioneer, by scores of grown men from all walks of life, who thought they were doing it to develop the recreational possibilities of the White Mountains, but actually were doing it because they had to break loose into the open once a year at least and employ their hands in primitive labor. They had to make something, and with them it took the form of a trail chopped through the timber-line spruce and a log lean-to in the Gulf. It wasn't that they were being boyish when they erected that log shelter. It is that boys are being mannish when they first take an ax and go out into the woods to build a hut.

Learning to Make Things

WHAT can you do with your hands? If anybody had asked your great-grandfather, or mine, that question, he would probably have answered "Why, most everything," and then, after a pause, have added, "'cept, maybe, paint a picture." And great-grandfather would have been right. He could. He had to. The pioneer was his own carpenter, blacksmith, wheelwright, tinker, and what he didn't make his wife did. There were no machines in those days; no mail-order catalogues either. Ordinary folk, like our great-grandfathers, not only on the frontier but back in the old country, were still craftsmen, just as in the Middle Ages everybody was a craftsman. They knew how to use their hands. It is generally assumed they were happier on that account. At any rate, they evidently made better stuff than the machines do, or why would we pay seven times as much for it today? The old hooked rug that grandma made has no price competitor except a Persian carpet—and that, of course, is handmade too.

Unfortunately none of my ancestors wrote an autobiography, so I don't know whether my great-grandfather was happy or not because he could and did forge his own horseshoe nails. But I do know this—that I, his great-grandson, learned in early years, and of necessity, to use my hands, and I am a whole lot happier as a result. Sometimes I am so happy that I feel like bursting out in a plea to all parents in this machine-driven, city-apartment-house, everything-done-for-you age to teach their children how to use their hands, to give them a manual hobby for solace in their later years. This is one of those times. If you are a parent please consider yourself pleaded with. Sooner or later to every man comes the primal urge, the deep racial instinct, to do something with his hands. If all he knows how to do is to grab one with the other, or fiddle with the keys in his pocket, a deep creative impulse within him is thwarted, cannot find expression, and at the least he is bored. If he does know how to do something he goes ahead and does it; he is creative, he is happy, for a brief hour he is a god, and looking upon his handiwork, sees that it is good. It might not, perhaps, strike you as entirely so, but he is not creating it for you. You don't count. He is creating it to satisfy some inner urge of his own nature.

My father was a school-teacher, and therefore able to give me excellent advice, but no canoes or ice boats or other necessities which cost money. He could, and did, however, inspire me with the belief that I could make them, which I now see was a far better thing for me than if he had been a sausage king and bought me what I begged for. The first canoe I made, paddles and all, was carted to the pond on a wheelbarrow before the ice was all out, and I wore an overcoat and rubber boots. It tipped over immediately, nearly ending my career. The keel was a large oak plank, laid flat, and tapering at each end. As I weighed about one hundred pounds before I fell into the pond it was impossible to make the tub draw more than an inch of water. When it didn't tip over, it spun. My father then mildly suggested that I go somewhere and observe the process of boat building.

I was apprenticed on Saturdays, without pay, to a carpenter who made various types of craft in his shop. He set me to shingling his hennouse! The result is that I can still shingle a roof, with accuracy and some speed. But ultimately I learned the use of various tools, and especially I learned that sticking two pieces of wood together and driving a nail through them isn't carpentry. I built later, in my own shop, a canoe that would float and an ice boat that would answer her rudder. To be sure, I didn't know a thing about navigation, and when, on her trial trip, in a thirty-knot blow, I came about not into the wind, but out of it, my mast and sail were carried away, stays and all. I had to run special-delivery letters for a month to earn a new piece of canvas.

Boys in those days didn't have flivvers to tinker with, and their natural love of machinery found outlet in many odd ways. One friend of mine spent hours a day at the railroad crossing collecting in a notebook the names of all the locomotives which went by. They were named, not numbered, in those days. When he wasn't doing this he was in the roundhouse, learning locomotive lore—and profanity. A few boys, of whom I was one, hankered for printing presses. Again I was apprenticed on Saturdays, at the same rate of wages, this time to the proprietor of the local weekly paper and job press. The paper was of course hand set, and printed on Friday. On Saturday morning I, together with two village girls, distributed the type back into the cases. After a month of this I was permitted to try setting type, and finally to print something I had set, on a ten-by-twelve job press run by foot power. I recall it well—the weekly calendar for the First Baptist Church! Later, ingrate that I was, having secured a press of my own and the Unitarian printing, I took the son of a Baptist minister into partnership, and secured that work also. The local job printer didn't go out of business, to be sure, but two boys of thirteen years, I assure you, worked extremely hard filling their orders, and were kept out of a whole lot of mischief. Perhaps I should add that in later years my father confessed he got me the press in the hope it would teach me how to spell. It didn't.

The house we lived in was separated from the street by a picket fence, and there was a gravel path from the gate to the front door, and also a driveway to the side. Behind the house my mother had a garden. Part of my job as a boy was to keep the weeds out of the path and drive, and the edges trimmed with a line and edger. Part of my voluntary duty was to help my mother with her flowers. I had learned the technic of a hotbed and could pot antirrhinums when I was ten; and to this day whiskers on a path edge cause me acute anguish. Some of the other things I had to learn to do—and didn't always like to, as I liked to work in the garden—were to saw wood and stack it in the shed properly, so it wouldn't fall forward or bulge in the center; take care of a furnace; chop ice out of a roof valley without chopping holes in the tin; take up and re-lay straw matting; sift ashes; tap sugar trees; set a lawn mower; take down and clean stovepipes; pack a cistern pump; make, steam and bend my own skis; make a bobsled, or double runner, as we called them; top-dress and roll a piece of rough lawn into a tennis court; and numerous other things I've now forgotten. My great-grandfather would probably have turned up his nose at the tennis court, but he could understand the rest. They were all in the day's work.

An Old House and Woodlot

THEN, for many years, I lived and worked in a big city. Everything there was done for me. I didn't even have to walk upstairs. The kindlings for my fireplace came in nice little bundles, and a porter brought them up. The only gardening I could do was to look in Morley's window. Once I asked to set a stick of type at my newspaper, but the union wouldn't let me. When my apartment was redecorated I wanted to show the alleged painter how to paint a window sash without also painting the pane, but he wouldn't let me either. I had no shop of course. The only thing I could do with my hands was to dust my books and play squash. Neither pastime exactly satisfied the inner urge.

Then, one happy day, I was bounced from my job. Most men live under a kind of perpetual fear of being bounced from their jobs. I did. I had insomnia as a result. It is very foolish. To be bounced from your job is generally the best thing that can happen to you. It makes you get another, for one thing, and everybody should change his job every ten years anyhow. And, too, it spurs you to new and often different endeavor. You find you are really much smarter than you thought you were.

Having no job, at any rate, I couldn't see why I had to stay in a city where I couldn't use my hands even to dig in the earth, so I went away from there and started a garden. It grew into rather a nice garden, and I got over my insomnia. Then I couldn't see why I shouldn't have a house of my own, with up-and-down stairs and nice old white-paneled rooms, and a woodlot, and—at last, again, after these many years!—a shop. Accordingly I bought an old house which sits under a mountain, and with the house went a generous chunk of the mountain. I haven't noticed a single newspaper being sued for publishing my income-tax return, but that old house is—slowly, I'll admit—becoming rather nice. It has a garden. That's two I've

Continued on Page 66

Change Spark Plugs at Least Once a Year—

A Real Economy

The pictures shown here are from the film "The Story of a Spark Plug", produced under the auspices of the Bureau of Mines as a part of a movement for the conservation of gasoline.

Universities, colleges, schools, lodges and societies interested in exhibiting this interesting educational motion picture should address the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, Pittsburg.

Here you can see why it is absolutely essential to the efficient and economical operation of your engine to replace spark plugs after 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

In the first picture you see the hot, intense spark given by a new spark plug which causes complete combustion as shown in the second picture, leaving only the burned gas to escape through the exhaust—as in picture No. 3.

Such a spark and such combustion mean that you get maximum power from the fuel used; that your engine is running as it was designed to run.

Now look at the other pictures. In No. 4 you see the weak spark delivered by a spark plug in use for a year or more. The fifth picture shows that combustion is nowhere near complete; in the final view, a large part of the gas, still unburned is being ejected through the exhaust.

In other words, good power is being shot away into the air. There is sluggishness in your engine, slower speed and an actual loss in fuel.

That is why it is real economy to install a complete set of new spark plugs at least once a year. They soon pay for themselves in oil and gas saved.

When you do put in new plugs, be sure to install dependable Champions.

For Champion has proved to millions of motorists that it is the better spark plug, and today Champion is outselling all other makes combined throughout the world.

Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, O.
Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 64)

made. It has a garden pool and a fountain face. It has a sundial pedestal, made by pouring white cement into a drainpipe lined with lard and then cracking the pipe away. It has a white-paneled dining room with a somewhat elaborate wooden cornice. It has a large library with a somewhat more elaborate wooden cornice and a Georgian mantel and pilastered bookcases to the ceiling. In this library is a carved oak Jacobean table eleven feet long. There is also a large oak kitchen table, on which I eat my breakfast. By next spring there will be four carved oak stools to place around it. I made the garden myself, with no aid except a wheelbarrow. I carved the wall fountain face from a piece of broken tombstone, with chisels lent me by the local gravestone maker. One carpenter—who does not belong to a union—and I made the pool. The same carpenter and I paneled the dining room and sawed out the cornices. I built the Georgian mantel in my library nearly all myself. My oak tables were made in my own shop from a tree I cut down up the mountain and had a portable mill in the neighborhood rip into planks. The carpenter really framed it, in the style he learned in Europe years ago, but I did all the carving—breaking four chisels on the job.

When I was through, I had a new respect for the craftsmen who carved those oak rood screens and stalls in the cathedrals of France and England!

Painting

WHEN there is painting to be done—unless, of course, I've a golf match on!—I get a pot of paint and do it. There is no nicer work in the world than painting the soothing sweep of the brush, the pleasure of the color, the joy of seeing the wood cover smooth and bright, the delightful odor! If my hands are ever idle it is not for lack of things to do. I've been at this house and farm and garden now for seven years, and merely to hold what I've got can keep me out of mischief. Today, for instance, my wattle fence fell down in a gale, and one part of the rose trellis, rotted at the ground, snapped off.

Then there are two or three garden benches to make and paint this winter, not to mention the oak stools, and Windsor chairs—a whole attic full—to mend, and a bathroom to repaint, and the old orchard trees to prune, and the next year's supply of wood to cut ——

But that is something—cutting the wood—which is mystical. Can I explain it, I wonder; explain the deep happiness it brings? Not, perhaps, to those readers who all their lives have had to cut their own wood, who live on farms and frontiers where nothing is or ever has been done for them. But won't the city dwellers, the sons and grandsons of these men, understand? Do you, whose exercise is a walk to the subway from your office, and whose efforts to keep the flat warm are confined to cursing the janitor, never feel deep down in your muscles the urge to swing an ax? You must, if you ever did swing an ax, if you ever did know that rhythmic coördination of eye and muscle, that sense that each well-aimed blow buries your effort into the wood, that stinging intake of cold air to your lungs and the way it sends your blood racing. But it is more than the exercise, this happiness of chopping wood. It is the sense that with your own hands you are standing between your loved ones and the elements—not with your brain, not buying them protection, but hewing it for them with your two hands. Somehow you find a mystic joy in feeling that, after all, you are as good a man as your ancestors were, that your naked hands, as well as theirs, can give you shelter and warmth. It is, I suppose, a kind of pride universal it is I don't know, though I suspect that most men have it. At any rate, that's how I feel when I chop wood, and it makes me far happier than it ever did to bawl down the tube at the janitor. It also gives me a better appetite.

A favorite device of the humorists is to depict a hard-working business man spending all day Sunday tinkering at his automobile. The humorists seem to think the sensible thing would be to ride in it, instead, and scatter a few lunch boxes in the landscape. But that man's happiest hours are probably when he is tinkering at his car. It's doing his soul more good than a ride would. He's getting a chance to use his hands. He is answering a deep call of his nature. He is being, so far as he can, physically creative.

Boys Denied Their Birthright

HE IS communing—though he doesn't know it—with his ancestors. Every schoolmaster in these days can tell you that a score of parents a week inform him their sons have a decided bent for science, because they know all about the car. "Why," I heard one say the other day, "Charles has a genius for mechanics. He bought an old flivver for fifteen dollars, and he's taken it all apart, and put it together again—and it runs! We want him prepared for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

Poor Charles! He will probably make a good stockbroker, or maybe a poet or playwright. Brought up in a city apartment, never having had a chore to do in his life, not even to bring up a scuttle of coal, having bought in a store every toy and implement of sport he ever used, he was but rejoicing in the first chance he'd ever had to use his hands creatively—in that, and in all boys' love of machinery. It didn't mean that he was destined for a scientific career; it meant he had been kept out of his birthright, the knowledge of how to use his hands, to make something with them, to make happiness. Blessed is the man with a hobby, especially if it is a manual hobby. He doesn't have to subscribe for a paper that prints cross-word puzzles to keep from being bored, and if fortune has favored him and he can have a little shop or plot of ground he is artist as well as creator, and he can have things his income could not buy. He can even have things no income can buy.

The chief of them is the glorious satisfaction of making something fine and beautiful with his own two hands.

Heritage—By Arthur Guiterman

THIS is the land that we love, where our fathers found refuge,
Here are the grooves of their plows and the mounds of their graves;
These are the hills that they knew and the forests and waters,
Glorious rivers and seas of rejuvenant waves.

Fruitful and broad are the billowing plains that they left us,
Mossy and cool are the trails that we tread as they trod,
Grand are the ranges and deep are the echoing cañons,
Holy and pure are the peaks as the altars of God.

This is our heritage, this that our fathers bequeathed us,
Ours in our time, but in trust for the ages to be;
Wasting or husbanding, building, destroying or shielding,
Faithful or faithless—possessors and stewards are we.

What of our stewardship? What do we leave to our children?
Crystalline, health-giving fountains, or gutters of shame?
Fields that are fertile, or barrens exhausted of vigor?
Burgeoning woodlands, or solitudes blasted by flame?

Madly we squander the bounty and beauty around us,
Wrecking, not using, the treasure and splendor of earth;
Only in grief unavailing for glory departed—
Only in want do we count what the glory is worth.

Now let us heal and restore where we trample and plunder,
Cleansing and saving our shallowing rivers and rills,
Lending new life to the fields we have ravaged and beggared,
Calling new forests to gladden the desolate hills.

Then though we pass from the land that our fathers bequeathed us,
Mountain and river and wood shall our message renew:
"This is the land that we loved; oh, be faithful, our children!
Fair was it left to us; fairer we leave it to you!"

Reminiscent of those chivalrous days when merchant princes brought to her ladyship rare silks from afar, the authorized representative of the Real Silk Hosiery Mills today BRINGS TO YOUR HOME

—genuine, REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY

—and in undisturbed quietude, enables you to match your shoes and gowns with just the proper shades selected from a profusion of Paris approved colors

—colors of the hour, selected by our own New York and Paris Style Bureaus.

Think of the convenience. Think of the satisfaction, and think of the SAVING; for under this new method of buying DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS, you get fine, perfect-fitting silk hosiery AT MILL PRICES.

To insure service, top, toe and heel are made of finest lisle. Every pair is guaranteed.

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS

Indianapolis : Indiana

THERE IS A BRANCH OFFICE IN YOUR CITY — CONSULT PHONE DIRECTORY

Without Cost to You Correct color combinations of hosiery, dresses, hats and shoes for either street, sport, afternoon or evening costume are insured by the use of the Real Silk Color Harmony Chart. With the assistance of our New York and Paris Style Bureaus, I personally designed this chart for your convenience, and will gladly send it to you without cost. Just fill out the coupon and mail.

Katherine Harford

This Coupon Brings to You Miss Harford's New Color Harmony Chart FREE . . . .

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. D-9, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please have Miss Harford send me, without cost or obligation, the Real Silk Color Harmony Chart

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

This Gold Button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home

© 1925

Make this one gallon test

A Gallon of Veedol Forzol is the correct amount to pour into the breather pipe of your Ford after the crankcase has been drained. Your dealer can supply you with Veedol Forzol in a sealed one gallon can.

The operating economy you expect from your Ford

is made possible by this oil created to lubricate Fords exclusively

MANY Ford owners complain of the cost of operating their cars. Frequent repairs, low gasoline and oil mileage, costly chatter, excess carbon—all these pile up expense and defeat economy.

Yet the car itself is not to blame. The Ford can be, should be in fact, the most economical of all cars to operate.

The fault is the owner's. Too often he overlooks the vital fact that the lubrication system of the Ford differs from that of any other car.

The special Ford system of lubrication

The engine and the transmission of your Ford are combined in one housing. Both are lubricated by *one* oil—the same oil. This should be a definite economy. Yet ordinary motor oils are not designed to meet this dual lubrication problem. They may lubricate the Ford engine perfectly but fail as a lubricant for the transmission.

This failure results in jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse your Ford. Chatter is more than merely annoying—it is *costly*. It causes destructive vibration that racks your entire car, heads it for the repair shop, and shortens its life. It makes your car uncomfortable and expensive to drive.

How an oil was created to master this problem

For four long years Tide Water engineers wrestled with the dual lubrication problem of the Ford. Hundreds of laboratory experiments were made, hundreds of road tests. Finally they perfected, in Veedol Forzol, an oil which mastered the problem.

Veedol Forzol not only perfectly lubricates the Ford engine, but also lubricates the Ford transmission—perfectly.

Made exclusively for the Ford, it is indispensable to the Ford's best performance. It gives your Ford the smooth running ease of higher priced cars, plus eight definite economies that contribute to the low operating cost you expect from your Ford.

The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

Use Veedol Forzol and secure true Ford operating economy. Any Veedol dealer, or any one of several thousand Ford agencies will gladly drain your crankcase and refill it with Veedol Forzol, *the economy oil for Fords.*

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York *(main office)*; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland (Ore.).

Ford Owners in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL FORZOL

REG U S PAT OFF

The economy oil for Fords

COPYRIGHT 1924

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 50)

listener whenever anyone would talk. Eventually, however, I was given an assignment to report some trivial event that I have since forgotten. I recognized the order as my great opportunity and rushed out of the office in a high state of excitement. There was no difficulty in getting the news, so I returned promptly. Writing it presented the real opportunity and I was determined to do something masterly.

You gentlemen have been reading newspapers for the greater part of your lives; you recognize differences in the quality of news stories; perhaps you think you could sit down and write one in newspaper style. Well, my bet is five to one that you cannot. One learns to do a thing by doing it and not by observing—a truism whose merit is not declining. On the way back to the office I thought of a little verse from Wordsworth that would make precisely the right introduction to my story. In order to avoid error I went directly to the library and copied this verse, consuming not more than twenty minutes. Then I wrote my story.

I could use a typewriter, but was not accustomed to composing at the same time; doing two things at once made progress rather slow. I knew that the copy did not have to be perfect, so I used a soft pencil to smear over typographical errors. There were other smears marking sentences that I had improved or discarded. At the end of two hours I proudly placed upon the copy readers' desk three pages that must have suggested either a Chinese laundry list or a secret code done with an instrument for cuneiform writing.

Someone else meantime had written the story and turned it in more than an hour before. He got the facts out of another paper. When my story was presented the man on the copy desk glanced at it and brushed the sheets into a wastebasket. Then he grinned and fished them out again. Later the story was pasted on the bulletin board, but everyone was kind enough not to intimate the reason in my presence.

A Christmas Job

I wandered around the office for a week after that, struggling with an unhappy impression that I was not a complete success. No one noticed me. Finally it occurred to me that the clever maneuver, under such circumstances, would be to do something on my own initiative that would quite startle the city editor and thus restore me to his favor. But what to do? After mature deliberation I decided upon a literary essay. This was produced after ten hours of writing, interrupted by frequent trips to the library. Using a pencil, I found it much easier to compose, though I have always been very slow. The essay was about two columns in length—or would have been if printed. I couldn't think of parting with my original, so I made a typewritten copy and gave that to the city editor in person. It seemed to me that literature was not entirely safe in the hands of the copy reader who had thrown my other offering into the wastebasket. This stroke of cleverness on my part brought instant action. The city editor read the first paragraph, then he ran his fingers through his hair several times as though struggling to recall something important. Finally he recalled it and his face brightened with happiness. He beamed at me through his spectacles.

"You are what it was," he said; "I forgot to fire you. Here, let me make you out a slip."

He performed that feat with amazing rapidity. I accepted the slip with a polite bow of thanks and presented it to the cashier, where it was at once honored, and my journalistic career was at a close. The next copy of the paper that I had the pleasure of reading was purchased from a newsboy at the retail price of one cent. I turned at once to the want-ad page and there opportunity smiled upon me in large letters. Christmas was almost upon us and the book dealers were in urgent need of extra salesmen, as they frankly confessed. In fact they threw themselves upon the mercy of the public and declared in advance that they would pay liberal wages. I tested this statement at once and found it true, much to my relief; for thus reassured, I could afford to purchase a heavier suit of clothes. The weather was growing colder.

The head of the employment department of the establishment to which I applied for work questioned me about my experience and was delighted when I informed him that I had formerly owned and operated a bookstore. He considered my advent almost too good to be true. I was assigned to a post at once. I dare say that there are clerks who do not welcome the pre-Christmas rush; but I was certainly not one of them. As a book dealer I had once suffered from a dearth of customers and my point of view was radically influenced by the experience. To have books to sell and hordes of customers to buy them was as near heaven as I could hope to arrive on this planet. I not only sold the books people asked for but I begged them to buy more. I pleaded and cajoled. What was money for if not to buy books? And where can you get more for your money than publishers offer? I implored people to buy nothing but books. And quite a few of them were influenced by these fervid prayers, I am happy to say, for my opinion has not changed in the least. Whether we like it or not, the life of a human being is circumscribed by his mental limitations. In no other way can he widen his horizon and enrich his daily life so pleasantly and so cheaply as by reading. I sometimes wonder if the purveyors of this great blessing have not made it too easy. Perhaps if people found it vastly more difficult to possess literature they would be more eager to obtain it.

A Try at Publishing

After the Christmas rush was over I remained, having won a place as a salesman by making a record that I have since been told was very commendable. That experience behind the counter has been of tremendous value to me ever since. It still seems strange to me that I did not think of seeking employment in a bookstore much earlier. However, I have noticed that many men do not find themselves until they are figuratively flat on their backs and desperate. One would be more likely to evolve the theory that a man would find himself and his work by leisurely self-examination during a period of financial comfort, but observation leads me to quite the opposite conclusion.

As long as a dissatisfied man is making a living and keeping his head above water, he fears to make a change; let circumstances hurl him into the ditch, and instead of being dazed, he sees with remarkable clarity. Perfectly illogical, but true. I could cite you half a dozen instances of men who date the beginning of their success by sudden loss of employment or even physical mishaps that appeared to be unalloyed tragedy at the time. Because of my own experience and these observations, the thought always comes into my mind that a man who has been unceremoniously fired when he lacks money to protect him from the imminent danger of hunger is more probably on the highroad to success than starvation.

Surely I am not the only person who has observed this ever-recurring phenomenon of our clumsy struggle to keep on doing the things we don't want to do until necessity makes our real choice for us. Who has not heard a dozen men say that they must hang onto the jobs they don't want in order to achieve their goals? We humans are a queer lot who give infinite thought to subjects of no great consequence to ourselves, reserving our choicest stupidity for vital, personal problems. But that is preaching, and again I beg your pardon. I must go on with the story and let it disclose its own morals.

Selling books suited my tastes and abilities so well that I had no desire to do anything else. That I ever left such happy employment was due to necessity arising in another direction. I wished to marry. There was no very alluring prospect of promotion, and even twice the salary I was earning would not have been adequate for the standard of living that I desired. By making inquiry I came in touch with the representatives of publishing houses and discovered that I had many qualifications for serving them. Not the least of these was a willingness to begin at the bottom and study the business. I had always been eager to do that wherever I sought work. There is a great deal of plain, hard labor to be done in a publishing establishment—among other things, packing books for shipment—but I was willing to do the work.

My experience in journalism had given me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson about the dangers of a golden opportunity picked prematurely. I wanted to proceed with greater care this time. The establishment in which I found employment was rather large and divided into departments. This gave me an opportunity to see more of the machinery than would have been visible in an office where one man was czar. Some of the most successful publishing businesses are operated on the latter plan, however, and it has my enthusiastic approval. Usually one man builds a business; many carry on his work.

One of the most successful publishers I know passes upon everything himself, even to the advertisements sent out. I envy that man because he is so thoroughly the opposite of myself. He was formerly a stockbroker who loved good books just as I did. Although he was very successful in the brokerage business, he decided that he would prefer to be a publisher, and without more ado he became a publisher. The change apparently gave him no more qualms than drinking a glass of water. He selected the sort of books he wished to publish and launched his enterprise—a success from the first day.

His judgment must be good, for he accepts or rejects a manuscript largely upon the basis of whether he likes it or doesn't. If he likes it, he assumes others will. A man of that sort has a rare gift. I am informed that he now does a business of upward of a million dollars a year on not much more than two hundred thousand dollars of capital, which means that he turns his capital five times annually. That is quite a feat in the publishing business, especially when one's imprint means quality, as his does.

The book-publishing business in this country is growing steadily better at an amazing rate. Public taste is reflecting the thousand beneficial effects of our numerous magazines and the better lot in life of the average man. The outlook for publishing is nothing less than wonderful. I am tempted to deliver you an oration on the subject of the books now read by school children as supplementary to their texts. Standards climb overnight. In this country there is no ground for pessimism about the masses of our population. I realize, of course, that a great many millions of people still read trash, and I take it as an excellent forecast for the future. If they can acquire the habit of reading, I care very little about the means employed. I know their taste will improve.

Genius Irrepressible

But I wander from the plot of my story. You must forgive me for that, because I am not a great publisher, nor even the head of my firm, as you know. My first great opportunity in the publishing business came in a queer way. I discovered that I could estimate the merits and demerits of a manuscript just as easily as I could pass upon a book. It may interest you to know that some of the very best-informed critics of literature cannot do that. With a printed book before them, they bring to bear all their critical faculties, but a manuscript baffles them. They are not certain whether it is good, bad or indifferent. For the most part such men lean to the opinion that it is no good. I think this peculiarity has accounted for the rejection of certain book manuscripts that were so excellent the whole world has since wondered how any publisher ever could have refused them. Our office had such a man and his unfortunate failure gave me my opportunity. However, his requested resignation sent him to success. He was really a writer and not an editor. Unusual ability in both fields is rare; the one talent absorbs the other, as a rule, though there are notable exceptions.

For several years I continued under the delusion that I would eventually write; but now I know that I never shall, unless perhaps something unimportant. Mine is not the creative genius. I was always about to write; conditions were never quite propitious. Reasons for postponement of the effort were legion. The true creative genius cares almost nothing for conditions. He writes as the plants bear their fruit, by a law of Nature. Some work slowly and very painfully, driving themselves to the task, but they work. Others work with ease. I have in mind one man who required more than two years to produce a book. He gave it all his time and sent in the manuscript eight or ten or twenty pages in each letter, at intervals of a week or a month, according to his rate of production. He probably worked harder than another writer I know who produced two better books and a number of short stories in the same period of time. But the point is that writing men do not forever postpone; they can't; it isn't their nature.

There are a lot of ridiculous traditions about writers. Most of the publishers I know regard their pleasant associations with these men and women as the most valuable return of their businesses, for publishing makes few millionaires. The disappointed man or woman who is out of his element, or has not yet found the means to give his genius expression, is much more likely to be the eccentric person pictured by the public as an author than the man whose work they read. Writers—especially Americans—are frequently very versatile; a number of them are successful professional or business men as well as authors. I do not find their personalities as a class marked by more eccentricity than exists among men in other occupations. Some of them, of course, are a three-ring circus, but I've been told just as amusing things about brick masons and sea captains.

The Back List

Again I beg pardon for wandering afield. I have devoted most of my time as a publisher to building up what we call the back list—that is to say, books which will continue to sell for many years. All of us try to do that. Only a very few houses, in spite of their efforts in that direction, could go on profitably for several years without publishing anything new. That condition, however, is the goal we set for ourselves as the ultimate success—a back list standing alone. But sometimes I wonder if it really would mean success. Might it not, on the other hand, be a sign of old age? The answer would depend, of course, upon how such security was used.

Only very rarely do we make an unexpected ten-strike, such as bringing out five thousand copies with fear and trembling, and then continuing on and on until total sales reach a hundred thousand or more. Most of the surprises in the publishing business are on the other side of the ledger. With painful frequency we prepare ourselves to handle a best seller, a volume that has qualities calculated to make it a staple article of our trade for at least a decade, only to discover that we can't sell it at all. I could name several wonderful books whose utter failure leaves me completely baffled.

There is no boredom in the publishing business, I can assure you. It is touch and go for a wild gamble against odds every time a manuscript is sent to press. We know the perils of the business and few of us dare to publish very much that we don't think will sell, yet the final count is about four to one against us. For me the most pleasant surprise this business affords is the experience of seeing a book that registered comparative failure at first slowly pick up, year after year, and finally enter the merchandise class. I can name several books in that classification which will eventually make their authors and publishers more money than a brief popular success earns.

No matter how long you remain in the publishing business you are bound to feel like a novice. Times and taste, world events and educational advancement move so rapidly that the best any of us can do is to make a very human guess, though at the time of making it we feel conviction. Not one of my firm's great successes astonished me in the slightest. I was confident of every one of them—also I was sure of success for the failures.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I urge all of you to drop everything and be publishers. There is nothing else worth doing, by comparison. If you will heed my call we can achieve an absolutely perfect world in which everyone is interested in books. We will each buy the others' output and thus none of us will fail. I stumbled halfway around the world trying to find this business, and I am now somewhat enthusiastic about it, for a man appreciates his work in proportion to the number and severity of his previous failures. The harder they hit him the more certain it is that his place awaits him.

MEET THE COOK

(Continued from Page 54)

and what we have heard a French chef say when the bird escaped his grasp and slithered across the kitchen floor, we wonder why nailing the patient to the table has never been mentioned in the treatises. For I have pored over a German folio, of the sort that a librarian spreads out on a cleared acre of reference table, and observed that boning turkey was a matter of scalpel, forceps, compass, tailor's chalk, a theodolite and logarithms, but not of hammer and nails.

Doc Culpepper disclaims the credit. Your physician always does that—modestly shoves the credit of his best tricks onto some previous operator. In this case it was a famous colored cook who presided for years at Murphy's.

"Used to poke into the kitchen and watch that boy every time I went to Richmond Had an interest in him," he declares; "his father was my grandfather's butler down on the York for fifty years."

Doc has the habit of talking to himself. I am not sure whether he is diverting the turkey—physicians so often seek to distract the patient—or is addressing me, until he turns and points across the yard to a lane ending in a field of winter wheat, now finger high and vivid as a green carpet.

"You see the old iron gate is gone," he remarks. I had missed it. It used to swing, a curious piece of old cast iron, between the stable and a great brick barn. "Gave it to a man who wanted it for his garden gate."

"Did you tell him about it—the circumstances?"

"No; all he wanted was the gate. Had a fondness for old castings."

That gate, together with a portrait of Cousin Adelbert, a young man in sporty riding clothes, which hangs in the east parlor upstairs, is a clew to a bit of family history, the essential factors in which are two mineral springs down there where pasture and woodland merge into a cedar glen. Adelbert owned these springs. They were, you might say, Nature's supreme olfactory offense. You can smell them at a distance never achieved by a soap factory or a boiled dinner, and once upon a time they were to have been a great cure. Ballroom, roulette wheels, tiddledywinks—everything that makes a cure—were ready when suddenly Adelbert, the finest racing rector ever produced outside the British Isles, a man ——

But here I ask a question.

"Adelbert's downfall was very sudden, wasn't it, doctor?"

"Took place in three hours. Went to bed with that book at ten. Came rushing downstairs at one, ran to the river, jumped in and baptized himself by moonlight."

High-Grade Surgery

And the book? Only a surveyor's chart, with copious marginal notes, showing all the entrances and none of the exits of hell, with an appendix on the Certainty of Our Damnation, and was written by a Mr. Edwards, of New Jersey, an author who was the best heller of his own or any other day. The gate—and I suspect Doc Culpepper is glad to be rid of it and of the necessity of explaining its story—was a masterpiece. It showed Apollo and Aphrodite in kilt and camisole, telling Christopher Columbus that a mere continent was of no consequence except as it revealed these potent waters.

It is gone, but some things are more lasting than bronze; and the backsliding of Adelbert, I have no doubt, will remain as an awful example forever.

Thedoctorisdrawingthetendons. Hehas, with but one incision—two less than even a chef allows—and that an incision down the length of the backbone, worked every bit of the edible bird loose from its skeleton and has clipped the tendons. And all this with just a limber kitchen knife, to follow between tissue and bone, and a pair of scissors that have clipped the cords. He slides both hands between flesh and bone, gives a quick wrench, grasps the second joint on the inside, pulls the creature's legs on the outside, and the whole comes off like a glove, inside out.

Triple is adamant in his conviction as to what shall stuff the boned turkey. More turkey or else chicken is the creed of his family. After that, a concession to traditions of the Eastern Shore permits chopped oysters. He fills the chinks and crannies where the bones came out with fillets of chicken for this occasion, and bundling the whole business neatly together, skewers it and rolls it in a white cloth, bandaging until it is a package of curious shape and proportion.

Sally Hipps has put on an enormous pot to boil, and Triple sees that the tide of ebullition shall not mount higher than the platform of two bricks upon which the bird is to rest in a primitive steam chamber. It may be a notion, but it seems to me those honest old bricks play their part in this business. The pressure steam cooker in the hotel, which would, of course, do the job in one hour, is to my thinking too impersonal. In this time-honored contrivance a dull bubbling goes on all day. The kitchen is in an umber twilight long before the turkey is lifted out, put in a great pan, under the pressure of two clock weights and as many sadirons as Triple can pile one upon another.

The bones have stewed along with onions in a covered pan in the oven. They make a powerful gravy. And such is your Virginian's fidelity to tradition that the same will be passed, piping hot, for use with the cold bird.

A Feast for the Gods

Tomorrow turns out a blustery day. For the party in the evening the parlors are warmed by log fires, built early in the day, that roar, burn down and are rebuilt. The doors are kept shut to confine the heat. Master of ceremonies is the old Llewellyn, Powhatan by name, Old Hat for short. All day yesterday he watched the turkey boil to see that it didn't go dry, and today he trails Sally Hipps as she sweeps and dusts and brushes the notable green rep curtains at the long windows, draperies that, bowing together at the top, recede, bustle back over a great glass knob and trail a voluminous skirt on the floor. Silhouettes of ten-foot ladies doing the Grecian bend, so exactly pictured in Godey's Book right there on the center table.

No one, indeed, is ever so anxious for the success of a party as the all-around dog Old Hat grows more and more solemn as the day goes on; like Triple, whose culinary earnestness shuts off all trivial concerns and culminates in the relaying of hot biscuits to the supper table. This is the big responsibility at a Virginia supper. It means successive pans from which fiery hot ones can be sent to replace those whose fever has subsided. They are the trained biscuits, a logical descendant of the beaten biscuit, and are the outstanding point of difference between North and South. Trained to yawn open slightly, they exhibit a certain cleavage, like a thirsty clam, and cry out to be immediately buttered. There is a trick in their making. Triple says there are two:

"Knead the dough, just like light bread. Then go away and let it alone. Smoke a pipeful. Read a book. Do anything. Then roll them and fold them and roll them again."

Southerners deplore the excessive bunchiness—be it ever so light—of the soda biscuit of the North, or as it figures in hotels to suit the Northerner in the South. It is on the plantations and in the citadels of tradition such as Richmond and Charleston that one gets their exquisite biscuit in its true delicacy. Most everybody at supper tonight butters six or seven and puts them on the edge of the plate for handy reference, where they make one of the handsomest decorations I have ever noted on any china.

There are lots of things besides the turkey; ham, cakes, pastry and endless pickles—all exemplifying treasured recipes that Triple has harbored from cousinly cookbooks of Garnetts, Twymans and Willises, Majors, Gordons or Taliaferros, contingents of whom are on hand, sponsors of their tribal treasures.

But the boned turkey's the thing. It has in its entirety that quality intact which the cold bird used to have somewhat, when, without conscience, we purloined it at midnight after the Thanksgiving dinner, and picked away at choice bits, surprised to find how much finer it had become. In these present slices—areas of light and dark in melting mosaic—it is far, far removed from turkey touched with herbs, or in *pâté* with truffles and the forty kinds of tripe that princes and principalities have declared the thing in sophisticated Europe.

To leave a lamplit room and friends takes character. Didn't know we had so much. The doctor drives us down and it is worth noting that starlight and the open do not quell his flow of spirit. They shut most people up like a clam. But he spills a bit of news. Triple's solemn calm, did I notice it? Well, he's going to be married. And I wonder if his wife will let him go on cooking boned turkey. I rather think he won't ask her permission.

It is the untutored cook that makes the big hit with the globe trotters. The Sicilian peasant who fries blue-shelled mussels in oil with garlic, throws in brown rice, saffron and red wine, and then deliberately tosses the whole thing on a heap of chopped lettuce and cress and serves it—a bastard salad or a stew gone wrong; does it all with a sleepy instinct, a devil-may-care heedlessness that is half of what hypnotizes the tourist. It has a greenery-yallery, juicy, salty quality, with a sea tang and an onion tang, that penetrates his skull, lingers around under his dome and tries to get out through his eyes.

That peasant never worked with a chef, knows nothing of cookbooks. Yet we could draw the portrait of his ancestor, a statuesque antiquity, who stood at the banked charcoal ranges of a villa in Pompeii, exempt from punishment, favored, a tyrant under a tyrant, because he could cook this very dish.

These intuitive cooks intrigue investigation. For though home cooking is 90 per cent of it the very worst cooking, the other 10 per cent, particularly where it is a product of local things and no sophistication at all, is something that outclasses the efforts of the most exact graduate of the cooking schools. If it gets back to something half barbaric, still better.

For instance, consider terrapin stewed down thick, returned to the shell and smothered under seaweed. That's a new one—even to Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, who, with a tradition of terrapin in a veal broth with Madeira wine, long ago patented a dish of high but too variegated flavor. A turtle has in his fragile steaks and elfin fat a taste that his own native elements can alone rejuvenate.

A Cook Inspired

I'll bet two crullers and a prune that if you could go back to the Congo, where Rosa Rosette Poshay's ancestresses cooked turtles, you'd find that mud and aquatic plants covered the meat in the shell, and that it was all buried in a hole under the embers. At any rate, Rosa Rosette, in my gallery of cooks, occupies a unique position, equally as do her surroundings. She is barbaric, a huge, black efflorescence of tropical lineage, tropical indeed as a python, whose easy-going dead weight of power she suggests. She cooks turtle—both kinds—in that way, and cooks other things with a magnificence of intuition and a dead-or-alive air of slumbering volcanic force that make her a prime example of America's most singular and almost vanished artists.

One cannot think of her out of her environment, any more than of palmettos in Central Park. Where Nature has actually conspired against the frantic hegira to the North, some few of her kind—huge ones like her who must go, if at all, by freight—have stayed monumentally fixed where, to say one thing, they will live the longest. No one knows what she weighs, as she consistently avoids the hay scales. But the kitchen where she cooks for the Delaignes down at St. Hyacinth's has a tendency to collapse sou'westwards, at which corner she and the cookstove keep weighty company, and it would wrench entirely free of the connecting lean-to of the mansion did not perpetual washings require her with her washtubs at an opposite corner. This is a happy counterstrain and has preserved that portion of the estate.

Huge washings, meals for from ten to twenty people are her day's work; for the Delaignes, spare people of elegance and fragility, with a distinctly Gallic bias in their preferences, being four in all, two of each sex, and apparently of the same age to the minute, long ago opened their sixteen-room house to the accommodation of anybody—once.

No, they are not the novelist's impoverished aristocrat. Fiction has dwelt on that to absurd length. They are of Huguenot descent, and nobody with a gill of French blood, though reduced by war or any other disaster, ever stayed poor longer than to scratch up a dollar, put it in the bank and let it grow and grow and grow. The ability to forget that dollar, just like something you agreed never to mention again, and to let it stay there, putting on financial fat, until it cracks the vault and cries out for relief, is French. There are only eleven French people in all our almshouses. I can't prove it, but anybody minded to the contrary will have to go to a lot of trouble to disprove it. Think of all the letters he'll have to write! I wouldn't be in that man's shoes for a minute! Nor are they miserly. The truth is that the French can be elegant on one dollar where the rest of the world requires ten. That's as old as Cæsar, and it was all that ailed him when he saw the Gauls were twice as nifty on nothing at all as he was with everything at his command. He naturally started something. For practically all the wars in history have been to see who could put on the most style.

Hot Weather Specialties

It is in this subtropic that Rosa Rosette, as giantess and as artist, is at home. Take her out of it and she would probably die shivering in a steam-heated police station—for she has peevish spells that have led to the bar of justice; little offish moments, not more than a volcano or an earthquake. Her white people shut the dining-room door and hope it will pass. Her colored friends, if gathered to pour oil of sympathy on the flames of wrath, stand from under, watching the direction of the storm; while any suspecting she may whip around to smite them hip and thigh make large prestissimo footprints for the woods.

What engages my interest in particular is that under stress, nay, with jail and contumely to be faced, her art, instead of subsiding, rises but to higher points, which goes to show that art is impersonal and the more awful things that happen to a great technician, the more is his impersonality released. That sounds pretty deep and we hand it over to anybody looking for something to write about.

In the case of Rosa Rosette let's narrow down to a June day of awful heat, a day of wrath, of shrimps in a gumbo, green turtle, assault and battery, iced figs in jelly, stone crabs in a *beurre piquant*, a procession to the jail and an apricot *gâteau*. I think it began, or was forewritten, in the sunset of the previous evening, which blazoned over sea and village like embers of Gehenna seen through bars of purgatory, with green streamers and cauliflower clouds of umber and violet. Turner, had he seen it, would have wondered why he bothered with his burning Slave Ship. Crack of doom was plainly at hand; nevertheless another day did dawn, and with it came the kind of heat that sends the fish to deep water. Stationary buzzards pinned to a glazed sky—a bad sign. Gardenias in bowls in darkened rooms; also opoponax and crape myrtle, gathered before dawn, with the dew on them.

Uncles and aunts in pairs were listening for a boat to put in down there where oyster shells and terrapin pens cluster to a shaky wharf. It would be a flat bateau with a gas engine audible, though not recognized, as far as Cape May. With it would arrive a niece, a graduate with a diploma, one engagement ring on her finger, two more in her possession and another forthcoming after the party tonight. At least that was Uncle Vergil's surmise. He hoped so, anyway; gloried in her beauty, her aloofness, her remarkable carriage. He said she passed from room to room like a queen about to give audience. Probably that expresses it. If so, it corrects my notion that a queen stays where they put her and the audience does the walking.

It was ordained by Miss Annie, whispering from the stairhead, that the house should now preserve silence, go on tiptoe. The sleeping beauty was reviving after an entire night on an epileptic train. The order went in whispers from uncle to uncle and room to room. Then came a crash, a scream, two roars and a trembling as of earthquake, the same being central in the

(Continued on Page 72)

News of First National Pictures

That Sunday Morning Feeling

ONLY the soothing arms of Mary Hay are preventing Dick Barthelmess (on the left) from completely annihilating a demoniacal alarm clock which has just ruined a perfectly good Sunday morning. The scene is from "New Toys," a John S. Robertson production, in which Barthelmess and Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) prove that newlywed troubles are uproariously funny to everyone except the newlyweds themselves.

"New Toys" differs from other Barthelmess pictures in theme, but like every photoplay he has ever made, it is clean and wholesome entertainment.

"I Want My Man"

"I WANT MY MAN," the new First National picture in which Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon are featured, has already started a lot of talk—and a lot of thinking.

It is a story of a man blinded for eight years and opening his eyes again upon this modern jazz age. From then on his heart is fair prey. And the hunters are: the type of girl he used to know in 1916 and a 1925 flapper model. The picture can tell you who won—and set you wondering why.

"I Want My Man" is the screen version of Struthers Burt's novel "The Interpreter's House." It has been reviewed as the outstanding society drama of the year.

Above—
Doris Kenyon in
"I Want My Man"

Ben Lyon
and Marjorie
Daw in "One
Way Street"

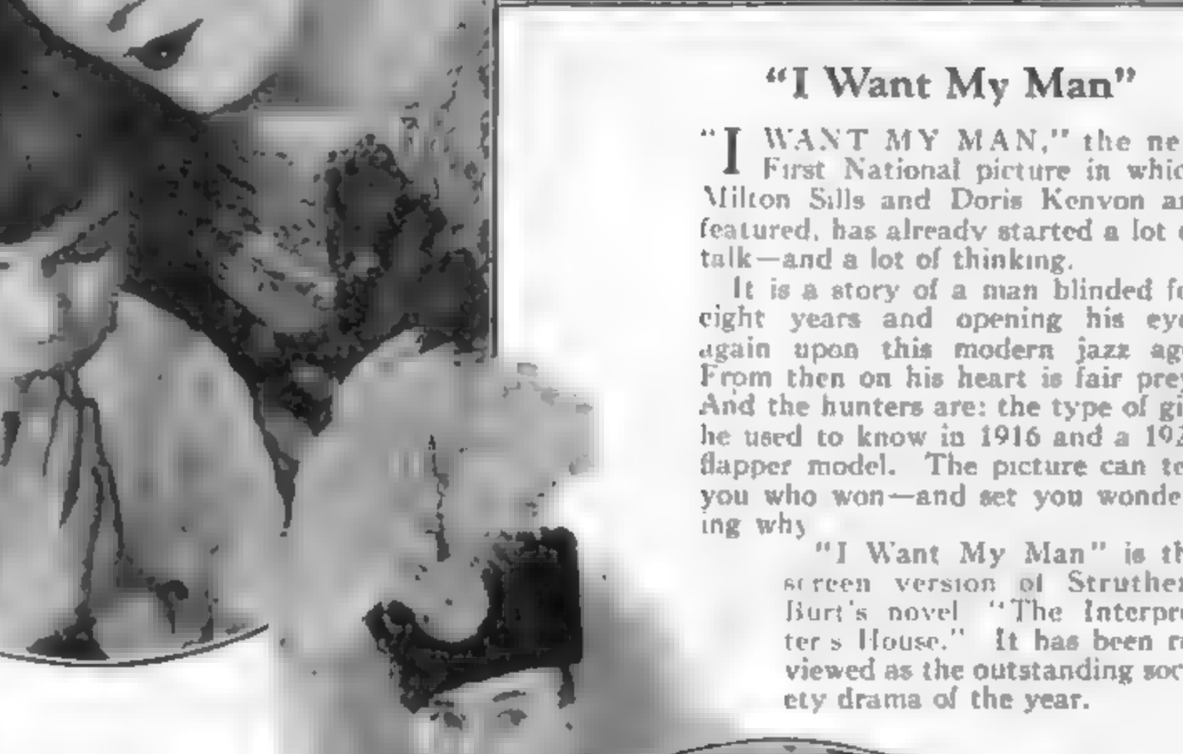
"One Way Street"

WHO is more relentless than a woman in pursuit of the man she wants? She will beguile and slander to attain her end. "One Way Street" tells the story of such a woman, primitive despite the artificialities of modern society. Anna Q. Nilsson plays the rôle, and Ben Lyon, one of the younger screen favorites, is the sought-after young man. He is seen above with Marjorie Daw, the third principal in the cast.

"One Way Street" takes you through the mazes of London society to thrill and fascinate you. It is an adaptation of Beale Davis's story directed by John Francis Dillon under the supervision of Earl Hudson

"Sally"

ON the right is Colleen Moore, charmingly cast in one of those romances that keep your heart young. It is "Sally," from Flo Ziegfeld's musical comedy, and Colleen plays the plucky little girl whose twinkling toes take her from a cheap cafe's dishpan to the dazzling footlights of Broadway. Quite appropriately Leon Errol (right) appears in the rôle which brought him such success on the stage. Lloyd Hughes has the leading masculine rôle



(Continued from Page 70)

kitchen. Dogs barked, the gate slammed, scuffing feet sounded on the gravel.

Uncles Vergil and Lucius rushed to the dining room, opened the rear door. A tirade of roaring gullah—that language of Carib, French, English and Senegambian, lingo of the Sea Islands blacks—was issuing from Rosa Rosette's throat. A vocal machine gun of monosyllabic bullets. Through the trellis of the porch and beyond the woodpile the paling fence was punctuated by black faces and—horrible vision—face downward on the steps lay a mulatto boy, the boy hired yesterday to wait on table. Expostulations and explanations were in gullah and molten English. In effect, Rosa Rosette, worshiping white folks, admiring black folks, despised, disdained and forbade to enter her premises one of an in-between shade—say, chrome yellow, like the present victim.

"I knew this would happen," whispered Uncle Lucius.

"I thought maybe she'd overlook it just for a day or two." And Vergil shook his head apologetically. He had hired the boy.

"She's killed him!"

"Let him lie there. The coroner. You'd better step over to Mr. Pipper's. Tell him to come at once."

And Lucius hurried down the gallery to the front gate.

And what was Rosa Rosette doing? Daintily arranging split fresh figs on a dish and pouring jelly of scuppernong grapes over them. Also she was ululating one of her favorite songs, "Hang high, Haman, on the galler tree." No impertinence to anybody this, just a huge defiance of men and gods. There was a wicked roll to her eye. She lightly kicked the drafts of the stove, bowled a bowl of roll dough to the table, hurtled firewood, toyed with the rolling pin—a lioness licking her chops. Vergil closed the door.

"She isn't drunk, but she's dangerous. She says the boy kept pestering her to hurry up breakfast. I hope Mr. Pipper doesn't arrive too soon—not till she quiets down. She's likely to throttle him."

"Not with his gun pointed at her she won't."

She heard what they said and the timbers rocked with her laughter.

"Please, Mist' Lushe, yo-all aat 'at she'iff man t' set hisse'f on de back po'ch an' mek hisse'f t' home. Ah ain't no time be projeckin eroun' with no jails. Ah's got cookin' t' do. Come two erclock, Ah's ready an' willin' to escote mahse'f t'de jug."

Mr. Pipper arrived, looked around, sat down behind the gourd vines of the kitchen porch, chair tilted back against the cistern. He seemed a drowsy impersonation of the law and very accommodating. When he casually remarked that he would like to see the body, a shocking realization dawned that the essential exhibit had been missing for some time. And Rosa Rosette spoke with horrifying composure.

"Ah's gwine perduce de corp at de proper time. An' Ah ain' say no mo'. Ah mought damage mah standin' befo' de law."

The household, awe-struck, scandalized, but—shall we admit it?—secretly entertained, could only stand from under and listen to the thunderings as she cut loose with the cooking.

Bowls of turtle meat went into a skillet—butter, nutmeg, lemon, grated egg yolks. Hallowed egg whites, filled with cubes of turtle fat, she assembled for the garnish. Turtle shells filled with the mixture were set in a pan, upon them strands of a lettuce-green seaweed were laid lovingly over, another pan inverted on top and the oven door banged upon them. Not until rewarmed and ready to serve were they divested of the seaweed, which here gave the essential whiff that it also imparts to the time-honored clambake of New England.

Rosa Rosette's Ultimatum

On this occasion she was using steaks from flapper and rump of the big leatherback turtle. But later in the year, with terrapin fattened upon fiddler crabs in the pens, she would pursue the same method, and terrapin, baked both in this style and in the highly wined stew, would be on the table.

If you try, as I have often done, to trace the origin of this dish, you inquire in vain. The truth must be that the unsophisticated negro of the Sea Islands, harking back to jungle traditions, has been cooking turtle in this ultimately delicious manner—we might call it the way ordained by Nature—ever since he left the deltas of the Congo. Cooking it for himself, while the white folks, sunk in the rut of their own ideas, have gone on drowning it in veal broth and amontillado. Even Marion Harland's classic recipe abounds in much besides turtle meat.

It was now that Rosa Rosette began to ply the law and pack the jury and placate the court. She offered viands and Pipper fell. After a bowl of turtle, he declared that to hang such a cook was but to add a greater crime to the first offense.

"An' does yo' tek yo' coffee black or white, Mist' Pipper?" she demanded. "Yas-sir. Black. So Ah does."

The gumbo soup was conceived in fury and brought forth in wrath. Swashings of okra pods, tomatoes and chives, with vengeful choppings, were succeeded by a thunderous rearrangement of pots and pans on a trembling stove.

"Yo'-all's gotta lemme outen jail long ernuf t'dish mah gombo," she protested to the now-sleeping Pipper. "'Twon't be right lessen Ah's on han'."

She hung over it affectionately, putting in herbs by the speck. Then she settled down to the enforced quiet of peeling shrimp from their shells; for the finished gumbo, based on chicken, hinted vegetables and floated okra. It would have a hearty, luscious meatiness of shrimp and a suave cloudiness of rice.

Stone crabs—that is, their giant claws—came, flaming red, out of an iron pot, steaming forth a tonic vapor. She tackled them with a sadiron. Their flaky meat was piled into a salad bowl and hustled into oblivion to cool. She took a flight in the direction of a béarnaise dressing by flinging butter and cream together with punishing blows, converting them to a sauce with a scalding hot gill of vinegar. She beat and seasoned and sang; and behold, it was salad dressing, unctuous and aromatic, and left you to guess—merely guess—of a garlic bud.

Artists with a flair depart from slavish imitation. Rosa Rosette then went ahead of the original idea with her apricot *gâteau*. She had a terrible-looking iron, a wafer iron with long handles, and two flat plates that closed viselike upon each other, for the baking of a cake in paper thinness, a mere, melting crust. Something as rich as a poundcake went between those heated jaws, turned back and forth over the coals, was withdrawn on a fork and deftly wound around to form a cornucopia of edible gold.

To be met with pretty generally on the old plantations, these wafers of rich cake are always distinctive, but employed to carry a *bavaroise* of cream and fresh apricots they became horns of plenty, not more delicious than beautifully adapted to design, and a design they made in framing the mold of figs in jelly.

Her work was done—very much earlier under this potent stimulus of circumstance. She and Mr. Pipper departed, dramatically, attended by a swarm of gullah-chattering negroes. In front of the old powder house, long since denominated the jug, Rosa Rosette's accommodating and complacent mien changed. Before the assembled crowd she sat down on the door sill and invited the law to do its duty.

"Mist' She'iff, Ah's march down heah volumtary, Ah's done mah paht. Now Ah ast yo', Mist' Pipper, please put me in jail wiv yo' own han's." She lit her pipe.

No move on the part of black or white. Pipper might have shot her—short of that she had him in a fix. The prowess of the African brought the law of the land to a point of treaty—an improvised *habeas corpus* in which the size of the *corpus* counted for a lot.

The promise of that sunset was fulfilled. By four o'clock a storm, muttering from the Caribbees and churning the bay to a coffee-colored turmoil, made straight for St. Hyacinth's. It broke in the banging of blinds, the whanging of doors, the mad flight of everything to get under cover. And the rain just pounded holes. People sit around in a queer way during such tempests, twiddling their thumbs at destiny. It was dark and stifling in the parlor, but the aunts wouldn't let the uncles open anything for fear of the draft and the lightning, and when the stately niece began to play a nocturne they gently objected.

Vanishing Arts

"Exquisite, dear, but piano strings—the lightning, dear. Hadn't we better wait?"

The oppression was suddenly broken. Rosa Rosette loomed in the doorway.

"Miss Annie, please 'm, jes a minute. Dat yaller boy he say please yo' all owes him a day's wages. What? Oh, yas'm. No'm. He daid all day in er wood box unner mah table. Ah'se jes susserated him now. Complete. Yas'm. Souse him in er cistern. Souse him up an' souse him down. Seems lak de rain come special."

Taken as a whole, the talents of Rosa Rosette imparted to that evening not alone the bland, the zestful flavors of her cooking. There was a related taste, the feeling of having just left an opera that starred some hefty mezzo in a ripping rôle. But—twilight of the dusky gods—the mammies of Virginia are as good as gone and the maumers of the lower South are following them. If somebody does not capture and confine a few and learn their every trick and all their repertoire, a big thing in American art will merge forever with oblivion.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Hersey.

WRITE AND WRONG

(Continued from Page 62)

house. And as he approached, his eye missed no single detail of the confusion which was evident within.

It was quite plain that the occupants of the house were preparing to depart for somewhere—and to do it soon and completely. Packing cases were here, there and everywhere; excelsior was scattered about and old newspapers were present in profusion. Chew nodded contentedly; if Mr. and Mrs. Lijah Whittle were positively leaving, then the chances were they would settle for the slightly smaller amount Chew had decided to offer.

But first he wanted to be sure. Keeping his eyes focused on a window he started to circle the house. He walked proudly, purposefully and sturdily. And because of his prideful manner he did not see the old watering trough which lay directly across his path. His first intimation that there was any such obstacle came when his right ankle hooked very neatly on the edge of the trough. The pain was instant and sharp. Chew jerked away, and the other foot caught.

For a split second he fought to maintain a balance. He teetered uncertainly, and then, quite without warning, seated himself squshily in the very middle of the trough.

Whoooooosh! Goggles tumbled off, cane danced away. Chew struggled wildly, conscious only of the fact that his trousers and that portion of him which the trousers concealed—were very, very wet. And then, to make his dilemma more embarrassing, there appeared on the back porch a not uncomely young lady of mahogany complexion.

This person stared wide-eyed at the tableau. Then she placed ample hands on rounded hips and gave way to a paroxysm of mirth. Her merriment beat upon Chew's eardrums like direst insult, and he raised his voice.

"Who you laughin' at, woman?"

"You—tha's who! Oh, my golly! How come you ever to pick out that ol' trough to sit down in?"

"I di'n't pick it out. I di'n't even know it was there."

He elevated himself with considerable effort and stood regarding her angrily. Then he glanced down at the wreck of his pearl-gray trousers. They were in a sad condition, the water running from them in little rivulets. A groan escaped from between the learned lips.

"Ruint!" he moaned. "An' I ain't got one other single pant closer than Bumminham!"

Mrs. Whittle came closer. "What town you mentioned?"

"Bumminham."

"Is you fum there?"

"I is; an' my name is Lawyer Evans Chew."

For a moment she stared, a twinkle still lurking in her eyes. "Golly!" she murmured at length. "I never espected you would look like this."

"Nor neither did I. An' now"—he looked down upon the wreck of his raiment—"what is I gwine do? Heah I is in a strange town an' ain't got ary garment to take the place of these wet ones. An' bein' gray——"

"S'posin' I lend you one of my husban's pants?"

"Leave me see 'em."

The pants were disclosed. Chew politely tried to conceal the extent of his distaste. "Reckon them woul'n't blend with my coat awful good, Mis' Whittle."

The eyes of the dusky lady brightened. "Tell you what I'll do, Lawyer Chew. You go into the spare room an' han' them pants out to me. I dries 'em off an' presses 'em good an' they woul'n't hahdly nobody know anything was wrong."

Chew agreed with alacrity, and while the good housewife busied herself in the drying process Chew discussed matters with her through the doorway.

"You-all leavin' Mon'gomery, Mis' Whittle?"

"Yassuh; an' I don't mean maybe."

"Where to is you goin'?"

"St Looey."

"All packed up, ain't you?"

"Pretty near. We was aimin' to depaht as soon as we gotten that money offen you." She glanced through the front door. "Heah comes Lijah. I bet he's gwine be s'prised."

Lawyer Evans Chew gazed upon the massive figure of the approaching husband and then at his own condition of pronounced dishabille.

He was inclined to agree that Lijah would be surprised, and for an instant fear twitched his heart. But Lijah accepted his wife's explanation without question and immediately entered the room and introduced himself.

To Lijah, Lawyer Chew explained certain circumstances. From his wallet he extracted a number of yellow-backed twenty-dollar bills, which he spread enticingly on the table.

"Tha's two hund'ed dollars less than us ought to get," growled Lijah.

"Nossuh." Chew was prepared to argue. "It's on'y two hund'ed dollars less than you thought you was gwine get. Anyhow, tha's all what the xecutors authorize an' empower me to offer yo'se'f an' legally wedded wife, an' if you don't take same now—why, I reckon it means a lawsuit in the co'ts of this noble an' sov'eign state, which mos' prob'ly means that yo' money will git tied up fo' two or th'ee yeahs."

In the next room Mrs. Lijah Whittle was becoming interested in the conversation. She forgot her job and sidled toward the door, where she might miss no detail of the negotiations.

"Wha's Lawyer Chew tryin' to do, Lijah?"

"Make us take two hund'ed dollars less than ——"

"Don't do it. Us gits all or nothin'."

"Nothin' then," interjected Chew suavely. "Reckon that suits the xecutors pretty good."

Sight of the money was having its effect upon Lijah Whittle. He had planned to exodust within the next two weeks, and the prospect of having payment withheld for two years was not alluring.

"Seems like to me ——" he started, then broke off suddenly and sniffed the atmosphere. "What's that I smell burnin'?" he inquired

"Burnin'!" A shriek escaped from the lips of Mrs. Whittle. "Oh, Lawsy! It's Lawyer Chew's pants!"

Lijah bolted into the next room and removed the sadiron from the unoffending trousers. His wife surveyed the smoking ruins of the once-proud pants and wrung her hands with grief. Lawyer Evans Chew stared through the partly opened doorway.

Lijah grasped the trousers firmly by the belt straps and held them aloft. The front was not at all affected, but the hindmost portion had been considerably less fortunate. The red-hot sadiron, left perched upon the seat of the trousers, had worked not wisely but very well indeed. Quite cleanly and clearly it had burned its own image where only a very long frock coat

(Continued on Page 74)

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

The Pecks live in a New York suburb. Jim Peck is the head of a small but successful business; he is also—at least nominally—the head of the Peck family. For three years the family has been talking about a trip to the Coast, and at last they are actually going.

This is the first vacation Jim has taken in five years. Changing tires on the road is one of the things he is NOT planning to do, hence the Kellys.

In subsequent issues of this publication we shall meet the Pecks on their travels.

WHEN you start out on a trip you want to feel reasonably sure that it is going to be made in comfort, and comfort means *riding* comfort as well as freedom from tire trouble.

Kelly Flexible Cords will give you real riding comfort and are dependable *besides.*

The reason is found in the Integral Bead construction, used only by Kelly. Instead of thousands of *short* cords, each cut off and held rigidly at the bead, the carcass of the Kelly Flexible Cord contains only a few *hundred long* cords, looped *around* the bead. This makes it as flexible as an old glove and also makes it possible to use a flexible *tread.*

Try these new Kellys. In addition to their easy-riding qualities, they will out-mile any tire you have ever used.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

(Continued from Page 72

could hope to conceal it. The erudite attorney from Birmingham expressed his opinion of Mrs. Lijah Whittle in no uncertain terms, and that lady tearfully indorsed everything he said.

"An' now," groaned Lawyer Chew, "what can a pantless man do when he has got to 'stall a lodge?"

It was a poser. Again Lijah's trousers were offered, and again declined. "Better my own with a hole in 'em than Lijah's without nothin'. I ain't so crazy 'bout Mistuh Whittle's style."

At length it was decided that Mrs. Whittle would do her best at patching the damage.

And while she was laboring industriously the couple accepted the money which Lawyer Chew had brought, a release was signed and the deal closed definitely and finally.

"Us removes ourse'ves away fum Mon'gom'ry mighty soon," vouchsafed Mr. Whittle. "We craves to see what the Nawth locks like."

The dusky lady handed the pants through the door. Her work as a seamstress was not bad, but pants and patch did not blend. Chew grumbled.

"Secon' in command of that degree team, an' Ise got to conduc' all them ceremonies sittin' down. Else git laughed at. Ain't never gwine travel again 'thout carryin' some spare pants. It's gwine be all right when I comes on the stage, but what happens when I walks off?"

He said his good-bys and joined his taxi driver. All the way back into the center of the city he was racking his brain for a solution to the problem.

The cool gray of evening was turned swiftly into velvet night. Lawyer Chew consulted his watch and uttered an exclamation of horror; thirty minutes before lodge meetin'. He reached the hotel, ordered sandwiches sent up to his room, and while making ready was visited by Potentate Isaac Gethers, Semore Mashby and Dr. Brutus Herring. They demanded to know where he had been and why he was keeping them waiting. Chew hemmed and hawed and tried to evade the issue, but the keen eyes of Semore Mashby detected the ravages of fire and water upon the pearl-gray pants.

"Great sufferin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "What has yo' pants been doin', Lawyer Chew?"

"What you mean—doin'?"

Semore circled Chew, and motioned the others to join him. "All blacked up like you gotten 'em wet—an' a big hole sort of burned in"

"Well," snarled Chew, "they was burnt!"

"An' was you in them pants at the time?"

"No, foolish. Co'se I wasn't. You reckon I would leave somebody come along an' burn me like that?"

Semore was persistence itself. "Where'd you go this afternoon?"

"Drivin'."

"How come you to take yo' pants off?"

Chew's brain worked swiftly. This would never do; best thing for him was to make a clean breast of it, confess that the joke was on him, and let the others have a good time. So he smiled ruefully and retailed the story of his disastrous visit to the Whittles' home; of the swim in the watering trough and the subsequent scorching of his trousers. He made it as funny as he could and they laughed heartily, and then he pledged them all to secrecy.

"You-all is my frien's," he pleaded, "an' you has had yo' fun offen me. Suttinly there ain't no use making me ridiculum befo' ev'ybody in Bumminham, is there?"

"No suh!" Brutus Herring was very positive.

"They shuah ain't!" echoed Isaac Gethers.

They turned upon Semore Mashby. "How 'bout you?"

"Me? Golly, I woul'n't go 'barrassing Lawyer Chew fo' nothin'."

Chew thanked them with tears in his eyes, and it was agreed that he would explain the hole in his trousers by blaming it on the hotel pressing shop.

The Montgomery officers swallowed the story without a wink. They not only did not make it a subject for jocularity but were exceedingly regretful that a visiting lodge officer should have been treated so disrespectfully by any local pants presser. They assured him that they would be delighted to make good his loss, but he waved an insouciant hand.

"Shucks, no! Wha's one pair of pants more or less between lodge brothers?"

The new Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise lodge was installed amid much revelry and enthusiasm. Immediately after the ceremony a large and earnest dance was held, a band furnishing the music. Early the following morning the Birmingham delegation returned to the Magic City, where Lawyer Chew's car was waiting at the train and he was driven home in the privacy of its tonneau.

Meanwhile in Chew's brief absence from the city a new sensation had shaken colored society to its foundations. Throwaways similar to that which had been shown to Chew by Semore Mashby on the train had been generally distributed, and the itch for authorship had infected slightly more than one hundred per cent of the dusky populace.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., had agreed not only to pay two hundred and fifty dollars in gold to the author of the best two-reel comedy synopsis but had contracted further to make an actual production of that picture with the author's name displayed in large letters. There appeared to be not a man, woman or child in the city who didn't know at least one good situation, and from the second day of the contest the judges were swamped with manuscripts of more or less startling degrees of impossibility.

Stories, stories, stories, some of them bad and some terrible; they came with letters assuring the judges that they must be good because they were taken from real life. Orifice R. Latimer and J. Cæsar Clump gazed at each other across the stacks of mail and wondered whether, after all, they had not been a bit hasty in bringing this deluge of labor upon themselves.

As for Semore Mashby, that gentleman was taking things easy. His presence on the board of judges had been for the sole and simple purpose of representing the general public as a guaranty of genuineness. So the skinny little man strutted through the excitement, preening himself on his newly acquired dignity and permitting all and sundry to fawn upon him in the attempt to cause him to become more favorably inclined to their particular manuscript.

Since returning from Montgomery, Semore had again tried to interest the Midnight officials in his proposition for the erection of a new studio. They referred him to Lawyer Evans Chew.

"He's our legal counsel, an' does he say it is a good thing, us considers it. Otherwise not."

Chew proved no more responsive than he had been on the Montgomery-bound train. He agreed that the proposition was basically sound, but impossible of consideration at the rent suggested by the attenuated financier. And Semore refused to lower his asking price by so much as a single copper cent.

But his stubbornness masked a considerable worry. He regarded the proposition as excellent from his standpoint, and he knew that the hour was imminent when Midnight must make definite arrangements for another year's housing. He retired into his musty, dingy office and gave himself over to a protracted period of intensive thought. He emerged from this brief confinement with his lean face crinkled into a grin, and made his way immediately and triumphantly to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew on the seventh floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

The chocolate-cream stenographer informed the visitor that Lawyer Chew was, at the moment, in conference, but would be free in a half hour. Semore elected to wait. And forty minutes later he greeted the ponderous and portly attorney as that gentleman looked up from the pages of a volume of American and English Annotated Cases and informed Semore that he was busy on matters of importance.

Chew exuded learning and dignity, but for once Mr. Mashby was not impressed.

"I has come to make talk with you," he started

Chew frowned. "Ise busy an' my time is vallible. I is gatherin' data on a replevin case which has been brought to me, which the facts of same ——"

"This is a pussonal matter," suggested Semore mildly.

"If it's some more about that Midnight lease, then you might's well not th'ow good breff after bad."

"'Tain't about that, Lawyer Chew. It's about this heah scenario contest which I is a judge of."

Chew straightened; a lavender flush of anger crossed his forehead. "How come you to bother me with yo' scenario contest? I ain't got no time to truck with such as that."

"I asks yo' legal 'pinion. It's about me writin' a story fo' that contes'."

"You cain't do it. You is a judge."

"But s'pose I signs a friend's name to it?"

"I reckon if you done that ——"

"This is the swellest story yet!" Semore waxed enthusiastic. "It stahts this-away ——"

The lawyer rose and pounded a fleshy fist upon the near-mahogany desk top. "I ain't gwine listen to no stories."

"You is interested in this one, Lawyer Chew. An' I mean positivel."

Chew detected the fire gleam in Semore's eyes, and instinct prompted him to be seated. "Shoot!" he commanded.

Semore's thin high-pitched voice cut through the room.

"It's a story 'bout a big fat lawyer all dressed up in a gray suit which gits to a town where he don't live, an' goes to see a swell-lookin' gal on business. This heah lawyer in the story is gwine have an awful jealous wife. Now, when he gits to see this noble-lookin' lady client, he trips an' falls into a waterin' trough an' pretty near ruins his nice gray pants."

Chew was leaning forward tensely. There was no doubting that his attention was caught.

A murderous light was in his eyes as he murmured a harsh "Go on!"

"Well," continued Semore smoothly, "this lady puts the fat lawyer into another room an' takes his pants th'oo the door an' starts pressin' 'em, an' while doin' so she burns a hole in 'em with a flatiron, an' then the pants is ruint sho' nuff." Mr. Mashby paused for a moment; then he went on, checking off salient details on his fingers: "Now this lady has got a jealous husban' which is libel to kill any feller which even looks cross-eyed at his good-lookin' wife, an' this husband ain't home. But he's comin' home ——"

"Tha's a lie!" snapped Chew. "Mistuh Lijah Whittle an' me is good frien's."

"Who said somethin' 'bout you? I don't even know yet what is the name of the lawyer in the story. Anyway, this husban' comes in the door an' sees them pants, an' he says to his wife, 'Wife,' he says, 'what is you doin' with whose pants?' Well, she esplains to him, an' the lawyer is listenin' th'oo the do', an' all of a sudden the husban' grabs them pants an' lets out a yell, an' as he goes bustin' in the door the lawyer grabs him a bedspread an' flies out the winder."

Semore's voice trailed off. He allowed himself a broad happy grin. Chew was staring in transfixed horror; the cunning of the little man's scheme was beginning to strike home.

"Cain't you see how funny that is gwine look in movin' pitchers?" murmured Mr. Mashby. "That fat, dignified lawyer scootin' 'cross lots an' th'oo valleys with a bedspread wropped aroun' his laigs, an' the husban' chasin' after him wavin' them pants? Man, it's gwine make ev'ybody which sees it just bust themse'ves laughin'!

"An' now comes the paht that makes it a swell story—see? The lawyer in the pitcher is scared to death an' he falls in ditches an' gits stuck on fences an' all like that, an' fin'ly when he cain't run no mo' on account he has lost his breff, he falls down on the grass an' waits fo' the husban' to come up an' sterminate him. There he lies, an' up comes the husban'; an' the lawyer looks up at him an' says, 'Mister,' he says, 'you is about to make a terrible mistake—but you better go ahead an' kill me now an' git it done with.' The husban' looks down at him. 'Kill you?' he asks. 'Whaffo'?' With that the lawyer kinder groans, an' I conten's that this is funny-pitcher stuff: 'Well, if you ain't gwine kill me, what has you been chasin' me fo'?' Fo' a minute the husban' looks at him an' then he busts out laughin'. 'What has I been chasin' you fo'?' he questions. 'Why, what do you think? I wanted to give you back yo' pants!'"

The voice of the little man trailed off, and for a few moments the office was filled with silence. It was Semore who resumed the conversation.

"Now I has sawn a heap of the stories which has been submitted, Lawyer Chew, an' they ain't ary one of 'em which would make as good a two-reel pitcher as that one. It's a puffec'ly wonderful plot, an' it has got a big laugh on the end, which is what J. Cæsar Clump says we always ought to have. An' I is shuah that if that story was to be sent in an' I was to read it an' vote fo' it enthusiastic an' show it pussonal to them other judges—it would come awful close to winnin' the prize. An' even if it didn't—it suttinly is good enough to git assepted an' projuced as a pitcher some other time. Now I asts you: What has you got to say about it?"

Chew glared. "I calls it a dirty rotten trick—tha's what. I thought you promised in Mon'gom'ry you never would tell nobody 'bout me gittin' my pants burned."

"This ain't tellin' nobody, is it? An' besides, who says it was you?"

"Well—other folks know I got a hole burned in my trousers, an' the minute they was to read that scenario or look at the pitcher they'd know I was the feller which was meant. An' not on'y they'd staht thinkin' things, but also my wife would raise thunder."

"Shuh! I ain't studyin' 'bout Mis' Chew."

"You ain't ma'ied to her, tha's why."

Semore rubbed his hands together unctuously. "What you think of my story, Brother Chew?"

"It's all one big lie—tha's what I think about it."

"Well, it's a good story, an' is it assepted I cain't he'p it if folks git the idea I took the whole thing fum real life."

Chew rose and walked to the window, where he stood looking down upon the welter of traffic which choked Eighteenth Street. Darktown's Broadway was urgent with life and merriment; street cars clanged around corners and auto sirens shrieked imperiously.

The broad back of the lawyer was toward his visitor. Pudgy, heavily ringed hands were clasped earnestly. The brown forehead was furrowed with horizontal lines of worry.

Chew was of a sufficiently judicial turn of mind to grasp immediately the cunning of Semore Mashby's scheme. The strongest part of it all was that the story would make a howlingly funny picture—something which could not be said for 99 per cent of the scripts which were being submitted in the contest. And with Semore himself approving it and bringing it enthusiastically to the attention of the other judges, the chances were all in favor of its being declared winner of the first prize.

Chew wished now that he had told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Of course it would have made him seem rather ridiculous, but, after all, a joke told on oneself loses much of its sting.

He did not delude himself as to the power for damage lying in Mashby's proposed synopsis. He was willing to wager that, good friends as Isaac Gethers and Dr. Brutus Herring were, they had told their wives in strictest secrecy of his absurd plight in Montgomery. It might even have come to the ears of the gossipy and acid-tongued Sis Callie Flukers. And of course Mrs. Chew knew all about the burned trousers.

If, then, these damning circumstances should be screened it would generally be accepted that, since part of Lawyer Chew's story was unquestionably untrue, the rest must be tainted with falsity. What could be easier then than to believe the whole thing? And Lawyer Chew shuddered at thought of what Mrs. Chew would say should she believe the whole of the ridiculous fabrication.

He swung grimly back upon Semore Mashby.

"What's yo' price fo' not submuttin' this story, Semore?"

Mr. Mashby smirked ingratiatingly. "I ain't said I come up heah to make a trade with you. I just thought you might be interested in my authoring."

"I am"—grimly. "Now—what is it?"

"We-e-ell, I ain't never ceased thinking what it would be a pow'ful fine deal fo' Midnight if they was to leave me build a new studio fo' 'em."

"At yo' rental?"

"Uh-huh. On a five-yeah lease."

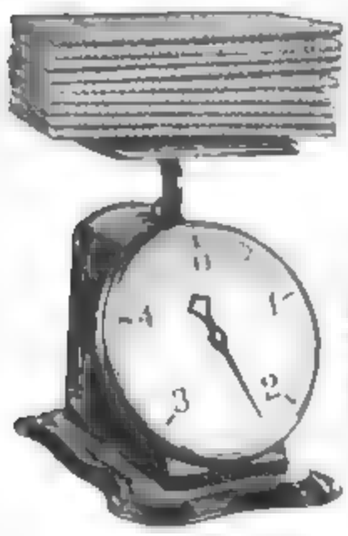
"Nothin' doin'. Absotively not a thing."

"Tha's yo' business, Lawyer Chew. I'll be trottin' along. Got a heap of work to do on that story of mine."

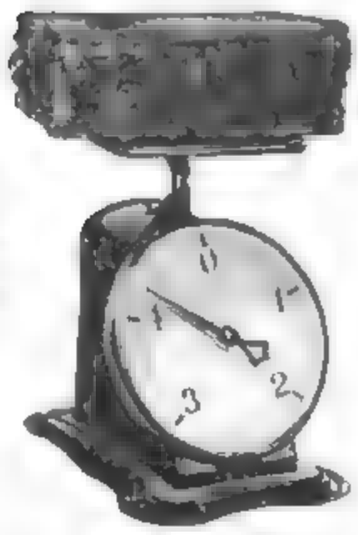
Chew did some quick thinking. "When does that contest close, Semore?"

"Saddy night. 'Nouncement is to be made nex' We'nesday."

Wednesday! Owners of the present studio property were demanding an answer by Friday. (Continued on Page 76)



When new and clean, the PUROLATOR *filter element weighs approximately two pounds, according to the size and type of the* PUROLATOR.



Note that the filter element here weighs a trifle over four pounds, after about 10,000 miles of use. The contamination which it has taken out of the oil accounts for the additional two pounds.

Keeping Costly Dirt Out of Your Engine

Dirt in your engine oil is one of the big reasons why you pay money for repairs.

At a far smaller cost—a ridiculously low cost by comparison—you can employ PUROLATOR to *keep* dirt *out* of your engine oil.

By dirt we mean road dust, cast iron powder, carbon chips, metal particles, all of which, mixed with the oil and constantly circulated, grind away the bearings, pistons and piston rings and damage cylinder walls.

PUROLATOR prevents this damage and its consequent expense because by an automatic and microscopic process of filtration, it *keeps the oil continuously clean as your car runs.*

PUROLATOR prolongs the life of your engine, and greatly lengthens the time before the expense, inconvenience and waste of crank-case draining are necessary.

You see clean oil go into the engine each time the crank-case is drained.

Look at it after 100 miles—black with dirt, constantly carrying grit to every lubricated part of the engine.

There is no way of avoiding the expense and the waste of dirty oil, except by means of PUROLATOR.

With it, every drop of oil is perfectly and automatically cleaned as it circulates, all the time, as your car runs.

Get PUROLATOR on your car, truck, tractor or bus today. Be through with the needless trouble and expense which dirty oil inflicts.

2600 PUROLATOR Sales and Service Stations

Throughout the country there are 2600 PUROLATOR sales and service stations, all equipped to install PUROLATOR without delay.

Take your car to the nearest PUROLATOR station today and have PUROLATOR installed. The attachment will take not more than two hours, and you will be free from the dangers and expense of using dirty oil.

A Typical Installation

Passenger Cars

Small Fours and Sixes - $15
Large Fours and Medium Sixes 20
Large Sixes, Eights and Twelves 30
Ford - - - - - - 15
Purolator for Ford, installed in 20 minutes with only a wrench.
For Trucks - - - $50

West of Rocky Mountains prices slightly higher; in Canada, $22.50, $30, $45 and $70.

Cars without force feed systems or exposed oil lines, requiring auxiliary pump, and special fittings, $5 additional.

For Motor Boats

PUROLATOR can also be installed on practically any type of marine engine having force feed lubrication. Priced as above according to size of engine.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL PURIFYING SYSTEM

MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC.
1801 Fisk Building, Broadway and 57th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send complete information about PUROLATOR.

I am interested in Purolator for my car ____ (make and model) [ ]
sales and service [ ]

[ ] I am a dealer for ____ (name of) ____ Car Truck Tractor

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 74)

Chew spoke crisply. "Don't do nothin' 'bout that story until you heah fum me ag'in, Semore."

"I don't see ——"

"Well, I do. Promise?"

"All right. Until Chuesday. But remember, I ain't tryin' to hol' you up."

"No—you ain't. You woul'n't dream of doin' nothin' like that."

Mashby departed, leaving the attorney in a ferment of doubt and unrest. A great soggy cloud of gloom was drifting across his horizon, headed straight in his direction.

The more he dwelt upon the potentialities of Semore's scheme the more certain he became that he would be forced to accept Mr. Mashby's terms. It was a straight holdup, of course, but Semore's lack of ethics made his own dilemma none the less embarrassing.

"Golly Moses!" he muttered. "If on'y I had tol' that story on myse'f, 'stead of untruthing about it—nobody would of thought nothin'. Now if it gits loose, ev'ybody is gwine to think the whole business is true!"

For the balance of the day Lawyer Chew abandoned business in favor of speculation on his own situation. He realized that he was strictly up against it, and the prospect was far from alluring.

He took his problem home with him and spent the evening in tall and fancy thinking. At 9:30 he crawled between the sheets, still pondering, and when he dozed off an hour later the problem remained unsolved.

At two o'clock he waked suddenly and sat up straight in bed. His teeth gleamed through the darkness. His lips framed words of exultation.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he exclaimed. "Ise got it!"

Mrs. Chew questioned drowsily, "What you got, Evans?"

The brain of the attorney was working at top speed. Determination crystallized and he crawled out of bed and into his bath robe. He disappeared into the kitchen and twenty minutes later returned to the bedroom with a cup of steaming coffee.

He roused his wife. "Drink this," he commanded.

"Whaffo' I should drink coffee at ha'f pas' two o'clock in the mawnin'?"

"I craves to git you wide awake. I got an idea to talk over."

The coffee effectively drove sleep from the wifely eyes. She sat up while Chew, incased in his gloriously hued dressing gown, paced the floor and told her the true story of his Montgomery disaster. She gave close attention.

"You b'lieve me, don't you, honey?"

Mrs. Chew nodded; she was a woman of considerable wisdom and sensed that something vital was transpiring. Also she had been married to Evans Chew a sufficient number of years to know when he spoke truthfully and when he did not. Of course this was a golden opportunity to become caustic, but instinct warned her that great events were about to occur.

"Yeh, I b'lieve you, Evans. Preceed."

He proceeded. He told of Semore Mashby's Machiavellian scheme to use him against The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., and of the Damoclean sword suspended above his dignified head.

"But, Evans, what you got to worry about? You has tol' me, an' I know Semore's scenario ain't true, so ——"

"Tha's fine about you, honey chile, but I has got a position in Bumminham which has got to be maintained. Folks has got to know that I is a he-wife of Cæsar, which means that they mustn't suspec' me of nothin' which ain't open an' above the board. Now you know, good as me, that does Semore's scenario win the prize, folks is gwine be glad to think that it is all true, specially when they knows that half of it is true. An' the minute they git the idea that when I goes away on business trips I gallivants aroun' an' gits into trouble with ladies' husban's—Ise ruint. Plumb, absotively ruint! Ain't that a fack?"

Mrs. Chew inclined her head in agreement. "You shuah does speak wisdom, Evans. But what can us do? You shuly ain't gwine let Semore Mashby git away with that contrack, is you?"

"No, ma'am. Tha's one thing I woul'n't never do. What Lawyer Evans Chew has got is ethics, an' lots of 'em. Also I detests to git helt up. Now heah's my idea: Minute this scenario gits chose, folks is gwine think terrible things about me an' Montgomery—unless."

"Unless which?"

"Unless we does somethin' to prove that they coul'n't be right, even if they was. Now it just struck me that Mistuh an' Mis' Whittle is about due to be leavin' Mon'gom'ry fo' St. Louis, an' if they was to stop in Bumminham en root an' be the house gues's of Lawyer an' Mis' Evans Chew, an' if we was all to go to the 'nouncement together, I reckon there coul'n't nobody say nothing had ever been wrong between us, could they?"

Mrs. Chew nodded sagely. "Tha's right, Evans; that shuah is right. You suttinly does use yo' haid fo' somethin' more than just to give yo' hat a rest."

Bright and early the following morning Lawyer Chew journeyed to Montgomery. When he returned it was with Mr. and Mrs. Lijah Whittle. They were both dazed and delighted at this signal attention, and they fairly reveled in the luxury of the Chews' guest room.

"Heah they is," announced Chew to his wife in the privacy of their room. "An' now we'll leave Mistuh Mashby do his durndest."

"We suttinly will. An', Evans—they ain't so bad either."

"Not a bit," agreed Evans heartily. "Only a li'l' bit dumb."

News that there were visitors at the Chew residence reached Semore through Florian Slappey.

"Swell-lookin' gal an' her husban' visitin' the Chews," announced Florian.

"What their name is?"

"Whittle."

"That don't mean nothin' to me. Where at is they fum?"

"I dunno. But she sholy ain't hard to look at, I'm tellin' you. Pussonally, I wisht she wan't ma'ied."

Semore gave the matter scant attention at the moment. But the day following he received a summons from Lawyer Chew. He visited the attorney at the latter's office and stood meekly while Evans Chew hurled anathema upon his head for daring to think that he might, even for one single instant, contemplate double-crossing The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Semore was dazed.

"Jus' a minute, Lawyer Chew; just one li'l' teeny minute. Does I correc'ly understan' that you ain't gwine adwise Midnight to assept my offer?"

"Yo' comprehension is imminently correct. An' fu'thermo' ——"

Mr. Mashby was enormously crestfallen. "Nemmin' no furthermo's, Lawyer Chew." Slow anger was mounting within his bosom. He raised to the face of the attorney beady eyes which were glittering with anger. "Tha's all right fo' you. I reckon there ain't nothin' fo' me to do but go out an' author me a story about a feller gittin' his pants burned, an' chased by a jealous husban' because."

"Go ahaid," counseled Chew airily. "Make it two pants if you like. Trousers ain't nothin' in my young life."

"Tha's what you think. But when folks gits to understan' that this means you ——"

"Git out of my office, Semore Mashby, befo' I th'ows you out!"

Semore paused at the door for a Parthian shot: "All right, Old Burn-Pants! You wait! Unless you comes to me pretty quick with yo' mind all changed, that story is gwine win fust prize."

Mr. Mashby was considerably perturbed as he descended to the ground floor of the all-negro skyscraper. It had not been beyond the realm of possibility that Lawyer Chew would advise Midnight against dealing with him at his price, but he most certainly could not understand the ebony barrister's aggressive independence. That betokened an indifference which Brother Mashby could not understand.

Semore knew what havoc his scenario would play should it win first prize, and he knew that Lawyer Chew knew it. Therefore, by all the rules, Lawyer Chew should be apprehensive; and this he most certainly was not.

It occurred to Mr. Mashby that there was a colored brother concealed in the cordwood, and he set his small but agile brain to work. Lawyer Chew had a plan. Perhaps ——

Semore's memory flashed back to Florian's casual mention of visitors at the Chew home. Instantly he turned his steps in the direction of Sis Callie Flukers' respectable boarding house.

Sis Callie was very much at home. Thin and eager and acid tongued, she was quite excited over Semore's visit. Mr. Mashby did not mince words.

"Folks named Whittle visitin' over at the Chewses, Sis Callie."

"Ain't it so?"

"Seems kind of queer to me nobody knows nothin' 'bout who they is or where fum."

"Shuh!" Sis Callie was all a-flutter. "You talks foolishment with yo' mouf, Brother Mashby. I know who they is an' where they come fum."

"Well?"

"Their names is Mistuh an' Mis' Lijah Whittle, an' they comes fum Mon'gom'ry, an' is on their way to St. Louis, an' just recent Lawyer Chew was down there to see 'em 'bout settlin' up an estate, an' I has heard that they burned his pants fo' him an' ——"

Unquestionably Sis Callie was worthy of her reputation. Semore departed marveling at her acquisitive powers, and himself doing some high-speed thinking.

Of course Chew's plan was now clear as crystal. Here at his home were the gentleman and lady directly involved in the scorched-trousers episode. It was obvious that they would accompany Lawyer Chew and his wife to the public meeting whereat the winner of the scenario contest was to be announced. There would be a great hullabaloo when Lawyer Chew was recognized as the original of the unfortunate attorney in the story; and then he, as a magnificent gesture, would laugh as heartily as the others and very flagrantly introduce to all and sundry the lady and her husband.

"One thing is certain shuah," admitted Semore grudgingly—"what Lawyer Chew has got in his haid is brains."

The plan was magnificently simple and superbly sound. It appeared to Semore that he had been outwitted, that Lawyer Chew had proved too adroit for him. But he had a job to do, and it was no part of Semore's scheme to leave a stone unturned. His immediate task was to enter his scenario and see that it won first prize. The Whittles could be attended to later.

He sought Christopher P. S. Shoots, editor of the local colored weekly newspaper, and offered to split fifty-fifty with that gentleman for authoring the scenario under his own name. Christopher P. S. Shoots was excessively agreeable and immediately commenced hammering his battered old typewriter.

The following morning he delivered the script at the studio of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Semore arrived a half hour later to find the Messrs. Orifice R. Latimer and J. Cæsar Clump completely snowed under by a last-minute avalanche of manuscripts.

They were laboring earnestly and sincerely—and with a last forlorn hope flickering sadly. Semore located the Shoots manuscript and labeled it with the numerals 837, immersed himself in it for a few moments, and then flashed to his feet with a loud whoop.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he howled. "Ise got it!"

"Got which?"

"The winnin' scenario! A whamdoodler! The dawg-gondest slickest story Midnight ever trifled with. Listen!"

Mr. Mashby struck an attitude. And then with impassioned dramatic fervor he read Mr. Shoots' graphic story of Lawyer Chew's searing experience. Before he was finished the hurried officials were smiling, and when the tag was announced they fairly shrieked with glee.

"Sufferin' tripe!" chuckled Cæsar Clump, his eye twinkling professionally. "That wins all the fust prizes we has got. Think of that wind-up fo' a pitcher: Husban' chasin' the fat lawyer, an' then 'splainin' that all he was doin' it fo' was to return back his pants. Eat my shirt if that ain't a whingbuzzer!"

The prize was awarded instantly, enthusiastically and unanimously. There was only one objection.

"Seems like to me," hazarded President Latimer, "that I has heard rumors 'bout Lawyer Evans Chew having been th'oo somethin' like that."

"Heard! Piff! Ise heard a heap of things. But I don't know 'em, do I?"

"Tha's right, Semore; you shuah don't. But if this really was Lawyer Chew ——"

"Us don't know nothin', tha's all. What you think, Cæsar?"

Mr. Clump was first, last and always a director, and the picture possibilities of the script made an appeal which was irresistible.

"I votes for," he said positively. "An' I don't mean maybe."

Semore was buoyed by a queer elation as he stepped into the street once again. True, the putting across of his story as the prize winner was not by any means his chief concern, but it was at least a vital step.

"All I has got to do now," he reflected, "is to fix things so them Whittles don't mess things all up; an' they ain't no way to do that. So lemme think."

Whereupon he valiantly attacked the job of accomplishing the impossible. It was not the first time that Mr. Mashby had attempted such a task, and never before had the spirit of revenge flamed so magnificently in his shriveled soul.

He circulated through Darktown, absorbing bits of gossip concerning the visitors at the Chew home. No one knew much about them, but he did learn positively that Sis Callie Flukers' information was correct in every detail. In addition to that, he learned that they were simple country folk. Suddenly his eye brightened and a grin twitched the corners of his lips.

"I b'lieve," he informed himself, "that I is about to have an idea."

He was not wrong. The idea did not come for several days, but when it arrived it was complete in every detail.

Mr. Mashby proceeded carefully. He had thirty-six hours in which to work, and he stationed himself across the street from the Chew home, hoping to waylay Mr. and Mrs. Whittle when they should emerge for a stroll.

But he was not blessed with luck that afternoon. When they appeared it was in the company of Mrs. Evans Chew. They were chatting amiably as they walked townward. He trailed them as far as the Champion Theater. Mrs. Chew paid their admission fee while Semore slouched disconsolately up the street.

The following morning he was more successful. Lawyer Chew was at work, Mrs. Chew busy with her household duties, and Mr. and Mrs. Whittle left the house for a stroll about the neighborhood.

Semore followed. Two blocks down the street he crossed their path, paused and lifted his shiny derby.

"Mawnin', folks."

They stopped and smiled, obviously pleased at being addressed in so friendly a manner.

"Mawnin'," they chorused.

"This is Mistuh an' Mis Lijah Whittle, fum Mon'gom'ry, ain't it?"

The fact was cheerfully admitted.

"Well, dawg-gone my hide!" exclaimed Semore. "Seems zif that almost makes us relatives. I knows a heap of folks in Mon'gom'ry."

"No! 'Tain't possible."

"Suttinly is. Tha's right where they lives at." He appeared to do some deep thinking. "How long you folks gwine be in Bumminham?"

"Till t'morrow." Mrs. Lijah Whittle was beaming. "Us is headed fo' St. Louis, where Lijah has a'ready got him a good job."

"What you-all doin' tonight?"

"Lawyer Chew an' wife is takin' us to The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall. They is gwine be some sort of a jubilee down there."

"Uh-huh. Shuah is." This made matters certain. Semore proceeded to do a bit of acting. "Now ain't that just the toughest luck?" he moaned. "There coul'n't nothin' in the world be no tougher."

Mrs. Whittle was impressed. "What you mean, tough?"

"'Bout you-all leavin' tomorrow."

"How come?"

"Well, you see, it's thisaway," confided Semore. "I was thinkin' of goin' to St. Louis on a li'l' trip myse'f, an' I went an' bought me two tickets fo' this afternoon's train, an' now I 'scovers that I cain't go, an' them tickets is jus' lyin' idle. So I got me the idea that as us sort of is ol' friends—me knowin' so many folks in Mon'gom'ry, an' all—that maybe if you could use 'em I'd give them two tickets to you as a present, free gracious fo' nothin'."

"What!" The Whittles were staggered. "You offers us two free tickets to St. Louis?"

"Uh-huh. You suttinly is welcome to 'em. On'y trouble is that you'd have to use 'em this afternoon. They won't be no good tomorrow."

Mr. Whittle looked at Mrs. Whittle, and Mrs. Whittle looked at Mr. Whittle. Two absolutely free tickets to St. Louis! It was stupendous; magnificent. They held a brief and hurried conference, and decided

(Continued on Page 78)

Part of a Billion Dollar Distribution

In the case of many a good tire, its handling between the maker and your car costs more than it cost to produce the tire itself.

Obviously what you pay to get the tire from the factory to your car does *not* deliver tire mileage, which is what you try to buy.

The great Hardware Merchants of the country told us they wanted to deliver tire mileage at low cost to the consumer—not cheap tires but low cost mileage, and there is a vast difference in your favor.

They told us that they could handle tires at very low cost as part of their billion dollar annual distribution of hardware, and give us super-powers as manufacturers.

Unless you understand these facts, it would be natural for you to doubt the truth of the tales you hear of remarkable performance of Mansfield Tires.

The Mansfield Tire & Rubber Company
Mansfield, Ohio

The great hardware merchants of the country told us they wanted to deliver tire mileage at low cost to the consumer-not cheap tires but low cost mileage, and there is a vast difference in your favor

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

Watch This Column

VIRGINIA VALLI

All the world loves mystery and detective stories, has always loved them and always will, because there is a thrill in them that no other form of story can create. Lately I have been besieged with letters asking for more of them in pictures. Consequently I am in the market for them and will pay liberally for those we accept. But they must be high-class, intelligent and well thought out. They must be original and have the dramatic punch—in a word, "something new under the sun." Let me hear from you well-known authors and from new and aspiring writers.

VIRGINIA VALLI has an excellent picture in ***"Up the Ladder."*** It is an adaptation of Owen Davis' stage success. See it this week and write me what you think of it. In this fine play, a woman is loved by her millionaire employer and one of his salesmen. She marries the latter and then the employer tries to tempt her to leave her husband. In the supporting cast are Forrest Stanley, Holmes Herbert, George Fawcett, Margaret Livingston and Priscilla Moran. Directed by Edward Sloman.

Please write and tell me whether ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** has been shown in your town. If it has not been, I will try to get it in one or more of your good theatres. But write. I want something to work on.

In the masked ball which is one of the countless big scenes in ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** 5,000 people appear and the ball is photographed in color. The settings of Universal's magnificent mystery spectacle will amaze you. Not only is the vast Paris Opera House reproduced, but also the grand staircase and thousands of seats on the main floor, together with the subterranean vaults and waterways where the Phantom hides. LON CHANEY plays the "Phantom" and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY play the lovers.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)
Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 76)

unanimously that this was an offer too golden to be rejected.

"Us accepts, Mistuh Mashby. An' what we feels fo' you is grachitude."

"Fine! Always glad to he'p out folks fum Mon'gom'ry. But listen"—he lowered his voice and glanced around as though fearful of eavesdroppers—"you got to gimme yo' word an' honor that you don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout this; specially Lawyer an' Mis' Chew."

"But, Mistuh Mashby ——"

"Don't but me, folks. You has got to promise positivel. You see, it's thisaway: What I was goin' to St. Louis fo' was a business trip, an' Ise goin' later anyway. But if local folks—an' specially Lawyer Chew—was to learn about that, they'd ruin the deal I got on foot. So you got to gimme yo' secrecy."

The promise was given. "Jus' leave the Chews a letter," prompted Semore. "A nice polite letter splainin' that you nachelly coul'n't wait a minute longer an' you hope they has a good time at the meetin' tonight." He grinned. "I suttinly woul'n't forget that part 'bout enjoyin' the meetin' either. Us all wants Lawyer Chew to have a puffec'ly swell time."

They took a long walk together; and throughout its course Semore used all his persuasive powers to impress upon them the importance of keeping their exodus a secret until they were safely aboard the northbound train.

He left them to hustle downtown to the ticket office, where, with only slight reluctance, he parted with $35.96 for two tickets from Birmingham to St. Louis. Semore was not overly fond of separating himself from money, but, after all, this was a trivial item in the debit column. The credit list showed one large gob of sweet vengeance and his half of the two hundred and fifty dollar prize money which was to be divided between himself and Christopher P. S. Shoots. Of course his pet scheme—the five-year lease with Midnight—had been thwarted, but this comeback was sufficiently tasty to make up for many things.

Just before noon Semore delivered the two tickets to Mr. and Mrs. Whittle. Lijah stared pop-eyed, and even now the Whittles refused to believe this miracle possible.

Semore once again impressed upon them the importance of secrecy, and that afternoon, when Mrs. Chew went shopping, they departed quietly. Semore met them downtown and they intrusted to him a note addressed to Lawyer and Mrs. Chew, wherein their regrets were vividly expressed.

"You'll give that to him, shuah, Mistuh Mashby?"

Semore chuckled. "I ain't gwine do nothin' else. In pusson—tha's how I delivers these kind of 'portant letters."

Until train time Mr. Mashby did not desert his post. He was fearful lest some last-minute disaster disrupt his beautiful scheme. But at length he saw them safely aboard the train, they waved good-bys at each other—and the train pulled out. Mr. Mashby fled to the sanctuary of a near-by alley, where he executed his own grotesque interpretation of a Greek dance.

"Hot diggity dawg! Hot diggity dig! They's gone—gone—gone! Oh, Lawsy! Oh, sweet patootie! What Lawyer Chew is gwine say!"

It was perhaps the supreme moment of Brother Mashby's misanthropic life. Revenge—sweet, dainty revenge—conceived in his very own brain and executed pusonal. Glorious! And more glorious when one paused to consider that the person against whom his cunning was directed was that dusky dignitary who was reputed to possess the vastest intelligence in all colored Birmingham.

Anticipation of Chew's supreme confoundment fairly dazzled Semore Mashby. His attenuated frame quivered with eagerness for the meeting that night. He wanted to see Lawyer Chew when that gentleman entered the hall—worried, harassed, perhaps terrified. Mr. Mashby walked into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor and consumed a large bowl of Brunswick stew, two pieces of pie and a cup of steaming coffee. Rank extravagance, of course, but Semore was in a celebrating humor.

Announcement of the prize winner was to be made at eight o'clock. An hour before that time the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise were crowded to suffocation. There was an atmosphere of tense expectancy; each person present nourished a fierce hope that he or she was the lucky contestant. Some one of them was to be crowned with the laurel wreath of successful literary achievement. A miasma of eager gossip and frantic conjecture hung over the gathering. Eyes were focused with painful earnestness upon the three judges, who posed importantly on the rostrum.

At ten minutes before eight o'clock there was a stir as Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew shouldered through the crowd to their reserved seats. Much to Semore's delight Chew appeared rather bewildered, scanning the room with anxious eyes. Immediately the little money lender descended from the platform.

"Lawyer Chew," he grinned, "I has got a letter fo' you."

Chew ripped it open and read:

"*dere mrs & Lawyer Chew:* we sure hate to beat it this way specially after you hav treated us so good but a feller give us 2 free tickets to saint louis good this afternoon only and what coud we do with thanks an' all good wishes we are

"MRS. & MR. LIJAH WHITTLE."

An emotion which was not pleasure was plainly reflected upon the face of the attorney. Once or twice his lips opened and closed again, then his voice came in guttural accusal.

"Semore Mashby—you done this!"

"Well, hush my mouf! Listen at the big feller talk."

"But I ain't su'prised. I figured all along that somebody would make it easy for them to leave town."

"Sweet Shades of Niter! Believin' I would do somethin' like that!"

"You has played me dirty fum the fust off," growled Chew. "Sometime I gits even with you."

"Yah! Breeze which you wastes. Lemme tell you somethin', Ol' Burn-Pants—right heah in Bumminham is a feller which his middle name is Bad Medicine, an' his other two names is Semore Mashby."

Semore swung on his heel and strutted proudly back to the platform. The evening promised to be large, and he was drinking deep from the chalice of happiness. There was no mistaking Chew's discomfiture. Semore saw the big man fall into earnest conversation with his wife.

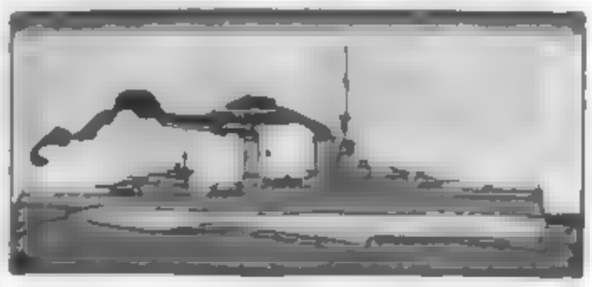
"Reckon what they is sayin' 'bout me ain't so complimentin'—but a man which fools with a buzz saw is suttinly libel to git burnt. Guess they di'n't call me a financial wizzid fo' nothin'."

At eight o'clock sharp the meeting was called to order. President Orifice R. Latimer waddled to the front of the stage and emitted a flowery peroration which presumed to trace the course of literature's development from a rather pallid beginning to this present high-water mark of Midnight's two hundred and fifty dollar scenario contest. He exhibited twenty-five new ten-dollar gold pieces. He detailed the travail of the three judges and their indefatigable labors, and announced that even yet the name of the winner was unknown.

He explained that he was about to read the winning scenario so that each and every person present could see that it had been selected solely on merit. At the conclusion of the reading the name of the winner would be taken from the envelope bearing the same number as that which appeared at the head of the winning synopsis.

And then, quite impressively, he began: "This heah story is entitled The Fatal Orange. It goes thisaway: 'Once upon a time there was a gal which her father run a fruit stand and she was crazy about oranges, all the time eating them, which ruint his profits, and she had a lover which owned a flivver and hated oranges, so it di'n't seem like they could ever be happy, an' ——"

Semore's muscles became taut. He blinked rapidly several times and cocked his head on one side. It occurred to him that something was wrong. Certainly Mr. Christopher P. S. Shoots had not presumed to make fruitful the episode of Lawyer Chew's cremated pants! Surely there had been an error. He gave ear to the further reading of the winning script.



"'—— an' so, when she is going out riding this night with her feller, she takes one dozen oranges along in case she gets hungry, but she does not know what he has done to them oranges.'"

Ever since the moment when Latimer's mellifluous voice started reading the manuscript there had been a growing commotion in the rear of the hall. At this stage of the reading, it crescendoed into an uproar and suddenly there came a loud and hysterical feminine shriek.

"Glory, glory hallelujah! Tha's my story! Tha's the story I writ!"

Instantly the reading was drowned out by a scraping of chairs as people climbed for a view of the lucky contestant.

Semore Mashby did not rise. He did not even hear the howls of "It's Mis' Simeon Broughton! Mis' Simeon Broughton has done won herse'f two hund'ed an' fifty dollars cash money!" Semore heard none of that; he saw none of the excitement. All that penetrated his consciousness was the fact that an excruciating disaster had occurred, and all he could see was the placid face of Lawyer Evans Chew.

The reading of the script was never completed. Mrs. Broughton was surrounded and showered with congratulations. President Latimer opened the envelope containing the name of the author and verified her recognition of her own story, whereupon he paid into her hand the two hundred and fifty dollars. There was a general rush for the door, a chattering and babel of tongues; and none of them saw the little figure of Semore Mashby suddenly galvanize into action.

He darted across the platform and circled the arms of his cojudges with steely fingers. He was perspiring freely and quivering with outrage.

"Wha's this! What has you fellers went an' done? That ain't the scenario which won the prize!"

"Semore Mashby, you is crazy as you looks. Suttinly it won the prize. Di'n't you see us pay same in cash?"

"Yeh—but us voted fo' the one about the fat lawyer gittin' his pants burned." A fourth figure joined the group, a figure large and impressive and smiling triumphantly. Lawyer Evans Chew posed, and said nothing.

"Shuah!" Latimer was willing to explain. "We voted fo' that burned-pants story, but we changed our minds. All day long we has been tryin' to git in touch with you, but you wasn't nowheres to be foun'. An' so we voted best two out of th'ee fo' this orange thing."

"Yeh—yeh! But why? It ain't near as good."

"Suttinly it ain't. We know that as well as you. But today about noon us gits a letter fum a prominent an' well-known lawyer tellin' us that it has come to his attention that we intends to give a prize 'bout a lawyer gittin' his pants burned an' a jealous husban' chasin' him; an' the letter also inclosed a summons an' complaint which the lawyer says will be filed immedjit with the clerk of court does we award the prize to said scenario. An' that summons an' complaint, Semore, was a damage suit fo' ten thousan' dollars; an' us woul'n't take no chances."

Semore turned a haggard face to the grinning countenance of Lawyer Evans Chew.

"Wh-wh-what lawyer written that letter, Mistuh Latimer?"

"Evans Chew!"

"B-b-but it wasn't nothin' but a bluff. He coul'n't sue us."

"Mebbe he coul'n't," came the positive answer, "but that lady could, an' also her husban'. An' befo' they lef' Bumminham today they signed that complaint against us, so all Lawyer Chew had to do was file same an' we was all set to git busted loose fum a heap of good cash."

Semore slumped, physically and spiritually.

The extent of his disaster was penetrating; but most bitter of all was the knowledge that Chew had achieved his purpose—that at the moment he himself was purchasing two tickets to St. Louis the signature of the Whittles had already been affixed to the documents.

The deep earnest voice of Lawyer Evans Chew broke in upon his silent misery.

"You shuah have got one thing to be thankful fo', Brother Mashby."

Semore raised his head hopefully. "What is that, Lawyer Chew?"

"You shuah ought to be grateful that them folks wasn't movin' to San Francisco!"

COACH IMPERIAL

at exactly Touring Car price ~ **$1595**

Body by Fisher

The Greatest Success in Ten Years of Succeeding

THE instant success of the Coach Imperial outshines any previous page of Chandler history. Admiringly studied by crowds at all the shows, this car scored a national triumph.

Every seeker for quality was eager to inspect a new model which offers, at touring car price, the supremacy of Chandler performance and the luxury of Fisher body craftsmanship.

To drive this roomy luxurious Coach, to feel the power of the Pikes Peak Motor, to change motor speeds flawlessly, silently, with the Traffic Transmission, is personal proof that this car deserves its extraordinary reception by the public.

The Traffic Transmission is built complete in the Chandler plant under Campbell patents

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
Export Dept., 1819 Broadway, New York City — Cable Address, "Chanmotor"

All Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

CHANDLER

Made in our own factories

Sold only through our own stores

THE Hanover Shoe

FIVE DOLLARS

We want every man in America to know, what thousands already know, that to wear Hanover Shoes means walking in comfort, being in style, getting longer wear and paying less money. Write for style catalog giving location of Hanover Stores.

The Hanover Shoe
Hanover, Pa.

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Style B203L
Boys' Light Shade
Russia Lace Shoe—$3.50

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are built of finest leathers, well put together, $2.50, $3 and $3.50

GRILLED CUPID

(Continued from Page 59)

like leaving an oasis for endless stretches of sand. He would much prefer to sit and gorge trout, if only there were more of it.

There was more of it. Cora again had disappeared, but it was only to come back after an interval bearing a third plate of the same.

"You won't get much of anything else," she apologized. "We're old-fashioned, and without Diana I'm almost helpless."

Major Morgan didn't answer. His jaws swung through a wider parabola, accompanied by a slightly increased grinding sound, something like the mills of the gods, something like the purring of a cat. A dreamy, introspective expression deepened in his face. Not for nothing has the East made of Buddha a figure chiefly stomach. It was a moment beyond words and too profound for thought.

At dinner the major came to the table less eagerly than might have been expected. Cornbread and sweet potatoes steamed a welcome, and it looked as if black Diana had relented. But it wasn't this which weighed his spirits down. He had eaten rather heartily in the middle of the day; appetite was at a low ebb and homesickness a rising tide. But it wasn't that either. No, nor the presence of Blauvelt and Minnie, nor the circumstance that it had seemed necessary to dress with particular care in a white vest which was a shade too tight.

Cora made for the kitchen as soon as grace was said. Diana, then, had not relented. The major tilted his nose and breathed in distinctly favorable omens. Yet for once he failed whole-heartedly to welcome the watering of his mouth. He resisted—why or what he couldn't have said. An inhibition had been born in the depths of his unexplored subconscious mind.

"We must be going to have chicken," cackled Miss Minnie.

He nodded, his nostrils having told him the same thing. It would be roasted, and stuffed no doubt with chestnuts or oysters. He much preferred bread crumbs. Then, too, it would either be old and tough or young and tasteless. Roast fowls that one got away from home were inevitably one or the other. Still, if there were celery, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips and cranberry sauce, the latter well sweetened and cooked just long enough for half of the berries to have burst ——

He glanced around. There was no sign of cranberries or of turnips, nor even of potatoes, save the dish of sweet ones already noted. Somehow he wasn't sorry, and he told himself it was because a light repast would be good for him after that debauch of trout. He couldn't yet realize that the new feeling in the profound of his soul was fear—of anything, at least, but indigestion. And —what was that plate of biscuits for? There were two kinds of bread without it.

The chicken proved to be fricasseed. The biscuits on the table were to supplement those already cut in halves and soaking in the hot, thick, yellow gravy in which the great offering was presented. Only an old hen, with ingots of fat beneath her ribs and stewed for long hours in her own juices could be the origin of gravy like that. Spring birds were for novices. But he was an idolater when it came to old-hen fricassee, and he soon forgot all else in the thought that the white vest was going to prove to be a curse.

"Unbutton! Unbutton!" cried the hospitable Blauvelt. "We don't stand on ceremony here. Unbutton your vest, major, and set to."

Unquestionably a coarse fellow, Blauvelt. But, by heaven, he was setting the example! What if, for once, even though away from home, one were to ——

When it was over, Major Morgan staggered to his chair by the fire. He had meant to go home at once, but there had been mince pie, and only fools and dyspeptics take no thought of apoplexy once they are past forty. In addition, there was Blauvelt offering a cigar.

"This Weberly, now," he began. "I see you're going to run him for mayor. I half believe I'll scratch a ticket for once and vote for him."

The major turned upon the speaker an eye which the strain sustained by another organ had for the moment slightly dulled. He had always thought of Blauvelt as hard-shelled, hopeless, useless to labor with. Really, it was cruel to spring such surprises on one. Nevertheless, he roused himself to his Republican duty, conscientiously setting out the strong points not only of Weberly but of the whole ticket, until Miss Minnie broke in with another surprise.

"Pa," she said, "don't forget that you promised to take me to a movie tonight. Ma is going, too, so it's time we started."

"Yes, but here is Major Morgan, and — or will you accompany us, major?"

"No, no; don't stop for me. I must be getting home directly."

That vague feeling of alarm was taking shape, and he tried to struggle to his feet. But a hand detained him.

"You're not going yet," said Cora.

She was carrying a large glass pitcher filled with an amber-colored liquid whose odor proclaimed it to be the juice of apples, and whose foam suggested that it had been allowed to stand forgotten until its innate depravity, ravaging unchecked, had fermented a flagrant defiance to the Constitution of the United States. The major accepted the proffered glass, but his eye gleamed savagely. So, she meant to vamp him, did she? And the others were going to leave him in the lurch. Well, he would show them!

Yet cider was notoriously good for the arteries. A generous drink, and that illusion of the nerves which sometimes almost made one think that one had eaten too much, immediately disappeared, giving place to the much more pleasant illusion that the stomach contained less than it had before.

"It's the best thing after dinner," said Cora, taking a seat at the other corner of the fire in the now lonely dining room; "Cider—and a pipe, for men. Don't you want to throw away that horrid cigar?"

"A very good cigar," he said firmly. "But I do prefer a pipe. So now I'll be going across."

"What for?"

"That's where my pipes are."

"Try this one."

She was filling an old brier out of an old tin. What could she be thinking of? A new pipe would have been bad enough, but an old one belonging to another man ——

The major's heart gave an alarming start. Something familiar about the tin, followed by something unmistakably familiar about the brier, impinged upon his consciousness like two successive bullets fired at point-blank range.

"Oh, I know about you and your mother," came distinctly out of the whirligig of room and furniture which now surrounded him. "You always keep the door key under the mat. That's how I got your Boston rocker too. Is this your favorite? It looked the most dilapidated. And you needn't stare so. It's nothing. I'm used to having a man about the house."

So that was it. Cora was used to having a man about the house—undoubtedly. And she still had on her kitchen apron and was beginning to knit at a blue woolen sock which must be for her father. She couldn't be trying to vamp him, after all.

As the cider got in its work upon his digestion this comforting conviction deepened. Also the pipe, which was drawing well, soon began to have a soothing effect upon his heart. It was, when all was said and done, an essentially sound organ, merely fluttering occasionally when denied its accustomed doses of nicotine. He felt that he could rely upon it in more ways than one. Moreover, now that Cora had settled down to work she no longer looked so alarmingly skittish. Her conversation was solid and sensible. It must be that, for a moment there, he had wronged her.

The major always bought roomy and comfortable shoes, yet they always pinched. No matter what care he took, corns would form, now on one toe, now on another. The habit of toasting his feet in a kitchen stove every night before going to bed did nothing to correct this tendency, and when rain threatened he often found himself walking on barometers of an agonizing accuracy.

Rain threatened the next evening, and the major would have jumped at the chance of changing places with one of the damned.

Blauvelt came in, pulled off his boots and incased his little Billies in soft felt Priscillas.

"Better follow my example," he drivveled. "Here you are."

He kicked out something from under the table. The major looked down, dumb, regarding his own slippers. His own slippers beyond a doubt. But how did they get there?

"Mrs. B.'s doings, I suspect," answered Blauvelt to the unspoken interrogation.

There were no women in the room, and if this were Mrs. B.'s doings—well, one had but to make the change. And with ordinary luck one could change back again after dinner, in the confusion incident to clearing away the dishes. The major yielded, and in the cessation of torture which ensued he became so expansive that he broke with an established principle of self-restraint and all during the meal told blood-curdling stories about the great—Spanish—war.

He did not know how it happened that the Blauvelt family got away. They must have made excuses, pleaded some engagement. But he was feeling about for his shoes, and the first thing he noticed was that they were gone—the Blauvelts, that is. Yes, and the shoes too.

Cora came in to crumb and lay away the cloth.

"I thought I'd mull the cider tonight," she said. "Do you like it hot with cinnamon?"

"Yes—no. The fact is, I've got some important letters to write."

"Have you really?"

Yes, he had, and he meant to write them, too, if only she would go back into the kitchen and let him find those confounded shoes. Find them? There they were under the farther end of the table. Somebody—that brat, Minnie, perhaps—must have kicked them there. And now Cora had seen and was stooping to pick them up. The major blushed scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"I'd better warm them for you."

"No, I'll go across. I'll carry them."

"How absurd."

"I'll go across without them."

"In your slippers? You'll catch your death of cold. And what will you do in the morning?"

"I've got other shoes."

"But you haven't another door key."

He didn't believe she had taken his door key. But unquestionably she was laughing at him, and his war experiences had taught him that the poorest kind of strategy is to let the enemy know when you are scared.

"Have your joke," he said in his best society manner, moving over to the fire.

"It's you who are the joker, pretending you were going without your cider. Look. Your key is under the mat, and I'll put the shoes here where they'll be ready when you want them."

It had been an excellent dinner, and mulled cider made it perfect. A drowsy feeling came over him. He really must have dozed off for an instant, for when he again became aware of his surroundings peace reigned within and without. Cora was at her knitting, and an open newspaper lay on his lap.

With the major, newspaper reading amounted to a vice. It was his habit to devour every periodical he could lay his hands on, beginning at the upper left-hand corner of the first page and ending at the lower right-hand corner of the last, including headings, death notices and advertisements. Items which he thought would interest her he read aloud to his mother. So it wasn't long before, through sheer reflex action, he was acquainting Cora with the details of a meeting of the common council, the probable route of the projected S. & Q. Railway, and so on and so on, until he came to the innermost bowels of the paper.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Amos Flaxworthy, on Thursday last, at ten P.M., a boy."

In sudden confusion he dropped the paper and stared up at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten o'clock indeed.

"Those letters! I forgot—you must excuse me."

This time Cora made no protest. She merely choked out a "Good night," and he was safely locked in his own basement before he noticed that he had forgotten his shoes.

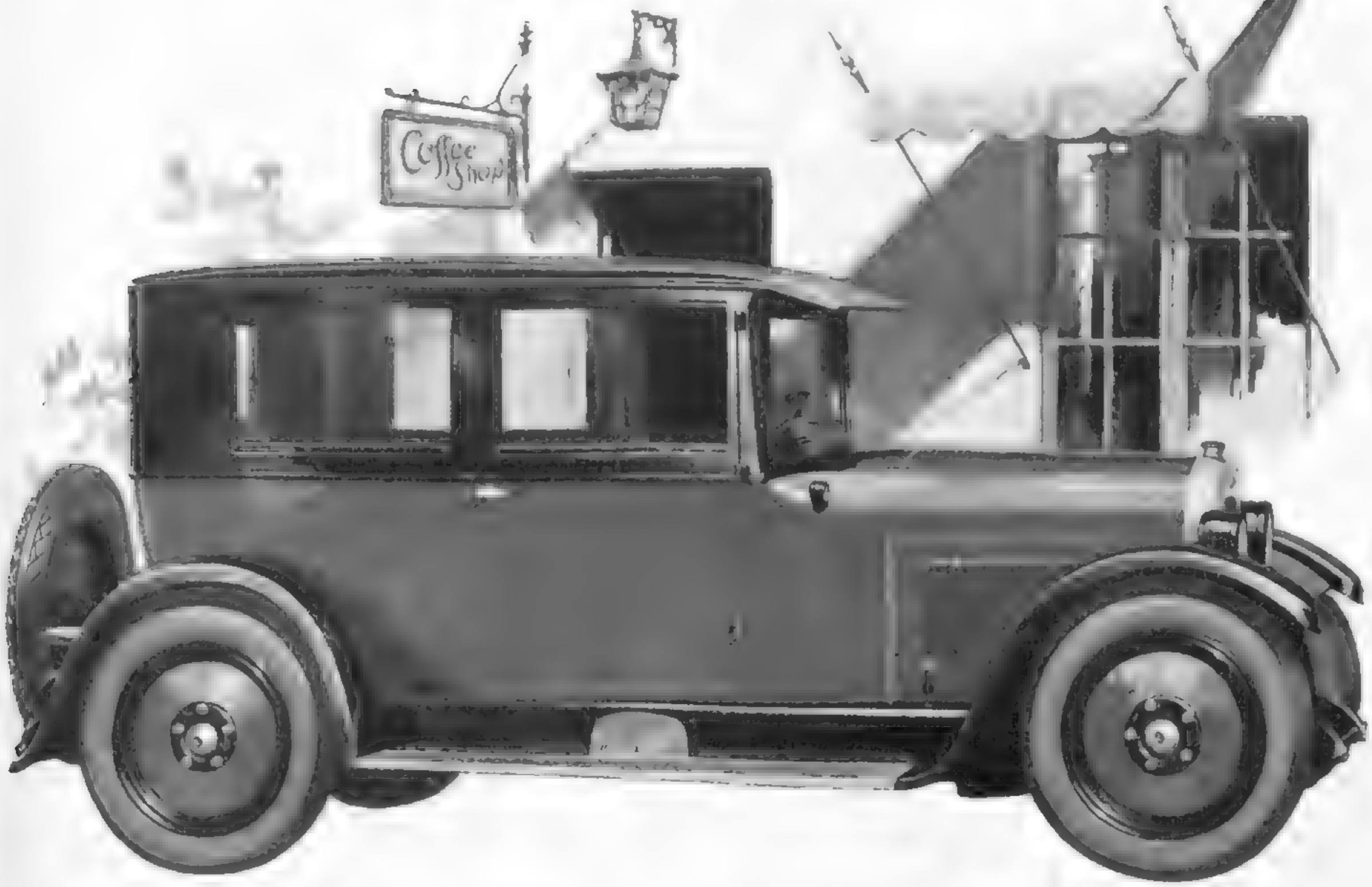
The next morning he resolved to get his own breakfast or have it in town. But there were the shoes. He couldn't leave them at the Blauvelts', and the longer he put off retrieving them the worse it would be. No, he would go to the door and demand them—now; then plead illness, and flee.

But once upon his feet, safely shod in another pair and with bright sunshine playing

(Continued on Page 83)

NASH

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value



THE *SPECIAL SIX* SEDAN—$1225

F. O. B. Factory

A Brand of Performance That Will Amaze You

S-P-E-E-D! 60 flashing miles per hour when you want it. That's the result of the new-type engineering C. W. Nash has incorporated in the design of this perfected valve-in-head Special Six motor.

R-O-A-D-A-B-I-L-I-T-Y! Extremely low-swung and beautifully balanced, this car seems literally to drive closer to the road at high speed.

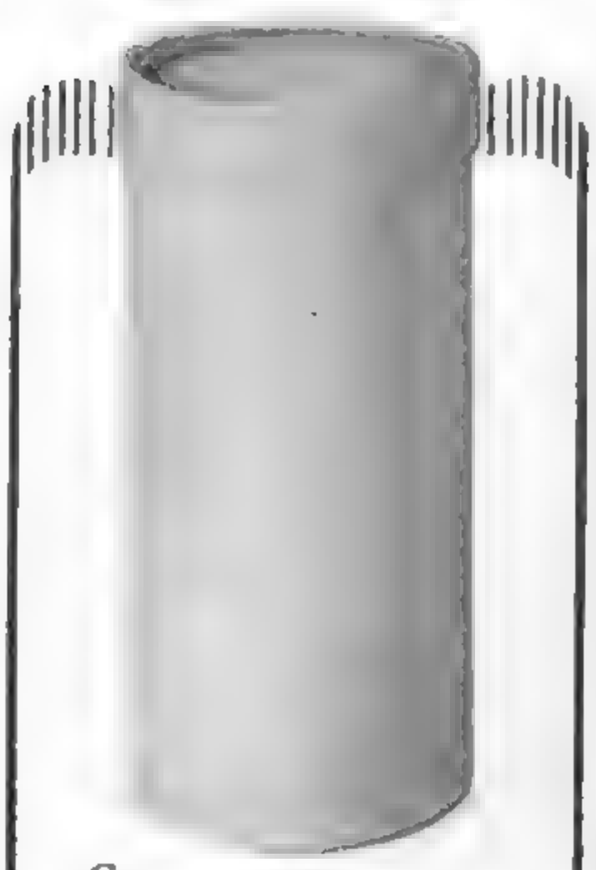
C-O-N-T-R-O-L! Nash engineered the steering mechanism especially for use with balloon tire equipment and 4-wheel brakes. So the Sedan handles with the most pleasing ease and lightness.

B-R-A-K-I-N-G! Unquestionably Nash has set the pace for the industry with these special 4-wheel brakes. They are fully equalized on all four wheels, never affected by climatic changes, and they pull the car down smoothly to a dead-stop in record-breaking time, without lurching or skidding. Their design is a model of clean-cut simplicity and it has fewer points requiring lubrication than any other mechanical system.

V-A-L-U-E! At the price, $1225 f. o. b. factory, with this brilliant performance, superb body craftsmanship, and with Nash-design 4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, and 5 disc wheels included *at no extra cost*, the Special Six Sedan is far and away the greatest value of its field.

1271

Carry it home in a
Sealright
Liquid-Tight
Paper Container



Serve ice cream this easy way

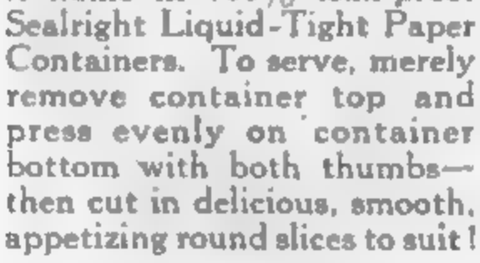
Everybody likes ice cream served the Sealright Way—in attractive round slices—Dainty, tasteful, quick and easy.

Order your ice cream or carry it home in 100% leak-proof Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers. To serve, merely remove container top and press evenly on container bottom with both thumbs—then cut in delicious, smooth, appetizing round slices to suit!

Eat more ice cream. It's good for all the family. Many dealers, confectioners and druggists can furnish your favorite flavor or flavors all packed and ready for you in convenient, sanitary Sealright Containers.

Sealright Co., Inc.,
Dept. R-12 Fulton, N. Y.

Also makers of Sealright Pouring-Pull and Regular Flat Milk Bottle Caps.



(Continued from Page 80)

the chiropodist all around him, he began to take a less tragic view of the events of the night before.

Might as well go for breakfast as if nothing had happened, and put off the illness for lunch, or maybe dinner.

It was Minnie who let him in. She looked perfectly unconcerned. Yes, breakfast was the best policy. No use bringing the shoes into prominence by refusing to have another errand.

The same policy suggested itself at noon and at dinnertime. There are some things which are easier to put off than to put on, and shoes seemed to be among them. Besides, if he said nothing Cora might carry them across without being asked. Her manner today, he thought, seemed very subdued.

What drew him back again, after an evening when the presence of the entire family had afforded him an easy escape, was partially this sense of Cora being subdued, and partially corn dodgers. Cora had declared that she made them from canned corn. If such flakes of succulent tenderness, like kernels of honey oozing milk, could come from corn that was canned, what wouldn't she have done with fresh? He went back, hoping for more.

This very fact, however, showed that he was no longer quite himself. He knew now exactly what risk he was running. He might have overlooked the significance of a sort of pity which he felt at the sight of Cora subdued, but when he had caught himself once or twice regarding Cora's rounded cheeks, and even noticing that her lips were full, red and not unkissable, there was little further room for doubt.

He had a horror of another tête-à-tête. He took to carrying his key in his pocket for fear she would actually take possession of it, as once she pretended to have done. But panic wasn't quite sufficient to overcome his faith in himself, and he continued to venture—disregarding the fable of the pitcher carried to the fountain once too often.

And so came the morning of the final breakfast. When he came in, the Blauvelts—all excepting Cora—were already standing around the table grabbing at food in hasty mouthfuls. They were, they explained, going away to spend the day, and had to catch a train. The major sat down.

He had been leaning heavily of late upon Cora's breakfasts, not so much for sustenance as for protection. They were her weak point, so to speak. She always gave him chops—lamb chops, pork chops, veal chops, but always chops—and for morning meat he preferred sausage. True, there was also sometimes a plate of griddle cakes, but they made him think of his mother—in the same way that an oyster shell makes one think of pearls. For griddle cakes, unless they are to lack a glorious somewhat, must be born of the union of wheat flour and buckwheat, blessed by the leavening remains of the previous day's batch. Their lineage should extend from the first cool morning of the fall to the last cool morning of the spring.

Those that Cora served, while good enough of their kind, enabled him to begin each day with his feet firmly planted upon earthly discontent, and assured him, whatever happened, of a realistic unglamored outlook upon life for the next twelve hours. He was not risking much, he felt, in risking another breakfast.

Black Diana appeared, bringing him a cup of coffee, lukewarm and of a muddy green tinge. The wench was really back, then, at last. This was safety with a vengeance. He tasted the noisome mixture as he would have tasted medicine, and felt immediately strengthened for a clean and final get-away.

But at the second swallow Cora came flying into the room.

"Oh, major! You're not to eat yet. This is just a pick-up for the others. As soon as they are gone we are going to have breakfast—just you and I—if you don't mind eating in the kitchen while Diana is sweeping the dining room."

He adored eating in kitchens, where one could sit beside a cookstove and receive things hot, directly from fire to plate; and that of the Blauvelts proved to be deliciously comfortable—much like his mother's basement. He smiled fatuously as he took his place. The others had gone. Black Diana was at her sweeping. And an odor so laden with ecstasy that he could not immediately place it was insinuating itself into his nostrils. Could it be ——

Of course it couldn't—yet there it was—a plate of buckwheat cakes, large, brown, waiting to be separated, buttered, reunited and deluged with maple sirup.

"I've had the batter going for two days as an experiment," said Cora. "Would you like to bake for yourself, or shall I?"

The major liked to bake for himself. He could sit in his place, reach out with a ladleful of batter, dump it, reach out again with a turner, and finally flop the finished morsel upon his plate at exactly the psychological, crusted moment. Long practice had made him so adept that he could go through the performance without his jaws once breaking step. He began it now, but his hand trembled.

"I suppose you are glad your mother is coming back today," said Cora. "You must have missed her terribly. She's a wonderful old lady, I think—for her years."

Yes, that was it. His mother was wonderful, but she was old. She must in the natural course of things be getting feeble soon. Did not ordinary prudence demand that some provision be made for the future—now, before it was too late?

The major swallowed. Only a word was needed—and there were Cora's rounded cheeks, her red lips, inviting, tempting, and not a yard away. He swallowed again, this time from a cup of new and excellent coffee—and then he opened his mouth.

Mrs. Morgan was worried about her son. She had worried about him all during her Port Jervis visit. Was he getting proper food? The answer seemed more than doubtful. When Friday came she decided that on the morrow she would, instead of the train she had intended, take an earlier one. She wanted to surprise him. If only she could think of something to make the surprise memorable.

She had been making griddle cakes for the Port Jervis folks all the week. The batter was prime. All that lacked was some way of getting a lot of it home. The idea looked chimerical, like that of carrying a naked newborn baby unharmed through a blizzard. There was no blizzard, but batter is somewhat more delicate than the human infant. Its virtue would be chilled. One would have to make a new batch, certain not to arrive at perfection till after several days.

But the Port Jervis folks were given to junketing, and possessed two enormous vacuum bottles. Just the thing. Mrs. Morgan set out on her homeward journey in the comfortless hour preceding daylight, but she was happy.

Arrived at her own blessed door, she stooped to take the key from under the mat. The major naturally wouldn't be up yet. No matter. She stooped for the key—in vain. It wasn't there.

She turned to the Blauvelt door, which was promptly opened by Cora.

"Dear Mrs. Morgan! I'm so glad to see you! I thought you might come early, and ——"

"Yes, yes; here I am, and glad to be home. But I can't get in. That son of mine has forgotten to put out the key. Maybe you would let me rest here a bit till it's time for him to get up. I've got some pancake batter," continued the old lady, pointing with pardonable pride to the vacuum bottles. "If you wouldn't mind warming a crock ——"

"Here's the very thing! But why not stay and bake them over our fire? That will be better than starting a new one in a cold room. He's been grouching about his meals all the week. Very polite, you know, but just pining for you. Now's your chance to make him comfortable."

The scheme did not please Mrs. Morgan, but she acceded to it. Certainly it would be a great advantage not to have to start a new fire.

Cora, her point gained, left the room, and a few minutes later her brother—the married one, who hadn't been near the house all during the major's sojourn—hurried in.

"Mrs. Morgan!" he exploded. "It's lucky to find you here. My wife has just had a letter from Howell's Corners. I suppose nobody has opened your mail while you were away."

"No. What's the matter at Howell's?"

"Aunt Martha is sick. If you'd like me to take you there, I'm just starting out that way. My machine is at the door."

Aunt Martha was not young Blauvelt's aunt. She was an old lady of a pronounced character which made her in a sense everybody's aunt, and incidentally she was Mrs. Morgan's elder sister.

Mrs. Morgan hated to be hurried. She hated to have other people decide how she was to manage her own affairs. But sickness in one of eighty-odd is not a matter to be trifled with and Blauvelt was waiting. Before she knew exactly what was happening she had been hustled into his machine.

Thus it happened that by the time the major was at the beginning of his breakfast with Cora, his mother was at the end of a long drive into the country, her mind divided between the sister—in the last extremity perhaps—whom she was about to see, and the griddle-cake timber she had left behind her in the Blauvelt kitchen.

Her surprise amounted almost to consternation when Martha in person came to answer her knock.

"Why, aren't you sick?" Mrs. Morgan gasped.

"Me? A touch of sciatica yesterday. It's left me today. Si was in town, but you don't say he mentioned that? Never told me he even saw you."

Mrs. Morgan wheeled—only to see that young Blauvelt, who had promised to call for her later in the day, was already out of hearing. She returned to her sister.

"Martha," she said impressively, "there's something going on. I've got to find out what it is—and quick."

"I think I can tell you the rest," Martha interrupted after listening to the preliminary details of the homecoming. "Black Diana was here the other day, borrowin' some sweet corn."

"Sweet corn, this time of year?"

"It's a late patch Si set out—on the chance. He's covered the whole corner of the garden with old sheets so it won't freeze. Diana said it was for you or I wouldn't have let her have even a mess. And that ain't all. She's been cookin' for the Blauvelts, you know. And a wonderful cook she is. But she told me they've got a boarder that Cora is sweet on. All the week Diana has been drawin' extra wages for pretendin' to have quarreled with her mistress and to be doin' only chores about the house—so the boarder'd think it's Cora's cookin'. If I'd had any idea it was my nephew ——"

"I must get back home!" cried Mrs. Morgan, leaping to her feet as if her years had dwindled to twenty. "Where is Si? He must hitch up and take me. I left that hussy with a batch of pancake batter which—but I must do what I can!"

The major's lunch that noon was cooked by his mother. It was out of the ordinary, even for her, for the Port Jervis folks had sent a piece of venison, utterly contraband and that had been hanged until it was higher than Haman. Yet he was absent-minded, disinclined to talk. Only by an obvious effort had he listened to an account of the Port Jervis visit. Finally he sighed.

"I can't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Morgan, as the sigh smote her attentive ear. "You've got to tell me. Have you said anything to Cora Blauvelt while I've been gone?"

"Said anything? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Have you said anything—anything that matters? She ——"

In her effort to control herself Mrs. Morgan sent a morsel of food the wrong way and brought on a fit of strangling. When finally she had succeeded in giving an account of what she had discovered at Howell's the major smiled sheepishly.

"Yes, I said something to her. That's what I've been thinking about."

"What did you say? You might as well tell me. I've got to know."

"It was this morning," replied the major, sprinkling a piece of venison steak with pepper till it was black. "She overreached herself when she tried to claim those griddle cakes. I knew they must be yours at the second mouthful, and I said—good-by."

THE NEW MARMON
Coupe De Luxe
on the standard Marmon
130-in. wheelbase chassis

NEW MARMON *DeLuxe* MODELS

THE reception given the NEW MARMON De Luxe Models in exclusive circles more than confirms our belief that no finer cars are available today, regardless of price.

The body lines are new, but the famous six-cylinder Marmon chassis is the same mechanism on which Marmon has concentrated for so many years.

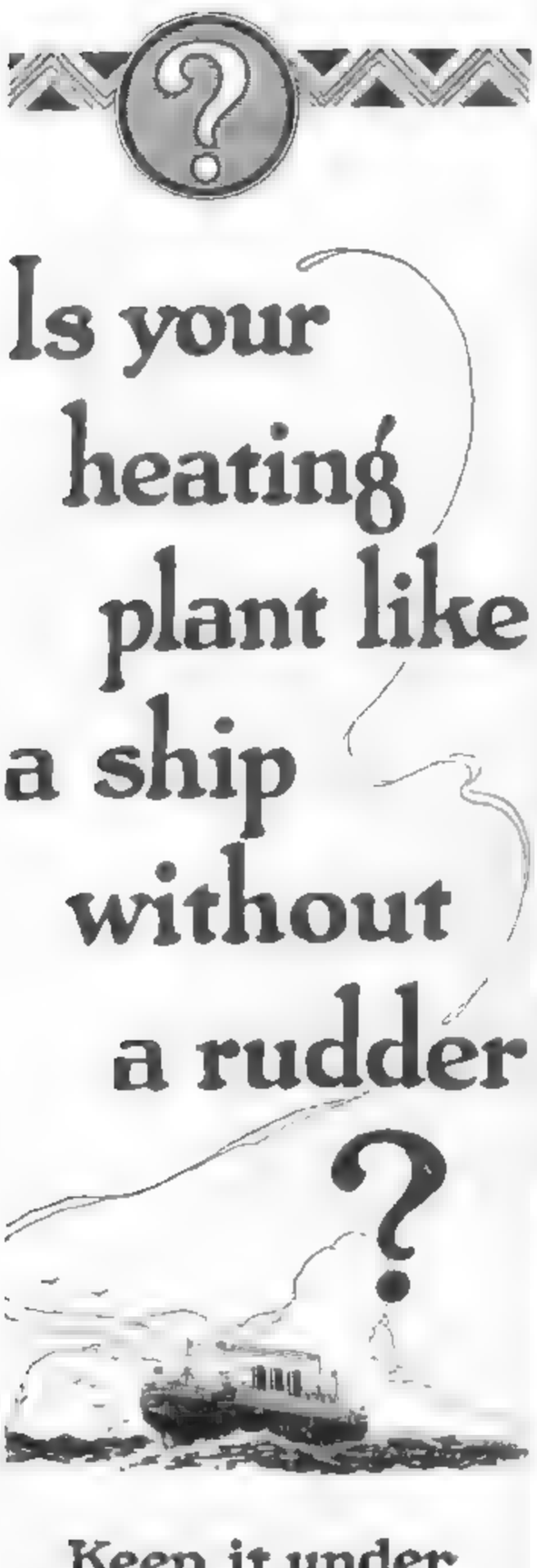
Among the many models you will find just the particular and distinct type for your particular and personal needs—a coupe that will be the talk of the country club or the polo field, five and seven passenger sedans and five and seven passenger enclosed drive limousines of stately beauty.

"It's a Great Automobile."

Also—the same Marmon chassis and engine with the New Marmon Standard Four-Door Closed Cars at practically the price of the open car. Various models from which to choose.

Open cars, $3165. Closed cars, $3295 to $3975 at Indianapolis
Cars may be purchased on convenient deferred payment plan if desired.

The NEW MARMON



Keep it under control with

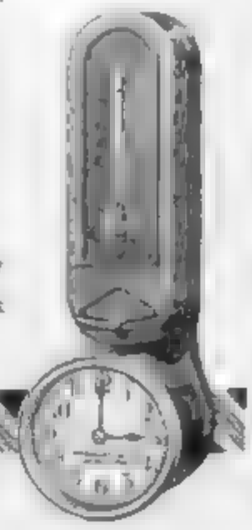
The MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR
THE HEART OF THE HEATING PLANT

Provides uniform temperature, true heating comfort

FREE!

Every home, whether heated with coal, oil, gas, or district steam, should have Automatic Heat Regulation. It is fully explained and 40 ways of saving fuel are described in the booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant." Sent free. Address Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., 2803 Fourth Avenue, So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Installed by branch offices in principal cities—or by your local heating man.



The New Model 77
8-Day Clock
7 Jewels

MINTED GOLD

(Continued from Page 40)

the clatter of thy tongue." Jim Sin served the sandwich to Doctor Allan. With the doctor at this moment was Mrs. Allan. To this audience Jim Sin delivered himself of two or three phrases of criticism which were boiling within him

"New boy tell me he brave man. Kill people in war. I think he lie. He all time go way church. No stay home work. Better you keep key wine cellar all time while I go."

He handed the dangling keys to Mrs. Allan. She returned them.

"Give them to Yut. He will take care of the wine cellar. He is a good boy. You would be better, too, if you went to church instead of spending all your spare time gambling."

"All I gamble, lilly bit," Jim Sin returned. "Lose 'em fitty cent. You lose 'em mebbe twenty-five dollah. Better you go church. No more gamble China game. Lady gamble no good."

Mrs. Allan dismissed her critic with a reminder of historic days when his fifty-cent losses necessitated his borrowing sums from her ranging up to a hundred dollars. Jim Sin, defeated, retured to his room. He stopped in his kitchen long enough to give Yut the keys to the wine cellar.

"You look out nobody come steal 'em whisky. All time bad man come Jackson Street. Steal mebbe two barrel whisky. Steal mebbe all wine. Better all time you sleep easy. Listen bad man. He come you shoot."

Jim Sin went to his room and within ten minutes he was in bed and asleep.

Early on the following day he awakened and dressed for his journey into the high hills. His white costume was put aside for a ready-made suit of rusty black, and at eight o'clock, wearing the old felt hat and shuffling along in his number twelve shoes, with the rusty-black suit flapping about his skinny frame, he rode to the Ferry Building. In a little while he embarked for the Oakland shore. At Oakland, being safely early, he waited three hours until his train left for Sacramento. He spent the afternoon in Sacramento with a colony of his countrymen in a laundry, embarking later that evening on another train for the gold country in the California hills. With him in a sack he carried three blankets, six packages of cigarettes, a cake of soap, a tin bucket, a package of salt and a pair of chopsticks, a stick of Chinese matches and a sack of rice. In the rice, protected against breakage, there was stored a blue China bowl.

This was all his equipment for a two weeks' trip of exploration in the mountains. He got off the train at Gold Run and headed north toward Cañon Creek. He crossed Cañon Creek and on the western slope of Moody Ridge he made his camp.

Thereafter for a week he searched in vain for the site of the tragedy which had cost his countrymen their lives in 1865. Five or six times during this week, without knowing it, he passed directly over the uneven mounds which marked their resting place. A forest fire during the previous year, creeping down the slope of the hills, had taken all the underbrush and had killed the larger trees in the vicinity of the impromptu burying ground.

On the canvas of his memory he attempted to paint the topography of the scene of the long-distant event, and, defining it mentally with reasonable clearness, he resolved to withdraw a little from the immediate theater until he could include in his view a wider scope of the terrain about him. He climbed the slopes of Moody Ridge and from this distant vantage point each feature of the old scene came back to him, and with it a clear vision of the course of the avalanche.

Now he returned as quickly as he could to the bed of Cañon Creek. It was evening when he arrived at his camp. He rolled himself in his blankets after he had eaten his evening rice and went to sleep. In the morning, scratching around with a pointed stick, within ten minutes after he had begun his search he found the skull of one of the men who had labored with him in the railroad camp nearly three score years before.

Ten inches from the buried skull Jim Sin uncovered two fifty-dollar slugs of California gold, octagonal coins that were current after the first years of the gold rush.

In the first excitement of his discovery he was silent; and then, realizing its potential import, a furious energy marked his labors, which were interrupted, that day, only by momentary halts devoted to a singsong tribute of gratitude addressed to Milo Fo and the other deities of fortune who were associated with that mythical chieftain of good luck.

Thereafter for a week the work of exploration was expedited by the use of better tools. The resurrection engineer made a quick trip to Gold Run and returned with a pick and shovel.

"Desire is the father of all motives. Who am I to question a deed of the gods if they wish to reward an act of virtue with gold?"

At the end of the week the harvest of gold coin amounted to more than seven thousand dollars. From one of his blankets Jim Sin made a wide knotted belt in which he stored his accumulating treasure. When his working field had ended abruptly against a high bank of cemented gravel he realized that the ground had been covered; and, accordingly, carrying his burden of wealth wrapped about him, he rolled up his two remaining blankets and boarded the west-bound train. He arrived in San Francisco early the following morning and proceeded directly to Doctor Allan's house without stopping to visit the Cavern of Wisdom, which at that hour would have been deserted except for Hoy Quah, the somnolent fat cat.

It was eight o'clock when Jim Sin arrived at Doctor Allan's house, and in the kitchen Yut, the substitute cook, was busy arranging Mrs. Allan's breakfast tray. Jim Sin greeted his companion with a brevity whose harshness was tempered by a realization of the good fortune which had attended his expedition. He went from the kitchen directly to his room and from under his iron bedstead he hauled the vermilion chest. Failing at the moment to remember where he had hidden the key to the pendant lock, he substituted for the key a piece of bent wire, which worked equally as well as the key. He undressed, and folding his rusty-black suit into compact dimensions, he stored it in the bottom of the chest. From about his waist he removed the knotted blanket containing his heavy burden of gold coin. He put this blanket with its contents on top of the folded black suit and, locking the vermilion chest, he shoved it back into its place under his bed. He dressed quickly in his morning uniform of white, substituting for his heavy black shoes the more comfortable slippers which he normally wore, and returned to his kitchen in time to see Yut starting out with the breakfast tray for the doctor's wife.

"You come back. I carry Mis' Allan tray," he ordered.

The substitute cook, sensing superior authority, surrendered the tray to Jim Sin's hands. The old man walked up the back stairway with the breakfast tray and knocked at the door of Mrs. Allan's room. When he had been answered he walked in.

"Glad to see you. Long time go way."

"I am glad to see you, Jim Sin. Did you have a good trip?"

"Why you glad? New cook no good, mebbe?"

In the old cook's question there was something of a challenge.

Mrs. Allan was quick to respond.

"The new cook is a very good cook. He is a good boy and deeply religious."

"You say him good cook. I think mebbe you crazy. Yut no good."

Jim Sin withdrew without further ceremony and sought his master in the dining room, where Doctor Allan was finishing his own breakfast. The doctor looked up from his morning paper to find Jim Sin standing beside him.

"When did you come back?"

"I come back this morning." Jim Sin looked down at the doctor's plate, on which remained two or three burned fragments of bacon. "Why you no eat bacon? New boy no good? I all time tell him how cook bacon for you. All time tell him how cook eprything. All time he make mistake. Better you tell him go away now."

With Jim Sin back, there was no further necessity for the service of Yut, and Doctor Allan sought to gratify his old servant by sharing with him the authority normally enjoyed by the master of the house.

"You tell him to go away if you don't want him around. Fire him. He is a good Chink, though, Jim Sin. He goes to church all the time. He was the first to give the alarm about the stolen whisky and ——"

"What you say whisky?" Jim Sin interrupted. "Who stealum whisky?"

"That's what we all crave to know. The first Wednesday after you left, while Yut was at prayer meeting, somebody came in and got away with the full barrel of Scotch and the half barrel of bourbon. About all there is down there now, besides some bottled junk, is a barrel or two of claret."

"I think Yut be take whisky."

"You're jealous and crazy. You're too old to think. Everybody is losing whisky in this part of town. Yut didn't take the whisky. He was the first to discover it and the first man to tell about it when he got home."

"Why he look see wine cellar when he come home from church? I think mebbe he drink whisky."

"I tell you he has been a good boy. He always looked around and locked up before he went to bed."

A quick thought came to Jim Sin's mind. If Yut was to be retained close by for observation, now was the wrong time to discharge him.

"Mebbe you right," he conceded. "Mebbe Yut good boy. I keep him."

"That's right. This house needs more work than you can give it. You should have had a boy help you a long time ago."

"All right. I let him stay."

Jim Sin postponed his program of accusation and throughout the day he sought to make amends for the offense which he had given Yut in his first meeting with the substitute cook.

"You stay here, mebbe pretty soon I tell you how cook eprything. Then you get good job. Make hund'ed dollars every month."

Before Yut could reply Jim Sin asked quickly, "Who steal whisky?"

Yut replied in Chinese and the substance of his answer was that the deities whose vision penetrated the mysteries of heaven and earth might know who the thief was, but that the problem, so far, was beyond any mortal man's intelligence.

"Mebbe American junkman," Jim Sin surmised. "I think mebbe I know two-three days more."

Yut gave no sign of being interested in the probability of Jim Sin's discovering the guilty one. He turned to the sink and began washing the morning dishes. Jim Sin retrieved a small market basket and went out a little while after that in search of a few things which might add the delight of variety to the dinner menu. He came back at eleven o'clock, to be confronted with the task of preparing luncheon for a party of seven feminine mah-jongg cravers who had accepted an impromptu invitation from Mrs. Allan.

Jim Sin bounced back from the impact of this announcement with food enough for twice as big a party. At two o'clock he issued an order to his assistant:

"You stay here. Mebbe Mis' Allan want something lady drink. Maybe she want something lady eat. All afternoon all time he play mah-jongg. When he go you fix room. I lay down and sleep now."

From two o'clock until four o'clock Jim Sin rested, stretched out at ease on his narrow bed beneath which was the vermilion chest wherein he had stored his rusty-black traveling suit and the blanket-wrapped harvest of gold coins.

"Early dinner at seven o'clock," he reflected. "All finished half past eight. At nine o'clock I shall join my six faithful companions in the Cavern of Wisdom and tell them of the good fortune which has attended our worthy project."

Dinner, according to schedule, was finished at half past eight, and again in his room, Jim Sin dressed for the street. Under his sagging golf coat he wore his felt jacket. From a table near the head of the bed he picked up a crumpled copy of the morning paper. He laid it on the floor beside the bed and hauled forth the vermilion chest. He unlocked the chest with the piece of wire that served for a key when the key was lost. He lifted the lid of the chest.

The blanket and its cargo of gold coins had disappeared!

"I have been a fool!" Jim Sin whispered, after the first shock of discovery had passed. "I have been a fool! Fate plans for a fool! The superior man bows to the

(Continued on Page 86)

ANNOUNCING

a New Frigidaire

Complete with Cabinet only $245

f.o.b. Dayton

HERE is a new model of Frigidaire. It is complete,—the standard Frigidaire mechanism built into a standard Frigidaire cabinet. It requires very little space—yet is large enough for the average family. It is simply attached to an electric socket. There are no water connections to make. It can be very easily moved—if you move to another home.

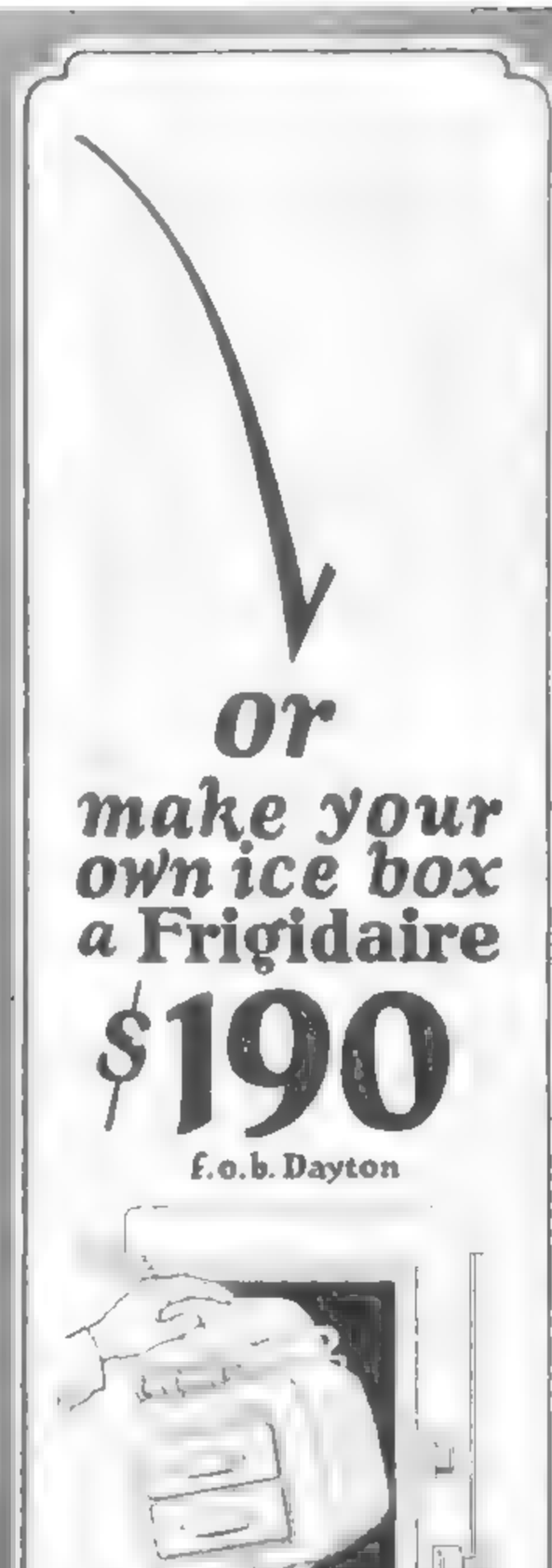
Frigidaire—*convenient* and *dependable* electric refrigeration—brings new delight to housekeeping. It will free you from the possible annoyance of outside ice supply. It keeps foods perfectly,—preserves the richness of meats, the fresh juiciness of fruits, the crispness of lettuce, the sweetness of milk, cream and butter It safeguards health. It makes ice cubes and delicious frozen desserts. Its operation costs less than ice in most localities. It is at once a luxury and an economy.

Frigidaire is a product of the General Motors Corporation, is made by the Delco-Light Company, and is backed by a nation-wide organization of trained sales and service representatives, whose business it is to see that your Frigidaire always gives you the kind of service you expect.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

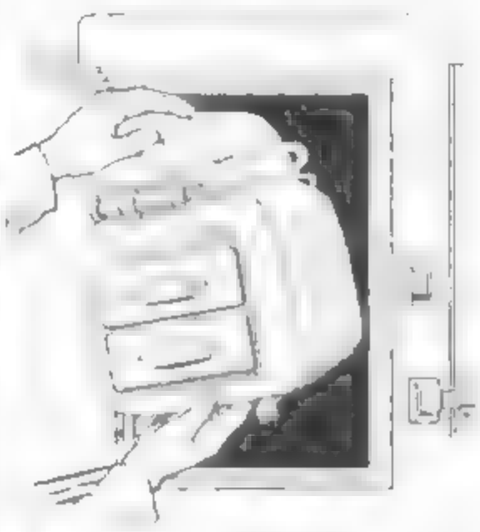
Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION



or make your own ice box a Frigidaire $190

f.o.b. Dayton



Perhaps you *have* a good ice box—one of the standard makes. If so, you can easily convert it into a Frigidaire as follows:

1. *The frost coil, shown above, is placed in the ice compartment of your refrigerator.*
2. *The compressor is placed in the basement or other convenient location.*
3. *The frost coil and the compressor are connected by two small copper tubes, and a connection made to your electric wires.*

That's all. Your refrigerator becomes cold and stays cold. You have Frigidaire electric refrigeration.

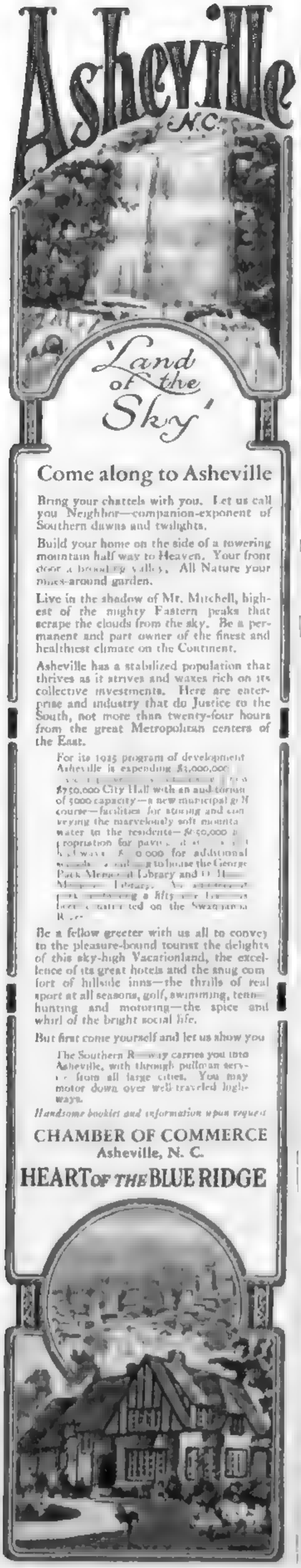
Write for Booklet

There are thirty models of Frigidaire for household use—eleven complete with cabinet and nineteen designed for use in converting present refrigerators into Frigidaire.

Write today for our catalog which describes the various Frigidaire models in detail. Then consult the local Frigidaire representative. He will show you Frigidaire in actual operation.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. B-12, DAYTON, OHIO

Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washers, Motors and Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators



Come along to Asheville

Bring your chattels with you. Let us call you Neighbor—companion-exponent of Southern dawns and twilights.

Build your home on the side of a towering mountain half way to Heaven. Your front door a broad sky valley. All Nature your moss-around garden.

Live in the shadow of Mt. Mitchell, highest of the mighty Eastern peaks that scrape the clouds from the sky. Be a permanent and part owner of the finest and healthiest climate on the Continent.

Asheville has a stabilized population that thrives as it strives and waxes rich on its collective investments. Here are enterprise and industry that do Justice to the South, not more than twenty-four hours from the great Metropolitan centers of the East.

For its 1925 program of development Asheville is expending $3,000,000 [illegible] $750,000 City Hall with an auditorium of 5000 capacity—a new municipal golf course—facilities for storing and conveying the marvelously soft mountain water to the residents—$650,000 appropriation for paving [illegible] $2,000,000 for additional [illegible] to house the George Pack Memorial Library and [illegible] Library. An [illegible] a fifty-car [illegible] connected on the Swannanoa River.

Be a fellow greeter with us all to convey to the pleasure-bound tourist the delights of this sky-high Vacationland, the excellence of its great hotels and the snug comfort of hillside inns—the thrills of real sport at all seasons, golf, swimming, tennis, hunting and motoring—the spice and whirl of the bright social life.

But first come yourself and let us show you

The Southern Railway carries you into Asheville, with through pullman service from all large cities. You may motor down over well-traveled highways.

Handsome booklet and information upon request

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Asheville, N. C.

HEART OF THE BLUE RIDGE

(Continued from Page 84)

will of heaven. The story I shall tell to my friends cannot be embellished with the golden reward that came as a result of our following the Perfect Way."

Before he left the house he sought Doctor Allan, who was seated in the living room.

"I tell you new boy no good—tonight he cook good supper. I think better you keep him all time."

Doctor Allan was pleased with what he took to be Jim Sin's surrender to his own superior judgment.

"I told you so. Yut is good boy. We will keep him all the time."

Jim Sin nodded his approval and walked out of the living room. He went directly to the Cavern of Wisdom, where he found his six associates playing poker. After he had greeted them the gravity of his demeanor suggested to them the importance of the story which he begged permission to relate.

"My uneventful journey to the scene of our labors on the white man's railroad ended on the day after I left you. For a week I searched in vain for the remains of our dead countrymen. Like a fly on a painting, I was too close to their resting place to enjoy comprehensive vision. I withdrew to a more distant point and viewed the scene from there. The gods gave memory to my eyes and the details of that day of tragedy came back to me. I returned to my camp and within an hour I had found the skull of one of our dead comrades. The other bodies are gone, but there are two barrelfuls of skulls to be transferred to the quiet sleeping place in the wide plains beyond the city of our birth."

Jim Sin paused, and his hearers sensed the fact that the simple story was to be complicated with further revelations. The old Chinaman moistened his throat with a cup of cold tea and continued his narrative.

"Within a foot of the first skull I found two coins of gold which had been carried, no doubt, in a little sack hung about our cousin's neck. Almost without exception, each time I found a skull there were one or more of these fifty-dollar gold coins beside it. I returned to San Francisco carrying more than seven thousand dollars. I went to my master's house, where, during my absence, a north countryman whose name is Yut has served in my place. I hid the gold in my locked chest which rests beneath my sleeping couch. I sought my master to tell him of my return. When I found him we were delighted to see each other. He told me that two barrels of whisky had been stolen from his wine cellar while I was away. Tonight when dinner was done I opened the pigskin treasure chest wherein I had stored the gold coins. They were gone. I intended to bring them down here so that we might divide them equally between us. I sought my master and told him that Yut might well be retained in his service." Jim Sin's eyes narrowed and he looked for an instant directly at each of his auditors. "It is better that Yut be retained in my master's service until we can attempt to solve the problem of the stolen whisky and the gold."

Jim Sin sat down and for three minutes, while each of the old men summarized in his mind the elements of the problem, there was silence in the Cavern of Wisdom. Then Hong Ling spoke:

"We must send two stout barrels to the town near where our companions are buried. We can send two men up there to collect the bones and pack them for shipment."

Sang Lung spoke then, and his words were directed toward Jim Sin:

"Invite your associate cook to be our guest here at the Cavern tomorrow night. Perhaps beneath an exterior as sleek as that of yonder fat cat is concealed the soul of a thief and a hypocrite."

A third member spoke for the defense:

"Painted water may be deep or shallow. Conscience is heavier than gold. If Yut is a follower of the Perfect Way, we shall tell from the look in his eyes. Men of earth speak a thousand tongues; their hearts know one language. When we speak with Yut he will reveal his guilt or his innocence."

"The silent man is never strangled by his own tongue. Perhaps he will not talk."

"He will talk when his tongue is flexed with wine."

Accepting Jim Sin's invitation, flattered not a little by the older Chinaman's attention, Yut accompanied his host to the Cavern of Wisdom on the following night, where, after the ceremony of introduction was done, the guest found a feast prepared for him the like of which he had not tasted in many a long day. A steady stream of waiters and dish carriers marched from the Chow Low restaurant on Grant Avenue to the Cavern of Wisdom, and from some guarded source the seven hosts produced enough alcoholic refreshment to float the place. At first Yut's demeanor was one of humility, but warming with his liquor and his food, he became a boastfully agreeable companion. The old men of the Cavern crew looked from one to another, smiling their indorsement of the suspected man.

By midnight Yut was drunk and his tongue was loose enough to entertain an assemblage ten times as large as the one which he addressed.

"In China I was a fighting man," he boasted. "While the American Armies were in France I served with them. With knives and swords and guns I killed dozens of the enemy."

Here at least was entertainment. Yut, enjoying the delusion of grandeur and laboring under some mental complex which transformed him, enlarged upon his murderous adventures until the last jug of Chinese gin had been emptied. At three o'clock in the morning his story was done and he had established himself in the respect, if not in the affection, of the seven old men.

In leaving the Cavern of Wisdom Yut bowed with elaborate ceremony to each of his seven companions. He turned toward the door. Leaning against the wall near the door stood Hoy Quah, the fat cat. The departing guest stooped down and touched Hoy Quah with his finger tips. The cat, normally enjoying whatever caress or petting might be offered, snarled and leaped away in his effort to escape from Yut's extended fingers.

The incident was trivial enough to be ignored, but each of the seven old men marked it on the tablets of his mind. When Yut had gone Jim Sin was the first to speak:

"The winds of chance dispose of the mantle of honesty. Swimming minnows may laugh at a stranded whale. A man is not born with knowledge. The eyes of age cannot pierce the curtain of circumstance. Justice is the seventh jewel. Heaven is above, earth below. We who reside on the imperfect plane are imperfect."

"Nevertheless, in spite of this defense of Yut, Hoy Quah sought to escape his clutches. Until the fat cat testified with action I, too, believed in Yut. Now, when I can do so, I shall follow him and study him."

"He is a devout worshiper at the Four Bell Church, where the Americans give presents once a year on Christmas."

"He said that he intends to become a great general in China. How can this ambition to spill blood square with his philosophy of peace on earth?"

Nodding heads, pondering over the problem, bore witness to its complexity.

At four o'clock Jim Sin reached for one of the scattered pack of cards which lay on the poker table.

"No man can read the mysteries of this card, let alone see the pictures in the shadows of Yut's mind."

He laid the card on the table face down.

One of his companions spoke up:

"I have not seen the face of the card, but it is the seven of spades."

Jim Sin turned the card over. It was the seven of spades.

"The card is marked, and even as it can be read, so can I read the soul of Yut. He is a thief and a coward and a liar."

When the tumult of defense had quieted the card reader spoke quickly:

"Hoy Quah welcomes the affection of honest men. He is a good cat, although, I grant you, lazy. He is a moral cat, given to staying at home in preference to prowling. We are honest men. Every honest man who has entered this sanctuary has been welcomed by Hoy Quah. The cat hates Yut. That is enough for me. Yut is a thief and a liar."

Jim Sin, fatigued with the events of the day and the mental stress to which he had been subjected, indulged in a wide yawn:

"The coming pages in the Book of Life will reveal the truth. The night has been filled with enemies of tranquillity. Now I shall seek my rest."

He had led the retreat from the Cavern of Wisdom and within the hour he was sound asleep in his room. Toward morning, when the filtering sunlight disturbed the profundity of his slumbers, he dreamed of a heroic warrior clad in armor, swinging a sword while attacking a tiger. The warrior's movements were constricted by his coat of mail and by a ponderous belt which he wore about his waist. The tiger leaped wildly at his enemy and fixed his claws in the fabric of the warrior's belt. The belt was torn and its contents were revealed to the dreamer. Then in his dreaming he saw a cascade of golden coin pour forth at the tiger's feet. In the warrior he recognized Yut, and in the snarling tiger he saw characteristics which suggested the fat Hoy Quah. Jim Sin awakened.

Through that day he retained a memory of his dream, but it was not until late in the afternoon that an interpretation of its meaning came to him. He reviewed it half a dozen times, and then suddenly he realized that the gods of the Fourth Plane had blessed him with masked advice. As was his custom, he sought his companions at the Cavern of Wisdom and told them of his dream.

"It is our fat Hoy Quah who is appointed by the gods to clear the mystery that now agitates our minds. With your permission I will take him home with me so that he may at once begin his conflict with this warrior Yut."

Jim Sin left the Cavern at nine o'clock, carrying with him the fat cat. On his way to Doctor Allan's house he stopped at the shop of a Chinese apothecary long enough to purchase from its proprietor ten cents' worth of a fresh and fragrant herb. He stored his purchase in his inside pocket and resumed his journey, carrying the fat Hoy Quah. At the house he gave the fat cat the freedom of the basement, and here for a little while Hoy Quah ranged on a tour of exploration, remembering the days of his agile youth, when rats and good hunting had been plentiful in his Chinatown environment.

Jim Sin went to his own room adjoining that of his assistant, and there he remained until a ringing bell summoned him to the living room of the house, where he confronted his master. The doctor craved a mint julep to enable him to stand up under the fatigue which had overtaken him as a result of his having read a humorous novel.

"Mix it strong," he ordered. "Go out in the back yard and pick a lot of tender mint leaves and mix it the same way I mixed that one the last time Mr. Black was here."

"I fix him. If I make him like you say I think you get drunk."

Jim Sin returned twenty minutes later with a normal mint julep, about one-tenth as potent as the one specified by Doctor Allan. When he had served the doctor's drink he returned to his room, pausing at Yut's door to knock thereon. There was no answer to his knock and he opened the door to discover that his associate was absent. On the floor at the head of Yut's bed was a pair of black silk house slippers. Jim Sin picked these up and carried them to his own room. From the package of herbs in his pocket he selected four wilted leaves. With the sharp blade of a paring knife he separated the layers of pasteboard which formed the low heels of Yut's slippers. Into each of these crevices he packed a thin wedge of the aromatic herbs. He returned to the kitchen, carrying the paring knife, and on his way he replaced the silk slippers on the floor at the head of Yut's bed. He returned from the kitchen to his own room, where he undressed and went to bed.

The next morning, after breakfast had been served, and while Yut was in the kitchen, Jim Sin looked up from the financial pages of the Chronicle, where he was reviewing the quotations on Hong-Kong exchange.

"Have you any money in San Francisco banks?" he asked quickly.

Yut answered slowly, without giving evidence of having noted anything unusual in Jim Sin's question:

"I am poor. I have no money in any bank. Why do you ask?"

"Now is a good time to buy exchange," Jim Sin returned.

"I am favored on life's eventful way by having food and drink, good clothes, shelter and good friends. In that I am rich; beyond that I have nothing except my faith and my courage," Yut replied.

"You should make for yourself a name, and remember that in the Shang Lun, Confucius says that the superior man is grieved if he die without a name."

"And later in the same Document of Perfection, that the superior man does not employ men on account of their words, and that when a number of men club together

(Continued on Page 88)

CARAVANS

THE old caravans and pack trains on which the world once depended for its goods were merchandising units. Transportation was an integral part of their business. They were their own best advertising. They were forever moving into new markets. Selling and distribution were hand-in-hand matters.

The old caravans have vanished. Merchandising has been split into its elements. Each is now a separate business. And yet the old caravans live again in the nation's newspapers and periodicals. For through these, advertising sweeps a great and endless stream of varied merchandise day after day into millions of homes.

Shimmering rugs from Kerman. Golden oranges from California. Exquisite silver from New England. A magnificent and glittering motor. A marvelous fabric swept into a frock by the unerring hand of a great couturier. Pearls and canned peaches, books and washing machines; furniture, furs and fire insurance—each starting a train of thought, arousing a desire, satisfying a want.

For modern advertising does more than appeal to the old, simple instinct of possession. It opens new roads to freedom and leisure. It points out labor-saving short cuts. It sets new standards of good taste and appreciation. And it is studied for what it may add to the pleasure of living by a public whose resources are incalculable. Whose buying power is inexhaustible. Whose ability to absorb tremendous quantities of merchandise is little short of miraculous.

Advertising to this public requires more than a knowledge of manufacturing methods, sizes and specifications. It requires a knowledge of what people are doing and thinking. It requires a familiarity with customs and markets, sectional preferences and prejudices. It requires the experience that comes only with years.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Through This Book of Health Facts Come Better Bodies and Richer Minds

PROMINENT scientific, medical and food authorities tell us, in no uncertain terms, that Sauerkraut is one of the most healthful of all foods.

They say that it is really more than ordinary diet because it is unusually rich in the vitamines so necessary in building strong bodies and active minds. They emphasize the fact that Sauerkraut is even more than nourishment because its juices contain abundance of lactic ferments which cleanse and disinfect the intestinal tract from impurities and toxins. They tell us that it not only has a stimulating effect upon the appetite but that it is easy to digest.

These facts are indisputable. The remarkable benefits derived from eating Sauerkraut are thoroughly substantiated by the words and works of such famed men as Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, conducted by Good Housekeeping; Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium; Dr. William S. Sadler of the Chicago Institute of Research and Diagnosis; Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad; Metchnikoff, famous director of the Pasteur Institute, and many others whose reputations cannot be questioned.

We would like to send you our interesting booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," which gives exact quotations from these and other leading authorities. This booklet also gives many new recipes for serving healthful, delicious, economical Sauerkraut. It will be sent free upon request. Use the coupon below.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocers, delicatessen stores and meat markets Order it at Hotels and Restaurants)

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for this Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association, Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 86)

and converse not on the principles of justice but delight in little crafty schemes, it is difficult for such to become virtuous."

"True enough," Jim Sin replied. "I am delighted with your knowledge of the Four Books. You recall the Master's words wherein justice must be the foundation of conduct and that life must be built according to propriety and adorned with humility."

"Even so, and further, that although the multitude create opinion still the superior man must investigate before he forms his own opinion."

Jim Sin realized that for the moment he was defeated.

"Maintain virtue and yield it not," he advised. "Pour for me another cup of tea."

Yut made haste to comply with Jim Sin's demands.

"It is a delight to serve one versed in the philosophy of the Master."

The day had brought its problems and it had complicated the problems with half a dozen complex events.

At four o'clock, discussing that evening's dinner with her cook, Mrs. Allan told Jim Sin that the menu would be borrowed from Italy.

"Fill two decanters with the claret from the last year's barrel. The wine must be sharp."

Jim Sin nodded in quiet agreement.

"No catchum good old wine for bad young man," he offered.

Mrs. Allan smiled. Jim Sin left her, and in accordance with her orders he went down into the wine cellar, passing through the basement where prowled the fat Hoy Quah. From the barrel of new claret Jim Sin siphoned enough for the evening's dinner. He returned to his kitchen.

"This wine is from the new barrel. It is to be served with dinner tonight," he said to Yut, who was decorating a cake with useless ornaments.

Yut looked at the wine and Jim Sin thought that he saw an unwarranted quiver of his assistant's eyelids.

Ten minutes later, from the vicinity of the wine cellar, the old cook heard Hoy Quah yowling with an enthusiasm which could have resulted only from some tremendous mental excitement.

"Perhaps he has caught a rat!"

He called loudly for his assistant, but Yut did not answer. The old cook seized a broom and shuffled down into the basement.

Sufficient daylight filtered through the lower windows of the house to make exploration feasible, but Jim Sin snapped the electric switches of the lighting system as he went along.

When he arrived at the foot of the stairs leading to the basement he looked about him. Near the open door of the wine cellar he saw Hoy Quah tumbling about at the heels of the assistant cook. Hoy Quah seemed to be having a fit. In Yut's hand was a piece of wire two feet long, at the end of which a crude hook had been bent.

"I remembered that I had left the door of the wine cellar open," Jim Sin explained. "Close it."

He returned directly to his kitchen, where he was followed a moment or two later by Yut, who had with difficulty eluded the persistent attentions of the fat Hoy Quah.

"The cat has developed a quick affection for you. A man who enjoys the confidence of animals is one to be trusted," Jim Sin volunteered.

"Children and animals cannot be deceived," Yut agreed.

To himself Jim Sin repeated the supplication of the deliberate liar seeking the gods' forgiveness.

Throughout the early evening Jim Sin's eyelids veiled a look wherein were mingled triumph and disgust.

At his first opportunity, while Yut was busy in the house that evening, Jim Sin secured his assistant's street shoes and subjected them to the same operation as the silk house slippers had undergone. Between the leather layers of each heel of Yut's shoes he inserted a liberal quantity of the pungent herb which he had bought at the apothecary shop in Chinatown.

Addressing Yut across their own dinner table in the kitchen, Jim Sin volunteered to take care of the dinner dishes.

"This is Wednesday night and it is late. No doubt you wish to attend services at the Four Bell Church, as is your custom."

"Kindly deeds mark the pathway of the great," Yut returned.

Jim Sin bowed a quiet acknowledgment of Yut's expression, and to himself: "Fate plans for a fool. I shall help Fate as best I can."

After Yut had left, and before Jim Sin departed for his evening's diversion at the Cavern of Wisdom, the old man sought Doctor Allan.

"You catchum two barrel whisky?" he asked.

"Not yet and never," the doctor returned. "Some junk dealer or some hop patient or some grocery boy's confederate has that stored away safely. Not a chance, Jim Sin."

"Better you buy more whisky. Everybody come here all time drink your whisky."

"I will look around."

Doctor Allan dismissed his adviser by diving abruptly into the monotonous pages of a so-called humorous book wherein were related the adventures of a black-complexioned favorite of fortune.

Jim Sin withdrew, and after he had dressed for the street he gathered the fat Hoy Quah under his left arm and started for the Cavern of Wisdom. Entering into the presence of his aged companions, he spoke sharply after appropriate salutation had been exchanged:

"It is advisable that two of you attend services this night at the Four Bell Christian Church. With you, transport this intelligent cat. When you arrive at the church, before you enter, store this four-legged rat catcher in the basement of the church. There is a windowpane missing three or four feet above the floor of the basement in the third window from the corner of the building. That would be a good point of entrance for Hoy Quah. Take your places in the congregation and should this rat catcher exercise his voice at any time during the evening mark well in your minds the point whence comes his song."

After a little grumbling two members of the Cavern crew left the assemblage as Jim Sin had directed. With them they carried Hoy Quah. Two hours later they returned to the Cavern.

"The cat is in the possession of Yut, your assistant," they reported. "He began a fiendish yowling against the west wall of the basement about forty feet from the southwest corner of the building. Beyond that we know nothing."

"You have done well," Jim Sin returned. "No doubt Yut will bring the cat to us after his devotions are complete at the Four Bell Church."

In this surmise Jim Sin proved to be correct. At half past ten, answering a summons on the portals of the door, Yut was admitted to the Cavern. He carried the squirming Hoy Quah.

"Knowing the residence of this noisy demon," Yut announced, "I favored him with transportation. I consign him to your care, and with appropriate felicitations I bid you good night."

Jim Sin's assistant left abruptly. After he had gone Jim Sin looked about him, fixing for an instant the eyes of each of his companions with his own.

"Only the knife of wisdom can penetrate the armor of mystery. When knowledge comes mystery vanishes. At the moment I but seek suspected truth. Early tomorrow morning arrange it so that two of you borrow the junk dealer's wagon. Come with it to my master's house. I bid you good night."

At breakfast time, remembering the next detail of his plan, Jim Sin addressed his master: "I think better we catchum bottle for wine. You leave him in barrel next moon he be sour."

The wine was common wine and its loss meant nothing much in Doctor Allan's young life, and so he dismissed the subject with a brief approval.

"All right, have it bottled."

"I fix 'em, mebbe all right. I take old barrel. I give him my cousin."

"What does your cousin want with old wine barrels?"

"He catchum bones old men long time dead. Send him back China. Box he break on boat."

"All right, take the barrel if you want it."

That was that. Smiling inwardly at his easy victory, Jim Sin returned to his kitchen. He called a number over the telephone through the Chinatown exchange and cackled half a dozen cryptic phrases over the wire. When this detail of his plan was complete he sought his assistant. Yut was in the front room of the house, busy with a vacuum sweeper.

"When you get this room fixed and the breakfast dishes taken care of, come downstairs to the wine cellar."

Yut looked at Jim Sin for a moment, and then, "I will do as you order," he said.

When Yut joined Jim Sin in the wine cellar he found an array of bottles and corks confronting him. Jim Sin, busy with the rubber tube which he was using to siphon the wine out of the barrel of new claret, pointed to a bottle-corking machine lying on a box near by.

"Put the corks in these bottles as I fill them. This wine will get sour if it is not bottled."

A quick frown of apprehension spread over Yut's normally placid face. Jim Sin noticed this.

"Men and wine grow sweet or sour with age," he offered casually.

"A man cannot climb a hill by walking around it," Yut returned.

When the barrel was nearly empty a knock sounded on the door opening from the basement to the side driveway that led back to the garage.

"See who is at the door," Jim Sin ordered.

When Yut opened the door he faced two of the old Chinese whom he had met in the Cavern of Wisdom. They had borrowed the horse and wagon belonging to the Chinese junkman. The vehicle stood in the driveway near the basement door. The two old men came into the basement and greeted Jim Sin.

"Rest for a little while," Jim Sin requested. "There are yet a dozen bottles to be filled from this barrel and then it will be as empty as a soldier's head."

It was here that Yut began his attempt to purchase the empty barrel.

"I would like to buy this barrel from you to contain the ceremonial wine which we use at the Four Bell Church."

From the corners of his eyes Jim Sin looked quickly at his two old companions.

"How much money will you give for this barrel?" he asked Yut.

"Two silver dollars," Yut offered.

"This is a precious barrel," Jim Sin countered. "It was used for whisky, for gin and for brandy, as you can see by the old stamps upon it. Its wood is fragrant with the fumes of liquors which have brought happiness to a hundred hearts and looseness to a hundred tongues."

"Five silver dollars then," Yut amended.

"What folly! Think of the added flavors which the libation wine at the Four Bell Church would gain from being stored within this noble cask."

"There are a hundred members in our congregation," Yut conceded. "The flavor which this ancient barrel would add to the libation wine is worth ten cents to each of them. I will pay ten dollars for the barrel."

"A grain of sand can hide a mountain. Clear thy vision," Jim Sin advised. "Perhaps the fumes of this wine have affected thee."

"The truth is heavy upon your lips," Yut agreed. "I will give you fifty dollars for the barrel."

"The barrel is empty now." Jim Sin was stooping low, with the rubber tube which he had used to siphon the wine from the barrel. "Fifty dollars is an insult to an honorable barrel like this."

"One hundred dollars then—that is all."

"The barrel is yours as quickly as you pay for it. Where is the money?"

"I will get the money."

Yut disappeared up the stairway leading to his room near the kitchen. As soon as Yut had gone Jim Sin hit the head of the barrel half a dozen times with a hatchet which he had brought from the furnace room. With the fifth blow a segment of the head of the barrel fell away from its confining staves. Jim Sin tilted the barrel up quickly and into a little pool of wine and sediment there clinked a flow of golden coins. Nearly all of them were octagonal fifty-dollar pieces. Within thirty seconds all these coins had been stowed in a gunny sack. Jim Sin lifted the sack of gold and set it away in a dark corner of the wine cellar behind an empty whisky case. When this was done, and while his two companions waited for him, he left the wine cellar. He met Yut in the open area of the basement. In Yut's fingers were five twenty-dollar bills. Jim Sin extended his hand for the money and received it. He put it in his pocket.

"The barrel is yours," he said to Yut. "So that these two old friends of ours may not be disappointed, you must employ them to transport the barrel to the Four Bell Church. You need not delay to change your costume, because they are in haste."

(Continued on Page 90)

DURANT MOTORS, INC.

THE CAR FOR THE MILLION

THE MILLION DOLLAR MOTOR

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

NEW STAR 2-DOOR SEDAN

$750 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

Twenty Percent More Power
from the
Million Dollar Motor

Automobiles are power vehicles for transportation. Power is the essence of an automobile. Power means not only the ability to pull heavy loads but means also minimized gear shifting, ease of handling in traffic, on hills and in difficult going. All of these advantages characterize the Star Car and emphasize its quality leadership in the low-priced field.

Coupled with the incomparable Star chassis and the modern roomy and comfortable bodies Star Cars offer a total value per dollar of cost that warrants first consideration by all of the millions who seek up-to-date low-cost transportation.

Call upon the nearest Star Dealer. Decide which model best fits your need and request a demonstration ride. We will then be content to leave the decision with you.

Outstanding Points of Star Superiority

Honed Cylinders
Lapped Piston Pins
Silent Chain Drive
Aluminum Alloy Pistons
Bronze Bushed Rods
Mirror Finished Bearings
Forced Feed Lubrication
Double Adjustment Carburetor
Vacuum Fuel Feed
Gas Tank at Rear
Hot Spot Manifold
Removable Valve Guides
100% Machined Fly Wheel
Fitted to one ten-thousandth of an inch

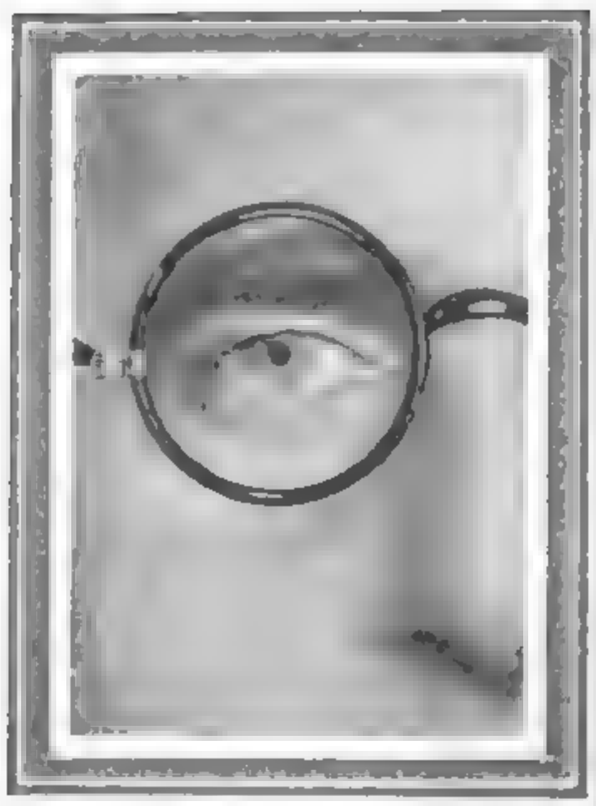
STAR CAR PRICES
f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

Touring $540 Roadster $540 Coupe $715 2-Door Sedan $750 4-Door Sedan $820 Commercial Chassis $445

DURANT MOTORS, INC., BROADWAY AT 57th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Dealers and Service Stations Throughout the United States and Canada

PLANTS: - ELIZABETH, N. J. - LANSING, MICH. - OAKLAND, CAL. - TORONTO, ONT.



(Continued from Page 88)

At that moment through the door of the wine cellar there emerged the two old members of the Cavern crew, carrying between them the empty barrel. They carried it so that Yut could not see the caved-in segment of the barrel head.

An hour later the two old men came back. Seated between them on the front seat of the wagon sat Yut. On its first trip to Doctor Allan's house the junk wagon had been empty. Now it held a heavy cargo concealed under a tumbled heap of sacks and newspapers and canvas. The old man who drove the wagon steered the ancient horse into the entrance of the runway leading to Doctor Allan's garage. Near the basement door opening from the runway they stopped. Jim Sin, waiting expectantly, opened the door of the basement. He lifted one end of a long timber and dragged it through the door beside him. When it was set in place, with one end resting on the wagon bed and the other on the floor of the runway, he brought another similar timber. The sacks and the newspapers and the torn canvas covering were removed from the cargo which they concealed. The junk wagon was loaded with two barrels of whisky, and presently these were skidded down the timbers and were again stored in their place in Doctor Allan's wine cellar.

When this work was done Jim Sin brought a pair of pliers and began cutting the wire bonds which confined Yut to his central place on the wagon seat.

One of the old men spoke to him:

"If I bruised thy ribs with the muzzle of the pistol which I held against them I regret it."

"A soldier and a hero would not notice a little thing like that," Jim Sin interrupted, and then, to Yut, "A piece of advice, hero. A band of recruits are leaving next week for China to join the armies of the north. A wise man understands a nod. We have no place for heroes on our San Francisco battle grounds. It is better for you that you leave San Francisco."

"'The superior man bows to the will of heaven,'" Yut quoted. "I will go."

That evening, fatigued with the work of the day and laboring with the last chapter of the so-called humorous story wherein the adventures of the black-face man were set forth, Doctor Allan asked Jim Sin for a mint julep. With his first swallow of the refreshing beverage the doctor looked up at his servant.

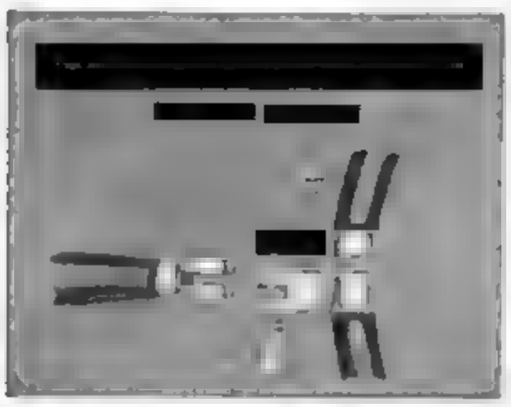
"This tastes like the old whisky."

"Old whisky he come back," Jim Sin confirmed. "I catchum two barrels down cellar now."

"You mean the police located it?"

Doctor Allan got up from his chair to verify Jim Sin's casual announcement.

"Better you go bed early," Jim Sin countered calmly. "No good read book all time. You likee julep mint all same Hoy Quah likee catnip mint."



Spares discomfort-prevents eye-strain-saves expense

You needn't be troubled by spectacle frames that are always getting out of kilter. By distracting wobbling that puts glasses out of focus and means dangerous eye-strain. By the sudden snap that sends them out of commission, interrupts your day, encourages a headache. . . . By the annoyance of having petty repairs made, expense that mounts up.

Twintex Shur-ons save you all these worries and anxieties. The patented end-piece of these spectacles definitely prevents wobbling and protects your vision. Look at the diagram of it again. It means double strength at the "danger point." It won't work loose—once fitted, your spectacles stay adjusted. Ask your optical specialist about the many new styles in Twintex Shur-ons, the best spectacle made.

Send for authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses."

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc.
Established 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

Shur-on

ALL TYPES OF
SPECTACLES AND
EYEGLASSES

ROYAL RAIMENT

(Continued from Page 23)

And this shows in his appearance. The spirit of free men who lived in hardship and peril to build an industrial empire still breathes in the American laborer, and he looks and feels something of the heroic.

Industry marched westward in great strides after the Civil War; and such writers as Mark Twain and Bret Harte have given us true pictures of America's great effort of expansion. The main figures in the vital literature produced by these writers are workers who wear a rough, coarsely vivid dress of toil, a dress that was natural to the vast, unpeopled plains, lonely mountains and primeval forests. Even in the East most of the towns had little but the life of industry and agricultural trade. The refinements of social and cultural life were left for the cities. In the evenings the streets would be filled with men whose dress showed them to be workers in various occupations.

I have a vivid memory of the Saturday nights in the little town where I spent my early boyhood, of the farm hands, coal miners and railroaders who paraded between livery barn, stores and saloons, in overalls, sateen shirts and boots. Store clothes were worn only on Sunday.

Hardrock Etiquette

But times had already changed when I became a workingman myself at fifteen. I was in the West then; and my first work for man's wages was driving mules on the construction of irrigation ditches in Idaho. There the frontier life survived in many of the towns, especially in the regions that still offered free range for cattle. All the dressing up the cowboy did for a town visit was to take off his chaps and spurs at the hitching rack. If he was young and sporty he might pull the bandanna from around his neck and twist on a necktie. The miners put their pants legs outside their boots. The loggers changed their calked shoes for lighter footgear—sometimes. The muleteers, when they came in from the grade, rubbed the grease spots from their round-topped curly-rimmed hats and reversed pants.

This needs explaining. Muleteers and hardrock men worked and traveled, as a rule, in two outfits of clothes. One was overalls and jumper; the other was a cheap store suit, usually blue serge. On a job and on the road, the overall suit was worn over the dress suit; in town, this mode was reversed and the overalls were worn underneath.

I, being a young muleteer, could not bring myself to agree with this custom. I wore two suits, but they were both of the overall variety. One would be an elderly suit of worn and patched appearance; the other would show a new bright blue and a glitter of untarnished brass buttons. I reversed these according to custom, but for a long time I could not think of paying ten or twelve dollars for a suit of store clothes. But in Los Angeles, in the winter of 1910, I yielded to the new order in the life of American labor. By that time I had worked in six Western states; and experiences in such cities as Seattle and San Francisco had made me conscious of the change to a new life.

In those cities I discovered that many laborers no longer arrayed themselves in store clothes only on Sunday. The old-timers, of course, held to the old fashion; but the younger generation would not go out on the streets after supper in clothes that marked their occupation. Some sort of store suit, a stiff collar, a necktie and a shine were necessary for the evenings of every respectable young workingman.

During the last summer and first autumn months of 1910 I drove mules in Southern Oregon on a railroad job. At the first November freeze five of us younger muleteers, all in overalls, rambled to San Francisco. In the Golden Gate City we lingered for two weeks, wasting our substance. The time came when we had to think of work. We caught a boat to Los Angeles. There we found crowds of men idling before the boards of employment offices. Few jobs were in sight. We wasted no time with the idlers, but struck out, looking for work. For ten days we could not find an employer who needed even one man. Then fortune smiled—laughed uproariously, rather; for all five of us got jobs with a contracting firm that had just begun work on a new subdivision. We were all set for the winter, at jobs of driving dump wagons for $2.25 per ten-hour day. We were happy workingmen.

The contractors had bunk tents and a boarding house, and for two weeks we did not go downtown. Most of the muleteers there were home guards, men who had worked steadily for this firm over a period of years; and we being good hobo laborers, my comrades and I should have despised them. But in a few days we were silently envying them instead.

These young men had store clothes which they never wore under their overalls; instead, they kept them pressed and neat in locked closets in the bunk tents. Several nights a week each of the young home guards would don his fancy rig and go downtown to a show or to call on some girl. They talked with a sound of deep knowledge about actors, plays, theaters and places of amusement which I had supposed were only for the lofty rich. My comrades and I ceased to boast about our hobo experiences; we lost the faith that our rovings surpassed the gay, sophisticated life familiar to these steady city workers. And each one of us, without confiding in the others, resolved to follow the example of the despised home guards.

Indiana Takes the Plunge

Two weeks passed. Each of the five had fifteen dollars in his pocket. We were silent as we rode in the street car that carried us to our first Saturday night in the city, and we did not look at one another. We knew our ethics demanded that we should go to the saloons where the hobo muleteers gathered, and then buy beer for the gang and pass out eating money to the ones who were broke. But when we alighted from the car we hesitated and were lost.

"I'll see you guys later, I guess—maybe," stammered Indiana, the youngest of the gang excepting myself. "I got to see a fellow over—er—down here."

The last words were spoken over his shoulder. The rest of us tramped silently, slowly, reluctantly on toward the hangouts. It was Smitty who halted us. He was the oldster of the five, nearly thirty, a powerful, black, bewhiskered man, our leader.

"Let's see a picksher show," he proposed, "before we look for the gang. I think they's a swell nickelodeon back down Main Street."

We agreed enthusiastically and faced about. We passed two shows without going in, saying maybe we'd find something better. We reached a large theater where a dramatic stock company played. The home guards at camp had all talked about how fine it was.

"Let's take a peek at the pickshers in the lobby," said Smitty.

Again we agreed eagerly. We looked at the pictures and announcements until we became too conscious of our overalls for pleasure; then we returned to the street. We stopped on the corner and talked aimlessly for a while, our words concealing our real thoughts. Smitty supposed that we had better go on to one of the picture shows; and the rest of us supposed so, too; but we remained on the corner and talked about this and that. Finally we decided to have some beer, and we went into the corner saloon. There was a noisy crowd along the bar, and many looked like they might be workingmen; but we were the only ones in overalls. As we drank our beer Smitty said that was certainly a big theater there and it most probably had a fine show. We brightened up at his words. Then he said that going to a show was just going to a show, and that was all, and a man could get just as much good out of a nickelodeon as the biggest show on earth if he really wanted to. But he didn't make a move to go, and we had another round.

Living Up to His Clothes

I noticed a young fellow come through the door and push up to the bar. He was dressed in a neat blue serge suit, he wore a necktie and a gay fawn-colored hat that was creased around the crown; but he looked familiar. He had a bundle under his arm, and I heard him ask the bartender if he could leave it there for a while. I recognized his voice.

The dressy young blood was Indiana!

"Look at that there!" I yelled to the others.

We instantly gathered around him and asked him fiercely what he thought he was putting over on us anyway. Indiana was confused and embarrassed only for a moment; then he glared defiantly.

"I don't care what you think, an' I don't care what you all say I am," he growled, thumping the bar with his fist. "I'm goin' to live my life in my own way; I've made up my mind to that! I don't care if I do get called a home guard an' become the laughin'stock of all the hobo team hands. I'm goin' to have me a dress-up rig that I won't wear for nothin' but dress-up times; an' I'm goin' to real shows an' set in the four-bit seats; an' I'm goin' to get me a real honest-to-gosh girl, an' even maybe learn to dance, if I want to. I don't care if it ain't right for me to quit lickerin'-up with the ol' gang an' spendin' my money in the ol' way I'm s'posed to—I'll be wrong then, an' do wrong! An', what's more, if any you guys start preachin' at me, a-tellin' me what's right an' how I ought to do right, I'm declarin' myself that I won't lis'en to no leckshers from anybody! If any of you

(Continued on Page 92)

INTRODUCING

NEW DESIGNS *by de Causse*

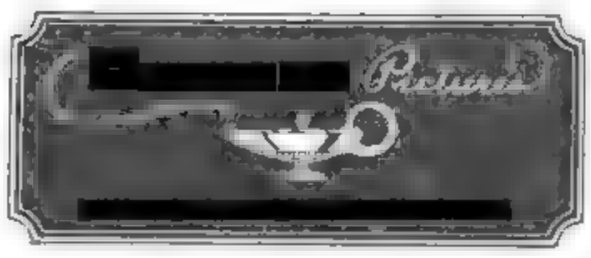
The New Franklin, as styled by de Causse, is a brilliant and enduring conception of beauty. Correctly fashioned, richly appointed, completely equipped, and high-powered, it is a striking ensemble of everything that makes ownership a delight. Leading in comfort, reliability, economy and road ability, it is fitting that the Franklin should also lead in style. All seven types are lower-slung with longer wheelbase. Special exhibits at all Franklin showrooms are now ready.

SEDAN TOURING SPORT SEDAN
SPORT RUNABOUT CABRIOLET
ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE COUPE

Catalog on Request

FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE NEW YORK



"HOOKED"

a new comedy starring Lloyd Hamilton, and "Step Fast", a Christie Comedy, are two fine examples of the sort of Short Subject that lifts the level of quality of the Whole Program at your favorite theatre.

Don't fail to see these splendid comedies, or to watch for the EDUCATIONAL PICTURES trade-mark whenever you are planning a trip to the movies.

E. W. Hammons
President

Educational Pictures
make every program a better program

LARRY SEMON
SPECIAL COMEDIES

HAMILTON COMEDIES

BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES

WALTER HIERS COMEDIES

MERMAID COMEDIES

CHRISTIE COMEDIES

JUVENILE COMEDIES

TUXEDO COMEDIES

CAMEO COMEDIES

JUDGE'S
CROSSWORD PUZZLES

PARIS CREATIONS
IN COLORS
DISPLAYED BY HOPE HAMPTON

LYMAN H. HOWE'S
HODGE PODGE

EARL HURD
CARTOON COMEDIES

KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL
Built Like a Newspaper

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES
INCORPORATED
Executive Offices
370 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 90)

think you got any leckshurin' or preachin' around to do at me, why just say so an' we'll fight it out right here! Wrong or not, I'm goin' to live my own life an' go my own way."

He was all steamed up by then and orating like a politician, waving his hands and roaring out his words. Everyone in the saloon was staring at him.

"Whoa, Ned," said Smitty in a soothing voice. "Whoa, an' back up. You'll have the bulls in here if you keep on. Shut your blab an' then tell me this: Where an' how'd you get them clothes?"

"I—I—why, I bought 'em, of course!" answered Indiana, wilting down suddenly. "I just—just bought 'em, that's all."

"You mean to stand there an' try to tell me you bought that outfit with fourteen dollars? G'wan!"

"It's my own business anyway," declared Indiana, getting his wind again. "You lemme alone. You go your way an' I'll go mine."

"You ain't got me at all," said Smitty. "I want to go your way too. I want to doll up like that myself. An' I agree with you perfec'ly, ol'-timer, that we don't care what these other stiffs thinks."

Well, we were all lost. City life had got its poison into our blood; and we all swore we'd dress up with Indiana and travel with him, in spite of all the hobo muleteers in California. That made him happy and we shook hands all around.

"Come on," he said. "Foller me."

He led us down a side street and into a big secondhand store.

"I got my suit here for six dollars," he said proudly. "The shoes was a dollar and a half and the hat cost me one buck. The ol' Jew's a pretty good feller, an' he'll make it cheap if you all buy."

In a short time we were all arrayed in real store suits, hats, shiny shoes and brilliant neckties, at an average cost of eight dollars apiece. And there we were, five hobo laborers dressed up like home guards, and we wanted some place to go.

"We're goin' to that big swell theater," said Smitty. "That's the only place for us now. Come on, gang."

He was the leader again, and he headed the parade to the box office. It was about time for the play to begin, and we could not get five good seats together in the orchestra.

The Witchery of the Play

"Five box seats then," said Smitty, twisting his mustache in a careless fashion, as though buying box seats was nothing at all for him. The rest of us were doubtful and embarrassed; but we gave him the money for our seats without protest.

Never shall I forget the awful self-consciousness of my first five minutes in that box. It was a lower front one, and I was shoved into a chair next to the rail. I was sure that all eyes in the theater were on me, and I could feel my face burn and perspire. The indomitable Smitty sat next to me. His eyes glowing, he leaned over to whisper.

"Know what?" he said. "I bet everybody out there thinks we're wealthy cattlemen from the desert country!"

Glorious thought! I looked at the tanned faces of my companions and decided it might be so. Surely! We were in overalls no longer; we were dressed for any position in life. I felt sure that my brown suit with its brilliant red stripes was a true sign of prosperity. Now when I stared into the audience it was with a brazen look of scorn.

The lights went out. The curtain rose on an English play. I was enchanted with the rich scenes, the ladies in sparkling gowns, the fantastic story. The hero was a man who had descended from Mars to make a selfish knight deal more kindly with his tenants. I forgot my bright clothes, my friends, the audience—everything but the play and its actors. I lived in a new and marvelous world. I was in England and seeing the intimate life of the aristocracy there; I saw a man really come down from Mars, and I heard him utter sermons in a manner that made them seem not sermons but spontaneous human speech. In another act the English poor were on the stage, in their wretched work clothes. I saw them, too, as realities; and again I thought of my new suit—it was new to me—and I felt how lucky I was to be even a poor American muleteer, for I could dress up and go to the theater; while in England—England out there on the stage—wretched, ragged laborers were starving before my eyes. So strong an impression did I get of this, my first play, that even today when I think of England I see it in the scenes that charmed me that night. And the play's preachment had a powerful moral effect on me also. For the first time I wondered if it was the thing, the right thing, for a youth to hobo about the country, even though he worked honestly, and to drink beer and chew tobacco and play seven-up.

The others, as I remember, were not so profoundly affected; but we all went directly back to the grading camp after the show and were as decorous as any of the home guards on Sunday, the next day.

I did not realize it then, but I had entered into a new age of the American laborer, had breathed in his new spirit. From now on he was to be a laborer only on the job; he had shed finally all the aspects of peasantry, even as generations of American laborers before him had fought down the peasant's inherent servility, dependence on a master and meekness of thought and demeanor. In certain occupations he was to keep his original, picturesque and distinctively masculine fashions of dress when he worked; but off the job he was to be simply an American man, wearing a dress that would allow him unself-consciously to enter any of the places where Americans may spend their leisure; presenting there not the appearance of a laborer but the appearance of a typical American individual. Not that he was to be ashamed of making his living by manual labor and attempt to hide the fact. By no means. He was to attain a position of individual freedom in his laborer's life that would make him feel the equal of anyone; not to be pitied or wept over or gaped at as a picturesque peasant, but to be regarded as a free and independent man, perfectly able to appear anywhere and to take care of himself under any circumstances. His new clothes were a symbol of this consciousness.

I worked in Los Angeles for nearly two years, and during that time I purchased three new suits—really new ones. A good suit could be bought for fifteen dollars then, and I never paid more. I had hats, shoes, dress shirts and neckties in profusion. I was a new man—or youth, rather.

The call of the road took me away again. I packed a suitcase and left it in a rooming house to await my order for it. I was astonished to discover how much company it had. The hobo laborer had become a man who owned a suitcase! He no longer wore his suit under his overalls; at least the younger man did not. He packed it in a grip when he went hoboing and left the grip in a hotel. And today, in any workingman's hotel or rooming house, there is a room with stacks of suitcases in it, waiting for their owners to send for them. A laborer wearies of a town and leaves without any particular destination. He knows he is apt to wander a long way before he settles again or he may return. He travels in his work clothes. When he finds a place that pleases him he sends for his store suits.

American Traits

I have noticed every year since then that the American laborer becomes more and more of a dressed-up man. This certainly means that he is ever placing a higher value on his individuality by presenting it in a better appearance. The raiment he wears today in his hours of leisure more often than not merits the name of royal; his shoulders are adorned by weaves a prince need not be ashamed to wear.

It is a terrible spectacle for the college sociologists to contemplate; they have been inspired to spend years at arduous study by the hope that they could save the oppressed American masses from starvation and rags; then they discover that the man of the masses eats what he wills, he motors over the highway instead of reading their "literature," and arrayed in regally tailored suits, he goes to parties and balls, or takes his family to the movies. It is heartbreaking. The college sociologist in America is as wretched as a movie hero with a boil on his Grecian nose.

No less wretched is the art-smitten American who is enamored of the folk songs, the folk dances and the folk dress of European peasants—who is as much enamored, very likely, of the knuckling and scraping which American tourists receive overseas. The tailored and barbered laborer of today, like the burly, rough-clad laborer of yesterday, simply ignores the impudent school whose main business is to pry into his affairs. He may listen to some of the politicians of the school, to a La Follette or a Wheeler, when there is a presidential campaign; but the main audience of the school is in the colleges and women's clubs.

The laborer ignores efforts to uplift him; he ignores attempts to artify him; he will wear his royal raiment as he pleases because he has the money to buy it, the desire to give himself the appearance in his leisure of the typical individual American, and has the freedom to do so.

I admired the old-time picturesque laborer; but I, for one, refuse to decry the new man of toil.

No; I must even rejoice with him. I bought my last suit a year and a half ago with money earned from a job of loading lumber. It is of soft brown checks and from a rich piece of Scotch woolen. It cost me sixty-five dollars. When I bought it I had a thirty-five-dollar blue serge and a fifty-dollar gray tweed, both in good condition. The time when a fifteen-dollar suit would do for me seemed far away. The day of the six-dollar secondhand suit was very dim. The years of overalls were not to be thought of. The new age had reached the noon of its glory. My dress-up wardrobe filled one huge suitcase, my work outfit another. I had five pairs of shoes—one pair of sixteen-dollar logger boots, a ten-dollar pair of dress shoes, and three minor pairs. Silk shirts and wool shirts; three hats and two caps; a jersey, a roughneck sweater, a mackinaw and a jerkin; a slicker and a forty-dollar whipcord raincoat; three pairs of work pants, a heavy leather apron and mittens for lumber handling; a stack of the more intimate garments; enough neckties to make a bedspread. I drove a glittering sedan. I was proud of my possessions, proud of living as a laborer who could dress as well and live as well, if not with such extravagance, as the manager of the mill where I worked.

Well Paid and Well Dressed

I was working by contract and earning nearly double the going wages for common labor. I worked very hard, of course. There were periods when I had to call all my muscular power and physical energy into use for hours at a time. Boards fresh from the saws poured out of the mill on conveyer chains, and eight of us had to load them on trucks as fast as they came. When the sawyers had good logs they would come near to covering us up. But never entirely. In some fashion or another we would do our jobs as they were supposed to be done. Hats and shirts would be cast aside; bare arms would glitter with sweat, and a tangle of wet hair would be falling over each flushed face. Drump! Drump! Drump! The boards made this sound as they were slammed on trucks all along the platform. Eyes would glitter and hoarse curses would rise as a particularly bad tangle of boards came out on the chains. But the end of a heavy run would always see the platform clean and each board on its proper truck.

The chainmen were free. Each one could have had an easier job. He could have worked for advancement, or have learned an easier skilled trade. But this labor was the life that suited us, and we asked for no other. We made big wages and bought royal raiment and good living instead of booze, as in the old days. Uptown in the evenings the muscularity and physical energy of the chainmen were hid under good American clothes; they were simply American individuals at leisure. They had a certain ideal of their own and they succeeded in giving it appearance.

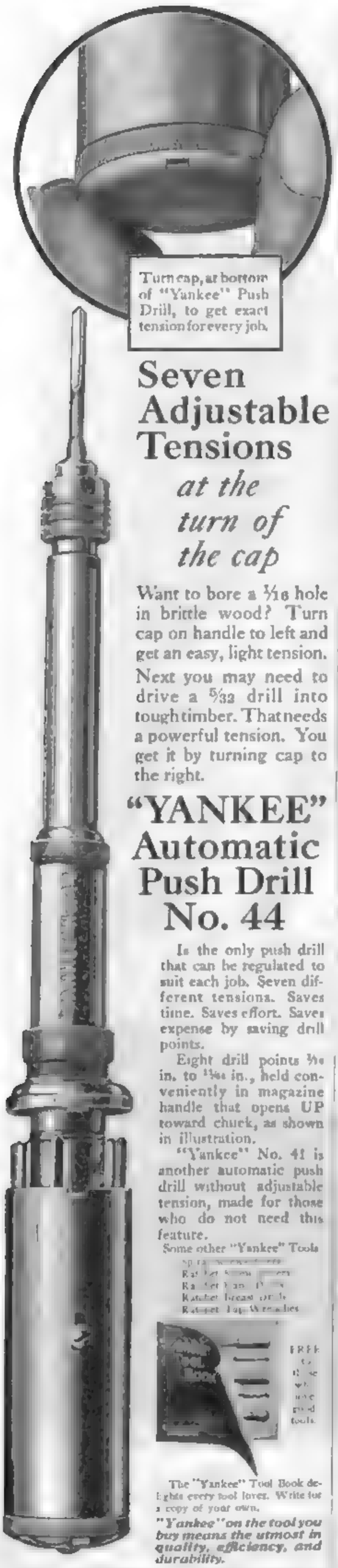
The ideal still progresses. I hear from a young American laborer who works for common wages. He has been married a year. He has worn, during this time, a fifty-five-dollar suit, a fifty-dollar overcoat, and a pair of Russian calf shoes which cost him twelve dollars. In the winter he lost some time and got behind in his grocery bill. But at Christmas his friends and relatives recognized his truest need. His presents, he tells me, were mostly clothes. He was given a fourteen-dollar sport sweater, sixteen pairs of silk and silk-wool socks, a broadcloth shirt and a pair of leather house slippers. He has lived his entire youth in the new age, and royal raiment is a prime necessity to him.

It is with him as it is with all American laborers. Royal raiment gives them the appearance of other Americans; yet it is the mark of their sense of free individuality, the new distinction, importance and self-respect they feel.

Heinz Beans Are Baked In Real Ovens

Baking beans in real ovens is a slow, expensive process—but oh! the difference in taste. Heinz Beans are really oven-baked. The label says so—the beans prove it, in nourishment, in digestibility. Oven-baked, then combined with Heinz Tomato Sauce—what could be more delicious? *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

When you come to Pittsburgh visit the Heinz kitchens



Seven Adjustable Tensions

at the turn of the cap

Want to bore a 1/16 hole in brittle wood? Turn cap on handle to left and get an easy, light tension.

Next you may need to drive a 5/32 drill into tough timber. That needs a powerful tension. You get it by turning cap to the right.

"YANKEE" Automatic Push Drill No. 44

Is the only push drill that can be regulated to suit each job. Seven different tensions. Saves time. Saves effort. Saves expense by saving drill points.

Eight drill points 1/16 in. to 1/4 in., held conveniently in magazine handle that opens UP toward chuck, as shown in illustration.

"Yankee" No. 41 is another automatic push drill without adjustable tension, made for those who do not need this feature.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Ratchet Screw Driver
Ratchet Drill
Ratchet Breast Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches

FREE to those who use and need good tools.

The "Yankee" Tool Book delights every tool lover. Write for a copy of your own.

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency, and durability.

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools.
North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

success the dark-blue blues number, entitled:

MY SUGAR POPPER ISN'T WORTH A PINCH OF SALT TO ME

I've got those melancholy, weeping blues;
And the only thing I can accuse
Is just my scarred luck,
Ill-starred luck,
Moanin'-in-the-gloamin' kinda hard luck.
My Lolly-popper left Sweet Me!
And the reason why is plain to see.
He sold me down the river, and
My menu now is liver-and,
Where filet mignon once it used to be.
Gee!

REFRAIN

I come an awful cropper since I lost my sugar popper,
Now he isn't worth a pinch of salt to me.
And the way it had to happen
Was a hold-up caught me nappin',
And he gypped me of my jew-el-ry.
Diabetic Dad, he got mad; left me sad, and since has stayed away;
Packed his tent, then he went, and did that gentle Arab fade-away.
He's gone to tour up
And down in Europe
Until he gets more reconciled.
But I'm betting he'll be back to petting again,
If only I can get to him and warble that strain:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!

—Harry G. Smith.

Its treatment and theme are in a manner Lost-Chordic:
A wonderful song to make a new Nation Nordic:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

DRAWN BY E. B. FULLER

When Little Willie Let Go of His Mother's Hand a Second

Ask for Bill Jones

THIS I have learned, though the clever folk stimulate,
Tickle and titillate all of my brain,
Spilling the wisdom they have—or they simulate,
Nevertheless, when I need to obtain
Print of the mint, if I want to negotiate
Something resembling a loan when I'm broke,
Then I discover it pays to associate
Rather with plain mid-Victorian folk!

Somehow the scintillant crowd intellectual
Tends to grow cold when you're down in the dumps;
Somehow their brilliancy seems ineffectual
When you need succor in bumping the bumps;
All of the wit and the humor they glory in
Hasn't so much of a generous trend;
Go with your woe to some dull, mid-Victorian,
Loyal and faithful dependable friend.

Sulphites for cleverness, smartness and gayety,
But when the shades of calamity fall,
Bromides and sordidly commonplace laity
Prove the best people at heart, after all!

—Berton Braley.

Housemaids in Overalls

IN DAYS of long ago,
Days that are dead forever,
To cook, to clean, to sew,
Was all a maid's endeavor;
Her hands, unresting ever,
Went nimbly to and fro,
In days now dead forever,
The days of long ago.

It burdens down the soul,
E'en as the heart it gashes,
To carry in the coal
And carry out the ashes;
To mash potatoes mashes
A woman's self-control,
E'en as the heart it gashes,
And burdens down the soul.

But hail the brighter day!
So women cry, ecstatic;
The broom is laid away,
Becobwebbed, in the attic;
Housework is automatic,
Machines have come to stay,
And women cry, ecstatic:
"All hail the brighter day!"

No more the milkmaids come
To tweak the bovine udder;
They milk by vacuum!
The cows, regretful, shudder,
And sadly chew the cud or
Moo in a manner glum;
No more to tweak the udder
The merry milkmaids come.

No more are pots and churns
The tools of kitchen wenches;
The modern scullion learns
To work with Stillson wrenches;
Her fist an oilcan clenches;
Machinist's pay she earns;
No more do kitchen wenches
Belabor pots and churns.

And yet my heart is drear!
The modern type of slavey
Leaves washers in the beer,
Machine oil in the gravy;
She ought to join the Navy
And be an engineer,
And give us back the slavey,
The cook of yesteryear!

—Morris Bishop.

DRAWN BY GENE MARKEY

Director: "Phyllis Has Just Spurned Your Love and You Decide to End It All. Now Step Off That Thousand-Foot Precipice"

Director: "That's Fine! Cut!"

Actor: "No More o' Those Thousand-Foot Jumps for Me Until You Get a Softer Mattress!"

The Ides of March

YOU need not beware the Ides of March, with their sulky gusts, and the patter of distant hail.

Ride blithely through the storm, your DUCO finished car richly gleaming in the murk . . . long months of ice and snow behind it, and the silvered gleam of spring just around the corner.

Genuine DUCO on your car makes it come up smiling through all temperatures and weathers. The hottest summer sun blazing on its surface will not cause it to crack or check. Sand and mud, or the alkali of the desert spaces, may be removed without a mark. Ordinary washing, with the occasional use of Duco Polish No. 7, will keep your car looking its best through many seasons.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J. FLINT, MICH.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish & Color Works, Toronto

DU PONT
DUCO
REG U S PAT OFF

DU PONT

New Cars

The [illegible] manufacturers are [illegible] standard and special models.

Buick	Maxwell
Chevrolet	Marmon
Chrysler	Nash
Gardner	Nash
Hupmobile	Oakland
Jewett	Oldsmobile
Marmon	Pierce-Arrow

[illegible] use Duco on [illegible] Cadillac [illegible] and [illegible]

Duco Polish, No. 7

[illegible] but [illegible] automobile [illegible] will be given [illegible] owners of Duco cars.

Refinishing

Genuine Duco [illegible] starts. It [illegible] paint [illegible] then [illegible] Duco [illegible] refinishing stations [illegible] established [illegible]

Other Uses

Genuine Duco [illegible] almost any product [illegible] lasting finish [illegible] Duco [illegible] quick-drying [illegible] materially in finishing time, [illegible]

Automobile Bodies
Truck Bodies
[illegible]
Wood Furniture
Metal Furniture
[illegible]
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines
Lamps
Handles for Tools
[illegible]
Electric Parts Piano Actions
Locomotives
Railroad and Street Railway
Rolling Stock
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets, Radio [illegible]
Gasoline and Oil Pump
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Medicine Cabinets, etc.
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Varnish [illegible]

finished with DUCO

Look for the DUCO Nameplate

This Light Protects Eyes

IN many offices, expensive floor space is wasted and priceless eyesight injured because of incorrect lighting. Daylight is the best working light because Nature made it right for eyes.

With Emeralite every desk and machine can have daylite in any location. An exclusive feature is the special device which eliminates glare and changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite—a friendly window for dark corners.

Under the restful glow of Emeralite, eyes work contentedly and feel as fresh at night as in the morning.

Give your business this inexpensive eye-insurance—promote comfort and efficiency—reduce upkeep by standardizing on these good looking sight-savers—Emeralite your office—protect the eyes that serve you.

Ideal for reading, writing or sewing at home.

Genuine Emeralites are branded and are the only lamps having the Daylite Attachment. Look for trade mark. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. Buy them by name.

Sold by office supply and electrical dealers. Booklet illustrating over 50 patterns in color sent upon receipt of coupon with dealer's name.

Emerald Glass Shade
DAYLITE SCREEN
This exclusive Emeralite Attachment changes electric light into soft, eye saving daylite that eliminates glare and improves visibility. Use 50 watt Type B Mazda lamp
Model No. 8734 B, 18" high, for flat top desk.

EMERALITE
KIND TO THE EYES

COUPON

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 17 Warren St., N. Y.
Makers of Lighting Devices for 50 Years

Send free Emeralite Booklet. (P-10

Name

Address City

Dealer's Name

OUT AND BACK WITH OLD WHIT

(Continued from Page 29)

"Got you in dead storage, eh?" says I.

He nods and goes on. "It's worse than that—almost as if I was a prisoner in my own home. I—I don't like it. Especially having nothing to do. I'm not used to that. If I could only go down to the office again and see how things are getting on. But they say I mustn't, and that fool doctor backs 'em up. The boys don't tell me a thing about the business, and I'm afraid they're making some bad mistakes. I'd just started a big advertising campaign when I was taken ill, and Milton thought we were spending too much that way, wanted to cut it down and send out more agents. Absolutely the wrong policy. I suppose he's carrying it out though. It's going to hurt our sales."

"Well, you can still tell him what's what, can't you?" I asks.

"He'd just say 'There, there. Don't worry, dad,' and keep right on," says the old boy. "I—I seem to be shelved, Rusty; on the shelf at sixty. It's kind of tough. And to be ordered around, too, like a child. I wish they wouldn't."

Say, he nearly had me leaky in the eyes. For he wasn't stretchin' it a bit. His young folks was usin' him rough. I don't mean they didn't try to be nice to him at times, and likely they thought they was doin' what was best for him. But they didn't hide the fact that they had him rated a down-and-outer, and sometimes they acted as if he was a good deal in the way.

'Course they was a busy bunch; Milton carryin' out his schemes at the office and posin' as a heavy business man; young Whitney mostly tied up with his golf matches in the club tournament and only makin' a bluff at work; and Miss Isabel butterflyin' around havin' a good time kiddin' three different young hicks along. She'd stop long enough to give her old daddy a hug now and then and tell him he must take care of himself, but with her dated up weeks ahead she didn't have much time to waste on somebody that didn't count. She'd pass on to the old Great Dane watchdog that was crippled up with rheumatism, give him a pat on the head, and go skippin' off.

Then there was these long fam'ly debates that had to be attended to. Somehow they was always croppin' up, for if it wasn't one thing it was another; whose turn it was to have week-end guests, whether Isabel should thump out jazz on the piano while little Sallie was taking her nap or not; who changed around the furniture in the livin' room and why; what was the idea of havin' tomato bisque for dinner when Marjorie knew very well that Isabel simply hated that kind of soup, and so on and so forth.

Oh, they didn't actually throw things at each other, or chew the rag common, but they could make cuttin' and sarcastic remarks. I'll say they could.

But the constant, nonstop argument came about usin' me and the cars. That was always on tap. It bobbed up at least three times a day and generally oftener. Sometimes it was only a duet, then again it would be a foursome, with all parties demandin' to go in different directions at the same time. I'll admit I kinda favored Miss Isabel when I could, but as a rule there wasn't much to do except wait until they'd thrashed it out, unless someone sneaked away and rushed the limousine while the others was still exchangin' snappy repartee.

And after a couple of weeks of that hectic stuff it kinda got on my nerves. I hardly knew whether I was goin' or comin', and all I was sure of was that if I did what one wanted me to I'd get bawled out by the others. It was no cinch job either. Why, say, if I had half an hour off for meals I was in luck, and an evenin' to myself was something I only dreamed about. I could see where Aline was right when she told me I'd find no time for joy ridin'. Huh! I had to shift tires and fill the batteries and change the oil on my own time. Honest, I might as well have been workin' double tricks on a Subway local. I hate to jump a place, though, just because it ain't any soft snap, so I kept pluggin' away.

I did get kind of a jolt when the first of the month came along and instead of either Milton or Junior handin' me my pay I finds it's Old Whit that comes across with the green money.

"Oh!" says I. "They let you finance the outfit, do they?"

"Yes," says he. "I am still useful in that way."

And it ain't an hour later when I hears Mrs. Whitney breakin' the news to him that she's havin' his things moved up to that nice little room on the third floor. "You see, daddy," she explains, "we are having our suite redecorated, and while the painters and paper hangers are in it we shall need your room for the children. You'll be quite as comfy up there, you know."

He stares at her sort of dazed. "I—I've been sleeping in that room for thirty years, Marjorie," he protests. "It's where Isabel was born and—and where her mother died. All the other rooms have been changed except that one. It's the only place in this house where I really feel at home. I don't think I could get used to another."

"Oh, yes, you could," says she careless. "Anyway, there's nothing else to be done."

"Well, if that's the way of it," says he, lettin' his shoulders sag.

About then, though, young Milton drifts along and catches the tail end of the discussion. "Eh?" says he. "Moving dad up to the third floor? What's the big idea?"

Mrs. Whitney Spooner tells him about the decorators.

"Really!" says he. "Your suite! But Whitney knew we were planning to have ours done over first. Trying to beat me to it, is he? That is quite like Whit. Dad, you needn't move yet. This matter is going to be talked over."

And it sure was. Aline tells me the debate got well under way durin' dinner, when Mrs. Whitney left the table sobbin'. There was Miss Isabel to take her place though. She wasn't for havin' either suite decorated, and she thought it was a mighty raw deal to shove dear old daddy into the attic. At which young Whitney reminds Isabel how she'd spent over a thousand dollars having a tiled bath put in her room while he and his wife had been gettin' along with old-fashioned plumbin' and furniture that came out of the Ark.

So it developed into a lively three-cornered scrap with Old Whit sittin' there with his chin on his wishbone. It didn't end with the finish of the meal, either, but raged on and on while the table was bein' cleared and the dishes put away. The last Aline heard, Marjorie had come back downstairs to add a few remarks she'd forgot, and Isabel was gettin' almost personal.

Anyhow, by mornin' hardly any of 'em was speakin' to the others, but they had plenty to say to me. Wow! I did get it, crisp and snappy. For nothing at all, too, except that I couldn't go three ways at once.

And when I'd finally got 'em all landed at different places—the Juniors off for an over-Sunday visit, Milton headed for town, Mrs. Milton dropped for a bridge luncheon, Isabel at the country club—I sighs relieved.

Out at the garage I finds Old Whit sittin' with his head in his hands lookin' as discouraged as if he'd been towed in by a wreckin' car with a front wheel smashed and a cracked crank case.

"Cheer up, Mr. Spooner," says I. "The battle's all over for today."

He shakes his head. "It will start again when they get together once more," says he. "I know them."

"Yes, I guess you're right, at that," I admits. "Some merry little battle they staged around you, eh?"

He says he don't see anything merry about it. "I wish I could have a little peace," he goes on. "Seems to me I deserve it, for I've done my fighting, years ago. Yes. I fought my way up from a machine-shop bench; I fought tricky patent lawyers who tried to get my sweeper plans away from me; then I fought stupid partners, infringing competitors, greedy stockholders. I fought through hard times—panics, when I had my back against the wall. And I won, Rusty, I won against odds. I put the business on a solid basis. I built my home here, laid out the grounds, settled back to enjoy it. That is what I fought for, what I'd always looked forward to. Peace. But these young people ——" His voice trails off.

"They do keep things pretty well stirred up," I agrees.

"I—I wish I could get out of it all for a while," says he.

"Well, why not?" says I.

"Eh?" says he, starin'.

"They ain't got any leg irons or handcuffs on you, have they?" I asks. "I don't see what's to stop you from takin' a vacation if you want one."

"But—but how could I, Rusty? How?" he demands.

"Listen, Mr. Spooner," says I. "If you're callin' for it, I'll give it to you straight. You're still boss here, ain't you?"

"No, no," says he. "I was once, but I'm not any more. Not since I had that trouble with my nerves. I have lost—well, something."

"You got your check book yet, ain't you?" says I. "Well, that's the answer. Personal account at the village bank. I expect it ain't any little one either. So as long as you can sign your name you can go anywhere you want to. Where'll it be, Mr. Spooner?"

For a minute or so he just sits there gawpin' at me, but finally a different look flickers in his keen old eyes. "You mean that you would take me somewhere—off in a car?"

"Absolutely," says I. "It wouldn't hurt my feelin's a bit to shake this free-for-all family scrap for a while. I'm gettin' fed up on it myself, specially with havin' so many bosses. And with all of 'em off for the day we got a good openin'. Simply pack our bags, chuck 'em in the bus, and slide out. What say?"

It don't take him long to think the proposition over. He almost works up a grin as he listens. Then all of a sudden his head comes up and he nods vigorous. "We'll do it," says he. "Now, before any of them come back and stop us. I—I'll get my things together. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

"That's talkin'!" says I. "Which car'll I take?"

"The old roadster, perhaps," says he. "No one uses that now, but it has a good motor and I think I would feel more at home in it than in one of the new ones. Yes, take the roadster."

We came near gettin' away without any of the help being wise, but just as I'm luggin' down Old Whit's suitcase Aline holds me up.

"What's this mean?" she demands.

"Nothing at all to you," says I, "but if you want to know, me and the big boss is goin' on a little tour."

"Not Old Whit?" she gasps. "Why, what'll I tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em all you know," says I. "It won't take long."

And inside of half an hour we'd stopped at the bank long enough to collect a bunch of travelers' checks and were on our way.

"How about crossin' to Jersey and wanderin' down the coast?" I asks.

"Anywhere," says he. "If driving makes me as ill as that fool doctor said it would you'll just have to take me to some hospital, Rusty."

"All right," says I.

Cheerin' prospect, eh? Elopin' with an old bird who's liable to kick out on you sudden and leave you to notify a fam'ly that would probably have you indicted for second degree. But he don't show any signs of collapsin', even when a female flivver driver in Newark tries to hang a tin mudguard on our rear bumper. So down we booms, through Metuchen and New Brunswick, until we strikes the shore road, and somewhere near Barnegat Bay I finds a comfy little hotel where we had a swell feed of Cedar Point oysters and broiled bluefish with baked Jersey sweets. Say, up to then all they'd been allowin' Old Whit was mostly spoonin' chow from some sanitarium joint, and he wades into real food so strong I had to keep warnin' him to lay off. I didn't know what it would do to him, but I hadn't any more'n tucked him in the hay before he starts sawin' wood peaceful and my guess is that he'll last until mornin' anyway.

The only other worry I had was that the Spooners might get panicky and sick the police on us, so about 9:30 I calls Ridge Hall on the long distance and gets young Milton.

"Yeauh," says I. "This is Rusty. Sure he's with me and he's —— Say, listen. Where do you get that runaway stuff? The boss is just takin' a little trip, and if you ask me I'll say he needs it. . . . Now never mind where we are. Wherever it is, we won't be here tomorrow, so there's no use

(Continued on Page 99)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PEERLESS

You are conscious, mostly, of the *lack of vibration* in both these remarkable cars —the Equipoised Eight; the Superb Six

THAT'S it. The *lack* of vibration. This most noticeable characteristic of Peerless cars is also their most desirable asset.

For, their surprising lack of vibration results in power unusual—the kind of power that flows smooth, full and free at the touch of the accelerator. Owners of the Equipoised Eight declare that at every ride they marvel more, while those who drive the Superb Six call it the "best six cylinder automobile in the world." That's the kind of performance these two Peerless cars give.

And there are other respects in which these cars are strikingly individual. They are rich in appointment, flawless in finish—cars with lines of startling and impressive beauty from radiator to tail-light.

You would find either the Equipoised Eight or the Superb Six a constant source of pride and enjoyment. Either one measures fully up to the high standards you've set for the ideal car you want.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Equipoised Peerless Eight and the Superb Peerless Six

The EQUIPOISED 8

EQUIPOISED—*Evenly balanced; weight, power or force equally distributed; brought into perfect equilibrium.*

It's cold in North Dakota

© A. R. CO., 1925

Why ARCOLA saves steps

In the rear of ARCOLA is a damper automatically regulated according to the heat of the water. Air is fed to the fire through it in just the right amount to get maximum efficiency from minimum fuel.

But Arcola gives them Radiator warmth

"WE USED to have three stoves, and froze," says P. J. Stembach, of Jamestown, N. D., "but with ARCOLA and American Radiators we burn no more coal than one stove did, and ARCOLA keeps every room evenly warmed."

No other heater can do for the small home what ARCOLA does. It is a combination boiler and radiator. It warms the room in which it stands, and sends a steady flow of hot water to a radiator in each room.

The price is surprisingly low, and payments may be made in easy installments, according to the new plan which your heating contractor will explain.

Make up your mind that you will not go through another winter in discomfort. There is health in ARCOLA; there is immense satisfaction; and there is economy, too. For the coal consumption is so much smaller than that of stoves or old-fashioned heaters, that ARCOLA will soon pay back its first cost. More than 100,000 owners have proved this in their own experience. One of them lives in your neighborhood; ask him.

Send us your name and the number of rooms in your house; an attractively illustrated book will be mailed to you at once.

TRADE MARK ARCOLA Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For sale by the Heating and Plumbing Trade everywhere

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 17, 1807 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. *Sales Offices in all principal cities*

IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEED

(Continued from Page 96)

chasin' us up. . . . Yes, he's fine, I tell you. When he ain't I'll let you know. So long." And with that I hangs up, missin' a lot of good advice, I expect.

I didn't have to ring up any doctor in the night either. No. All Old Whit needed was a muffler, and I went to sleep dreamin' I was runnin' a ferryboat in the fog. It was him woke me up in the mornin', too, askin' if he couldn't have a cup of real coffee for breakfast.

"Don't ask me, Mr. Spooner," says I. "Tell the waitress. You're on your own now, you know."

"That's so," says he. "I—I must remember."

Honest, he'd been bossed around so long he hardly knew how to act without somebody tellin' him what he could do and what he couldn't. So I puts everything up to him—when we should start, and which way.

"Why, south, I suppose," says he.

And I only chuckles when he sneaks a cigar out of his pocket and lights up.

We was havin' a fine spell of Indian-summer weather just then, and as we rolls down the line we catches glimpses of old Barnegat, sparklin' blue in the sunshine; oyster sloops driftin' over the beds; and near-by bushes and trees flamin' red and yellow against the pines. It was reg'lar breathin' air we was pumpin' in, too, as we loafed along, and I noticed the old boy leanin' back easy and contented.

"Where'll we plan on makin' tonight, Mr. Spooner?" I asks.

"Oh, let's not plan," says he.

We didn't. We had lunch in Atlantic City, soaked in the sun for a while on the Boardwalk, and then struck off inland. We drifts out through Pennsylvania, across some mountains, down into West Virginia, makin' easy hundred-mile runs and generally hangin' up for the night in some hick burg where they had a Mansion House or a Grand Central Hotel. Before the end of the week we was in Kentucky, right in the blue grass district, they told us. It was as easy tourin' as I'd ever done; no great rush to get anywhere, and no passengers fussin' about accommodations. The old boy took what we found—bowl-and-pitcher rooms, good grub and poor, rough roads and smooth—without a murmur. He don't do much chattin', but he seems to be contented and happy.

"I don't know when I've felt so—so free as this before, Rusty," says he.

"Not since you was a kid, eh?" I asks.

"Not even then," says he. "I went into the shop when I was fourteen. This is my first real vacation. I believe it's doing me good."

"Maybe you'll be in shape to take hold of things when you get back," I suggests.

He shakes his head. "I doubt it," says he. "I still have very little confidence in myself. I can tell a waiter how I'll have eggs cooked, and that's about all."

It was that same night we rolls into this courthouse town in the middle of the leaf-tobacco and race-horse district, gettin' in kinda late after an extra long run, and as the old boy looks fairly well blown and weary when he unloads at the hotel I parks him in a lobby chair and tells him I'll do the registerin'.

"Two rooms and bath," says I to the stiff-necked party behind the desk.

He smiles haughty. "Full up," says he. "I might be able to give you cots or something. Can't tell until after dinner."

"What's the idea?" I asks. "Got a chewin'-plug raisers' convention on?"

It wasn't that, but he sketches out his troubles brief and I relays the situation to Mr. Spooner. "Lot of racin' people here for the meet that opens tomorrow," I explains. "Besides that, they've got a bunch of troupers. We'll eat first, eh, and then see what happens?"

But at 8:30 the room clerk was more upstagy than before. He's talkin' earnest with a couple of sporty-dressed gents who seem to be urgin' him to look at diamond pins, wrist watches and other pieces of jewelry, and he waves me away impatient. I hears him tell 'em "No, this is no hock shop," and right off I get the hunch that maybe they're actors tryin' to raise some cash. It was a good guess, for not ten minutes later, as I'm passin' the word to Old Whit that it looks like cots in the hall for us this time, we're almost surrounded by a grouchy bunch of show people.

There was three men in the party, and the rest was females. Some was snappy-lookin' queens, specially a couple of bobbed blondes. They was all talkin' at once and most of 'em was registerin' hate for some party that didn't seem to be present. Also they was disagreein' emphatic with each other.

"Almost like home, ain't it?" I whispers to Mr. Spooner.

He nods. "What's it all about?" he asks.

"They ain't makin' any secret of it," says I. "Stranded, no funds, and a deputy sheriff sittin' on their trunks. And likely it's them that are hoggin' the best rooms in the house."

"I see," says Old Whit.

I don't think he meant to horn in. He was just sittin' there quiet with his chin down, watchin' 'em curious and listenin' to the clatter. Then all of a sudden one of the little blondes drops in a chair next to his and without any other openin' remarks, "Well, it's a cold world; eh, Uncle Eben?"

"What's the matter, young lady?" he asks.

"What ain't? you better say," says she. "We've been up against a string of flops, and now we're on the rocks. Gee, but we're a long ways from Times Square too! Why couldn't this have come in Newark, now?"

"Where's your manager?" asks Old Whit.

"Say, uncle, I wisht I knew," says she. "Oh, if I could only get my fingers on his neck once! The cheap crook! Leavin' us in a dump like this!"

"Your show wasn't a success, I take it?" says he.

"Don't go blamin' it on the show," says she. "Honest, uncle, we was givin' the best Broadway revue on tour. Why, we had 'em cockeyed all the way from Altoona. Oh, we're good, we are, and if we'd had anybody but a dead one makin' our bookings we'd been in on big time long ago. But that stiff of a Max Bloomer, he takes us on long jumps out in the sticks, makes us play against two circuses, an Elks carnival and Gawd knows what, and then when he sees another washout comin' he stalls off a pay day and does a sneaky exit. Wouldn't that curdle most any disposition, uncle? I ask you."

"But—er—what are your plans?" he goes on.

"Plans!" says she, lettin' out a hard little cackle. "Say, that's the only thing we're long on. But none of 'em is any good except mine. I say we ought to dig up another manager somewhere, coax that deputy off'n the trunks, and play our dates here while the races are on. Ought to be good money in this crowd, and two full houses would be enough to get us all back to Broadway. If we could only find a manager!"

I noticed Old Whit workin' up an eye twinkle, but he sure got a gasp out of me with his next crack.

"How do you think I would do?" he asks.

Little Blondy stares at him for a minute before she gives way to a fit of tee-hees. "You!" says she. "Oh, what a comic old sport you are! Who'd have thought it was in you? Say, folks! Listen to this one."

And it ain't long before the troupers stop their jawfest to gather grinnin' around Old Whit, askin' him if he's willin' to unbuckle the old leather wallet to the tune of three hundred and sixty, and suggestin' that he'd be about as useful as a traffic cop at a christenin'. He lets 'em kid him along until they've pulled all the funny stuff they can think of, and then he turns to me.

"Shall I show them how much of a joke I am, Rusty," he asks, "or shouldn't I try it?"

"Hop to it, Mr. Spooner," says I. "Managin' a stray bunch of burlesquers wouldn't be my idea of a vacation pastime, but it might be good practice for you."

"See here, old sport," breaks in one of the nifty dressers that had been tryin' to mesmerize the clerk, "you're not taking this seriously, I hope."

"At least," says Old Whit, in that quiet way of his, "I shall not take you seriously. I've been listening to you talk, but I haven't heard you say much. Now this attachment on your baggage—it's been made on a legally issued writ, has it?"

The guy don't know. None of 'em does.

"Then tell that deputy to step in here a moment," says Mr. Spooner. "You may say that your new manager wishes to discharge the obligation if it is a just one."

They gawped at him for a minute without stirrin', and then three of 'em made a dash for the baggage room. Somehow the slump had gone from Old Whit's shoulders and there was a different look around the chin. I expect you can't get to be boss over a thousand men and a ten-million-dollar business and have a case of jumpy nerves knock all the knack out of you in a few months. Anyway, after he's looked over the paper careful he seems to know how to make out a check that sends the deputy away satisfied.

They wanted to pat him on the back for that, and some of the girls starts to hug him, but he fends 'em off. "Just remember, please," says he, "that I am your business manager and that our relations are to be kept on a strict business basis. Now you say this revue of yours is a good show. It may be, but before I invest any more money I prefer to judge for myself. We will have a—what do you call it? Oh, yes! A rehearsal tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

Say, you'd thought he'd ordered 'em all shot at sunrise, to hear the howls that went up, and half a dozen protests that nine is an ungodly hour for a rehearsal. They just couldn't make it.

"Those who can't may have the privilege of walking back to New York," says Old Whit, cuttin' the end off a fresh cigar.

That changed their minds mighty quick. Oh, sure they could. They'd go right to bed so they could wake up early enough.

"Just a moment," says he, signalin' to two of the men. "Have you each comfortable rooms here?"

They said they had.

"Good!" says he. "I shall need them for myself and Mr. Gillan. The clerk will fix you up with something or other. The keys, please."

Say, he got away with it. I can't say how it was done, but just in that short time he had the same crowd that had been kiddin' him almost jumpin' through the hoops. And by the next evenin' they was the meekest lot of troupers that ever got pulled off the rocks.

For that's what Old Whit did. I expect when he began he didn't know any more about the theatrical game than I did, but before the curtain went up he'd settled two rows about dressin' rooms, soothed a balky orchestra leader, told the local manager where he got off, and was in the box office checkin' up on the receipts. We had a fair-sized house that night, but it wasn't big enough to suit him, so he buys half a page space in the evenin' paper, sends out a band in a banner-draped truck and has every billboard in town plastered with single sheets. The second night we had 'em standin' eight deep behind the orchestra rail, and for the third performance he jacked the prices up to Broadway rates and had every seat sold before we opened the doors.

Were they anxious to get back to New York after that? They were not. They wanted him to wire a big booking firm and take the company on a tour out to the Coast.

"No, thank you," says he. "I have rather enjoyed straightening out your tangle and I'm glad you seem to like me as manager. But I have some matters of my own which I must get back to—business and domestic affairs." With that he steps into the roadster that I had waitin'. "Home, Rusty," says he.

That left me with my mouth open, I admit.

"Do you mean ——" I begins.

"Ridge Hall," says he, "as quickly as you can get there."

And say, we didn't do any loafin' on that trip. Once I got the old bus warmed up I kept her rollin', sometimes for ten hours at a stretch and where we'd been more'n a week comin' down we made the return in three days flat, pullin' up at the side door just before dark.

The reception committee was right on hand. I'll say it was. Both Whitney, Junior, and Milton came rushin' out as we drove up, with their wives not far behind. It was Junior that opened the act.

"Oh, you're back, are you?" he asks. "May I ask just where you have been—and why?"

But before he could answer, Isabel shows up. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, daddy?" she demands. "Running away from your own family!"

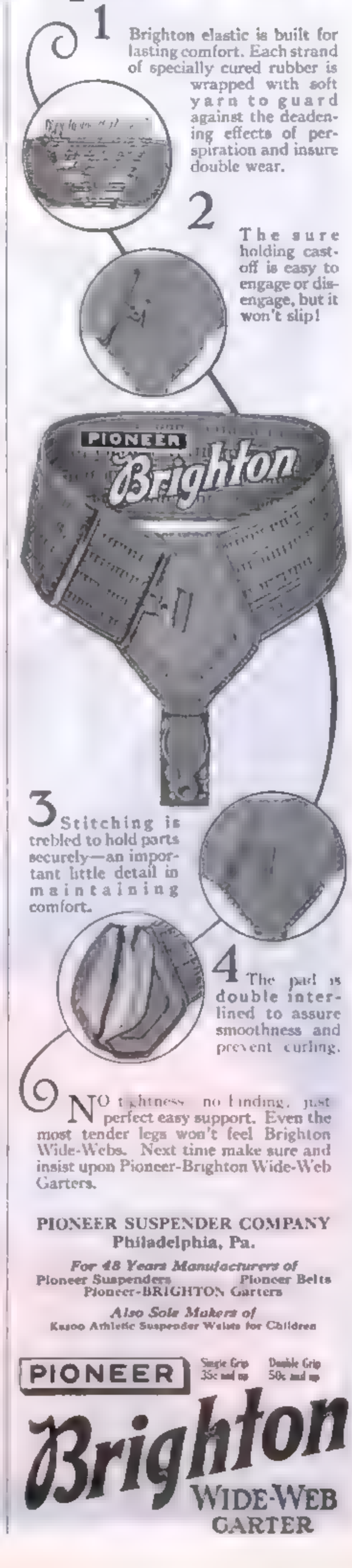
"A perfectly silly performance," adds Milton.

Then the daughters-in-law had to chime in, and after that nobody waited for their turn but proceeded to roast him in chorus, sayin' what a hole he'd put 'em in with the neighbors, and how he'd probably set himself back months from gettin' well, and that the doctors ought to be called right in to look him over, and so on.

Meanwhile Old Whit sits there chewin' his cigar placid, so maybe they didn't notice that the droop had gone from his shoulders

(Continued on Page 101)

Four Reasons why Brighton Comfort is Supreme Comfort



1 Brighton elastic is built for lasting comfort. Each strand of specially cured rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and insure double wear.

2 The sure holding cast-off is easy to engage or disengage, but it won't slip!

3 Stitching is trebled to hold parts securely—an important little detail in maintaining comfort.

4 The pad is double interlined to assure smoothness and prevent curling.

NO tightness, no binding, just perfect easy support. Even the most tender legs won't feel Brighton Wide-Webs. Next time make sure and insist upon Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web Garters.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters

Also Sole Makers of
Kaoo Athletic Suspender Waists for Children

PIONEER Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up

Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

KRAFT CHEESE

Because—

There is no sandwich equal to cheese, and there is no cheese equal to Kraft's; not merely because it's Kraft's, but because it's good; because it has the quality in it; because every ounce of it has the watchful care of Master cheese-makers—men who know every problem of cheese production from cow to consumer. To thousands of housewives the name Kraft has come to mean a certain definite thing—a quality of cheese that is not produced under any other name.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
CHICAGO—NEW YORK—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY A-4
406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send to address below copy of your New and Enlarged Illustrated Recipe Book of cheese dishes, menus and dietetic information.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

DECIDEDLY BETTER

(Continued from Page 99)

or that his rugged jaw was set solid. He waits until the first lull, and then he holds up one hand.

"That will be all," says he. "I gather that you don't like something I've done; either my going away or my coming back. But it doesn't matter. I went because I needed a rest from just this sort of thing, and I came back because I was ready to come. Is that clear?"

It wasn't. The women gasped and looked at each other, but they didn't quite get the idea. And the men were still thicker in the head.

"See here, dad ——" begins young Whitney.

But Old Whit is climbin' out of the car, spry and vigorous. "Hey, Junior!" says he, tossin' his heavy overcoat at the young gent so speedy that it drapes itself over Junior's head. Next he hands his suitcase to Milton. "You boys take those things to my room," he orders. "My old room. Understand?"

"But—but the children are in there," protests Mrs. Whitney.

"Then take them out and put them where they belong," says the old boy.

He shoots it over low and quiet enough, but for all that it sounds kind of final. They begin to get him.

"But, daddy," pleads Mrs. Whitney. "Won't tomorrow do?"

"No," says he. "There's a lot of moving out to be done tomorrow, but this change we'll make tonight. And, Isabel! Run in and tell Aline to serve dinner right away."

For less'n a minute they all stood there, starin' pop-eyed. Then the procession starts to move, only holdin' up long enough for 'em to stretch an ear as he calls to me.

"Oh, Rusty!" says he.

"Yes, Mr. Spooner," says I.

"That will be all for tonight," says he. "I shall be leaving for the office at 7:30 in the morning. Take the limousine. We will drive in."

And an hour later, as I'm finishin' my dinner, I'm still wearin' a grin. So is Aline.

"Any big debate in the front dinin' room?" I asks.

"Debate!" says she. "Say, you could hear the clock tickin'. Why, he's got 'em scared stiff. Honest, when Pa Spooner went away ——"

"I know," says I. "He was just Pa Spooner. But now he's the big boss. Don't ask me how it happened, for I ain't sure. All I know is that somehow he's staged a comeback that's gonna be the real thing. Yeauh. I'll admit I helped some."

"Rusty," says she, "I believe you *are* a wonder."

"Late," says I, "but correct. Absolutely."

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE MAGICIAN

(Continued from Page 19)

Roddy nodded. He turned and waited.

"You stopped there, didn't you?" pursued the questioner.

"How do you know?" There was no challenge in the tone, curiosity perhaps. Jason shifted uneasily.

"I saw your wheel marks," said Orlo. "Did you get out?"

"Yes, I got down," said Roddy. "You probably saw my footprints, too, didn't you?" he asked. "I walked over to the bridge."

"And onto it?"

Jason might have been General Konchakoff, for his rigidity.

"Yes."

"What for?"

Roddy stared at him for a moment, a strange far-away look creeping into his eyes.

"There was something on the other end of that bridge," he said, dragging his words out. "I couldn't just make it out. It was alive, because I saw it move. I thought it might be deer. But it wasn't. I stopped and watched for—well, say five minutes. The light was very deceptive—the woods stand in so close." He paused. "I got down and went over to it. It was a team of cattle, Devons," Roddy said, eying Orlo again. "They were yoked. Hitched to a stone boat. There was a crowbar, and a sledge—and some log chains—and—and a cant hook on the boat." He ticked off the items slowly on his finger tips. Orlo nodded, his heavy brows meeting above his eyes in a frown. "The cattle had been there a long time," went on Roddy's even voice. "They were lying down." Jason shot a look at Orlo. "I thought it damnably odd—that hour of the night," went on Roddy, still possessed with the weirdness of that picture. "There wasn't a house I remembered within a mile. I let out a yell! Nobody answered. Finally I came away. I've been worrying about it all night," he said. "I was going back there this morning."

"Did you look in the water?" asked Orlo.

"Yes."

"Did you see anything?"

Roddy shook his head.

"No," he said. "It was too dark. Inky, down under there. I only had a little flashlight." He had the air of a man without nerves waiting for a thunderclap. "Should I have seen something?" he asked slowly.

Orlo took one knee in his clasped hands; he pulled several puffs at his pipe before answering. Jason seemed to be holding his breath, to have forgotten to breathe.

"There was a dead man down there," said Orlo. "His feet were sticking out of the water. His head was wedged tight between two stones." He pressed his two powerful hands against his head to illustrate his meaning.

"Under water?"

"Yes."

"Curious," said Roddy. "I dreamed there was a man in the water. That's why I was going back. I suppose a dozen people have passed by this time though."

"Ordinarily, no," said Orlo. "That detour got so bad that the state people let us through on the new construction. But the sign is still up—that's what sent you wrong. About the only one that used it was Johnny Boag." He was watching Roddy as he pronounced this name; but the name seemed to mean nothing to the man who faced him.

"Ed Peters went up there last night after supper to get an old tube from the sawmill," he said, "and he saw the cattle on the bridge then. He knew Johnny had been repairing his dam, and he didn't think anything queer about it. Johnny is the dead man," he explained, eying Roddy again. Roddy nodded. "Ed and his brothers were eeling last night," went on Orlo. "They got up there about one o'clock—just after you came through, according to your tell. The cattle were still there. They found Johnny in the water. It looked as if the cattle had pushed him off the bridge—fighting flies or something. And he had fallen head first and been pinned between those two rocks. There wan't enough water to drown a cat. It was them rocks that held him. Must have been stunned."

Orlo paused and smoked absently. An observer would have detected no tension in the group—Roddy listening quietly; Jason resting his elbows on his knees, idly tearing at the straw again; and Orlo, for the moment, intent on a crazy kingfisher under the river bank.

"The Peters boys looked around with their lanterns," resumed Orlo. "They found your heel tracks on the bridge." There was a barely perceptible tightening of the action. "Rubber heels," said Orlo; "with cups in them." He looked down at Roddy's shoes. "Then they began to wonder if it was an accident. They came down and roused me up."

He stopped abruptly.

"You are the sheriff?" said Roddy, half question, half statement of fact.

"The constable—yes."

"You trailed me here by my wheel tracks?"

"Yes."

"Good work!"

"Rot!" exclaimed Jason, springing to his feet; he was completely sold on Roddy—more so now than he had been over the bacon and eggs, or even snug Flora. "This man didn't have any more to do with it than ——"

"It isn't rot!" exclaimed Roddy. "It's nice work! Sit down, Jason," he commanded; and he drew Jason down again. "Johnny Boag either jumped or was thrown over that rail."

"He didn't jump," said Orlo quietly.

"All right—then he was thrown. I was there just before the body was found. You've got my heel tracks and my wheel tracks to show for it. That's not rot, Jason, by a long shot"

"It was the cattle!" cried Jason. "Johnny was always filled up to the neck with cider. He was a rotten sort anyway. He put a charge of birdshot into Shep once!"

"No. It wasn't the cattle," said Roddy. "It couldn't have been. That rail wasn't broken—he couldn't have fallen through."

Orlo turned slowly, his mouth falling open.

"It wasn't broken?" he repeated, almost in a whisper. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. I worked my way along it. I was holding on, because I was afraid of the cattle getting up and pinching me against it. A team of cattle is pretty clumsy getting up, yoked."

"It was broken when I got there," said Orlo. He lowered his voice again instinctively. "It had been smashed with a sledge!" he said.

There was a long tense silence. It was Jason who broke it.

He cried again impetuously, "I tell you, Orlo, this man had nothing to do with it! Johnny was selling apple-jack—dealing with all sorts of thugs. He had a lot of cash around all the time."

"Wait a minute, son," interposed Roddy. "This thing is pretty. Let's keep cool. Let's eliminate without prejudice. Thanks for clearing me without a trial," he said with a queer smile at Orlo, "but just remember that confidence is the stock in trade of crooks. Don't bank on confidence." He turned sharply to Orlo.

"You aren't so sure that I didn't throw Johnny over that rail—and then smash the rail—to put it on the cattle—are you?"

"No. You didn't do it," said Orlo. "Johnny weighed a hundred and eighty"

"You don't believe I can throw a hundred-and-eighty-pound man over my head?" Roddy's question was casual.

"No," replied the verbally thrifty Orlo.

"Well, let's separate the milk, so we can go up there," suggested Roddy. "Your hogs are getting querulous, Jason," he said.

He got up and started the separator. The opening whine of the gears fetched a peal of thanksgiving from the porcine group crowding about the skim-milk trough. They turned out the cattle; and Shep, first counting them and getting them into line, started off to the back pasture. The last pail of milk had gone through the skimming when Shep came bounding back. He reported in person to Roddy.

"You know when I thought Orlo had come for you," confessed Jason, "it was Shep who told me Orlo was on the wrong track. I don't know how he happened to let you in last night!"

Roddy laughed.

"Now you are talking about something entirely different," he said. "The best one-man dog I ever knew belonged to a cutthroat. Don't bank too much on Shep's snap judgment." Shep looked conscious. "He doesn't answer for me to the world—he answers for me to himself." His hand fell softly on the upturned head.

Orlo was looking out the barn door. There was the sound of a flivver coming to a stop in the dooryard, with a sudden snort.

"Ed Peters and his brothers," said Orlo. He smiled. "I guess they think I need help handling you, Roddy."

There were three of them, of a size, six-foot men, with blond curls and round thick necks that bulged under their collar bands. They halted to look over Roddy's flivver at the barway.

One of them seeing Orlo regarding them said quickly "Come on," to his brothers, and they started, with a sense of haste to get away from something that their curiosity impelled them to examine.

"Which one is Ed?" asked Roddy.

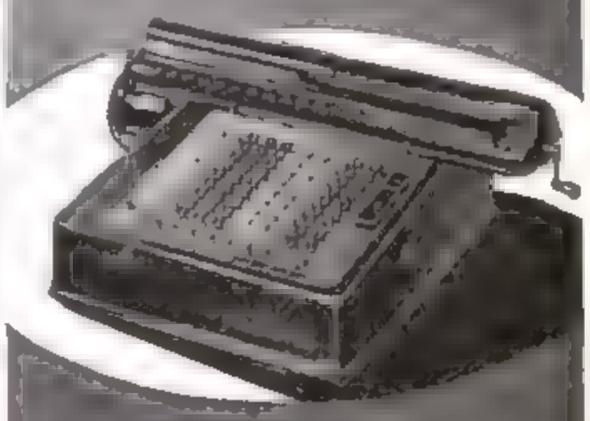
"The one with the blue shirt," said Jason. "Wait—watch this! It'll be good!"

What "this" was, was immediately to transpire. Jason's black Tom, the barn cat, was dancing across the velvety turf, shadow-boxing a bit of thistledown floating on the light air. The man in the blue shirt stopped short in his tracks, his eyes on the cat. A sudden fear distorted his unshaven features.

"Scat! Scat!" he cried, his voice husky with terror. He dashed at the creature,

A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

Put New Light on your Figure-work



By asking for a Free Trial of the

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

When the Monroe is placed on trial in your own office, you will learn the value of Locked-Figure Addition, Direct Subtraction, Automatic Division, Fixed Decimals, Visible Proof—features that assure accuracy and speed even to the inexperienced operator.

Through this trial method, scores of thousands of users the world over have learned of the time-saving, labor-saving, money-saving advantages of this *different* machine.

The Monroe is, above all, a quality product. Each unit of material is selected with utmost care; each moving part is heat-treated and tested; each step in assembly is subjected to the most rigid inspection; expert workmanship is assisted by the most modern factory equipment—assuring the long life built into each Monroe.

Let this *different* machine put a new light on your figure-work. Ask for a free trial.

Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

Monroe Machines and Service are available in all Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World

A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

TONTINE
THE WINDOW SHADE CLOTH THAT WASHES!

A few buildings shaded with TONTINE

American Museum Natural History New York City

60 Public & High Schools in Washington, D. C

Phila. Pub. School System

N. Y. Public School System

University of Michigan

General Motors Bldg Detroit

Northwestern University

American Radiator Bldg New York City

The Travelers Insurance Co. Building Hartford, Conn.

The Oliver Building Pittsburgh

The Evening Star Bldg. Washington

The Illinois Life Ins. Bldg Chicago

The Patterson Building Denver

The Continental Ins. Bldg. San Francisco

Waldorf Astoria New York City

Bellevue Stratford Philadelphia

The Traymore Hotel Atlantic City

New Willard Hotel Washington

Windermere Hotel Chicago

Royal Alexandria Hotel Winnipeg

Mount Sinai Hospital New York City

Girard Hospital Philadelphia

Baptist Hospital Louisville

Saint Mary's Hospital St. Louis

Mayo Clinic Rochester

U. S. Gov'nm't Hospitals

Latest du Pont Achievement Sets New Standard of Beauty and Texture and adds that most desirable feature—

"WASHABILITY"

TONTINE, the most beautiful and durable shade cloth now made, is as cleanable as your windows. It is the only shade cloth that can be washed with soap and water whenever necessary.

TONTINE is not an experiment. Its complete superiority has been proven by years of service in many fine hotels, hospitals, business buildings and private homes. It is endorsed by leading architects everywhere.

It wears longest

TONTINE is the longest lived shade cloth! Du Pont methods give it exceptional strength and lasting vitality. Exposure does not harm it. Its finish does not crack or flake off. It does not fray at the edges despite many seasons of being pulled up and down.

Its beauty endures

Beauty is basic in TONTINE. It is interwoven in the fabric, where color and finish are anchored so intimately that neither wear, weather nor washing can remove them. TONTINE is sun-fast and rain-proof. It is armored for service with the same elements that make du Pont DUCO such a wonderful finish for automobiles and furniture.

Every desirable color

TONTINE comes in a pleasing variety of cool and warm tones, developed from the suggestions of prominent interior decorators. There is an appropriate tint for every color scheme. Please use the coupon below to obtain samples and an informative booklet.

Ask for Tontine!

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Fabrikoid Division
Newburgh, N. Y.

ORDINATOR COMPANY, Inc., NEW YORK CITY
(Sole Distributors)

DU PONT TONTINE

This coupon will bring you samples of Tontine and our booklet "When the Rainbow Appears." MAIL TODAY.

ORDINATOR COMPANY, Inc. *(Sole Distributors)*
Dept. A-1, 233 E. 41st St., New York, N. Y.

Name . . .

Address

kicking at it viciously; but the nimble Tom bounded away like a streak.

"He hates black cats," explained Jason, chuckling. "I guess he was marked for them—leastwise he'd sooner take a licking than have one cross his path."

The three stalwart brothers came on. At sight of Roddy they stiffened perceptibly. They went to Orlo, who had seated himself in the doorway again.

"I see you got him," said Ed in a low tone to Orlo, while his brothers bestowed glassy stares on the stranger. "Want any help?"

Orlo shook his head.

There was an awkward pause; and Jason, to bridge it over, said, indicating Roddy, "This is my new hard man," by way of introduction, and using the local "hard" for "hired." "He blew in this morning looking for a job, and I tried him out on that trick cow you sold me last spring, Ed. He's all right!" exclaimed Jason, and he patted Roddy on the back. "Roddy, shake hands with Ed, Jim and Joe Peters. They are the biggest men in town. There ain't five pounds to give and take among them. These are the three that found Johnny Boag up the river last night."

Roddy offered his hand, and Ed was the first to take it. The big fellow put his great strength into the grip and stared malignantly down on the smaller man. He didn't release his viselike hold.

"You came down the river road last night," said Ed darkly, his fierce eyes gleaming under his ragged brows.

"Don't damage that hand—that's a good milking hand," laughed Jason, and he reached between the two men and broke their grip. "Ed tries that grip on every stranger," he said. "He thinks he can lick any man he can crunch."

The two combatants of the grip didn't take their eyes from each other. So intense was their gaze that it seemed momentarily they would spring at each other's throats.

"Yes," said Roddy. "I was up the river last night, Ed. About midnight." They continued to stare at each other.

"Ed!" cautioned Orlo in a low tone; and Ed, with a sneer, turned away.

Roddy turned to the second brother. For an instant they stood as if galvanized; then their right hands gripped each other with a movement as swift as a snake's thrust. A straining of biceps, then Jim, his face wrinkled with pain, went down on his knees. Roddy released him.

"I can lick you," laughed Roddy.

"You got the jump on me!" cried Jim in a rage. "Try it again."

Roddy shook his head and went on to the third brother. Joe turned away and spat contemptuously as he put his own horny right hand into a pocket.

"You're mighty fresh for a man that's left his tracks all over the town!" Ed was bursting out, turning fiercely on Roddy, when Orlo's quiet voice again interposed "Ed!" and Ed subsided, sitting down by Orlo, but with dark looks at Roddy.

They all ranged themselves in the broad doorway. Another awkward silence, and this time Jason made no attempt to ease the tension.

Ed leaned toward Orlo and asked out of the corner of his mouth, "You going to take him to Barrington, Orlo?"

Orlo nodded assent.

"Want I should come along?"

Orlo shook his head.

"I don't reckon I need any help handling him," he said modestly.

There was silence again. Jim, the second brother, broke it this time; as usual with these people when something important impends, he felt it necessary to make talk on trivialities.

"Jim Benson says Scotty O'Brien sold his place," he said.

"Go on!" said Orlo, with stark disbelief.

"Yep. City people," said Jim.

"No?" insisted Orlo.

"Yep. He had 'em out yesterday; he gave 'em a meal in his kitchen."

"Give city folks a meal! In his kitchen!" Orlo guffawed. "Why, I wouldn't eat there myself!"

The three brothers and Orlo and Jason fell excitedly to discussing the unthinkable occurrence, as if it were much more important than the fact that they had a murder on their hands with the three brothers standing by to help take the suspect to Barrington.

General Konchakoff, the Rhode Island rooster, came strutting across the grass and paused within a few paces of the multitude, his head cocked on one side. The general, too, was politely incredulous. He took one step forward -two--three; cocked his head on the other side. Roddy, with a movement of one arm that had neither haste nor delay, reached out and took up the general. The bird made no protest. Roddy set it firmly on its feet on the floor and gently bent its head forward till its beak almost touched the crack. Then he gently released the general. As he drew away his hands this time he made smooth little passes in the air, as if he were propelling some mystic force from his finger tips to overpower the bird. The general stared, squatting, at the crack.

"Sleep! Sleep!" whispered Roddy softly; and still projecting his psychic force through the tips of his fingers at the stricken bird, he rose in his tracks without a rustle. The entire assemblage did likewise. The brothers were staring, wild-eyed. Jason and Orlo looked at each other curiously but made no sign that they had seen this trick before. The two younger Peters boys backed away, open-mouthed with awe at this legerdemain. Ed held his ground for the moment, but beads of sweat showed on his forehead. This was witchcraft! This was worse than a black cat. He lifted one ponderous foot slowly to take the first step to put a more comfortable distance between himself and the magician. He stared from the man to the rigid bird.

Roddy turned suddenly on him, looked him hard in the eye.

"Don't move! I want you, Ed," he said in a low enticing tone. And he thrust his head forward, staring fixedly into the spellbound eyes of Ed Peters; and he made gentle passes through the air.

"Sleep! Sleep!" commanded Roddy. "You are going to tell us all about it, Ed!"

Orlo looked from one to the other in amazement. With a scream choked in his throat, half terror, half rage, Ed plunged forward. He was as quick as a cat, for all his bulk. He seemed to cover the ten feet that separated him from Roddy with a single bound. Just what happened then it would have taken a slow-motion camera to analyze. Jason had the astounding spectacle shot before his eyes of the gigantic Ed, two hundred pounds of bone and sinew, suddenly launching himself in a flat dive through the air over Roddy's head, to fall with a splintering crash ten feet behind the amateur magician, while Roddy seemed to have turned a back somersault under the human projectile, landing lightly on his feet at the precise moment that Ed hit the partition and smashed it. Ed made one feeble gesture and lay still. And strangest of all, the bemused rooster still stared at its crack. It was hard to tell which sight struck the more terror to the hearts of the two younger brothers—that of the rigid cockerel or that of their Herculean brother hurled over the head of this soft-looking stranger. Roddy snapped his fingers at the rooster and sent it scurrying away with protesting squawks. He motioned to the two brothers.

"Come in here," he ordered; and they came, trembling. "Take care of him; he's broken his collar bone," he said, pointing at the groaning Ed. He turned to Orlo and Jason and asked, in a low tone, "Are they likely to be heeled—armed?" He slapped his hip.

Orlo shook his head. Still dumfounded, he was questioning Roddy with his eyes. Jim and Joe had drawn Ed to a sitting posture now, and were trying to ease him, though it was plain he was badly hurt.

"Ed?" muttered Orlo to Roddy—and the one syllable sufficed to convey the startled question.

"It looks like it. We'll see," said Roddy softly. "Give them time to think it over." He drew the two men outside.

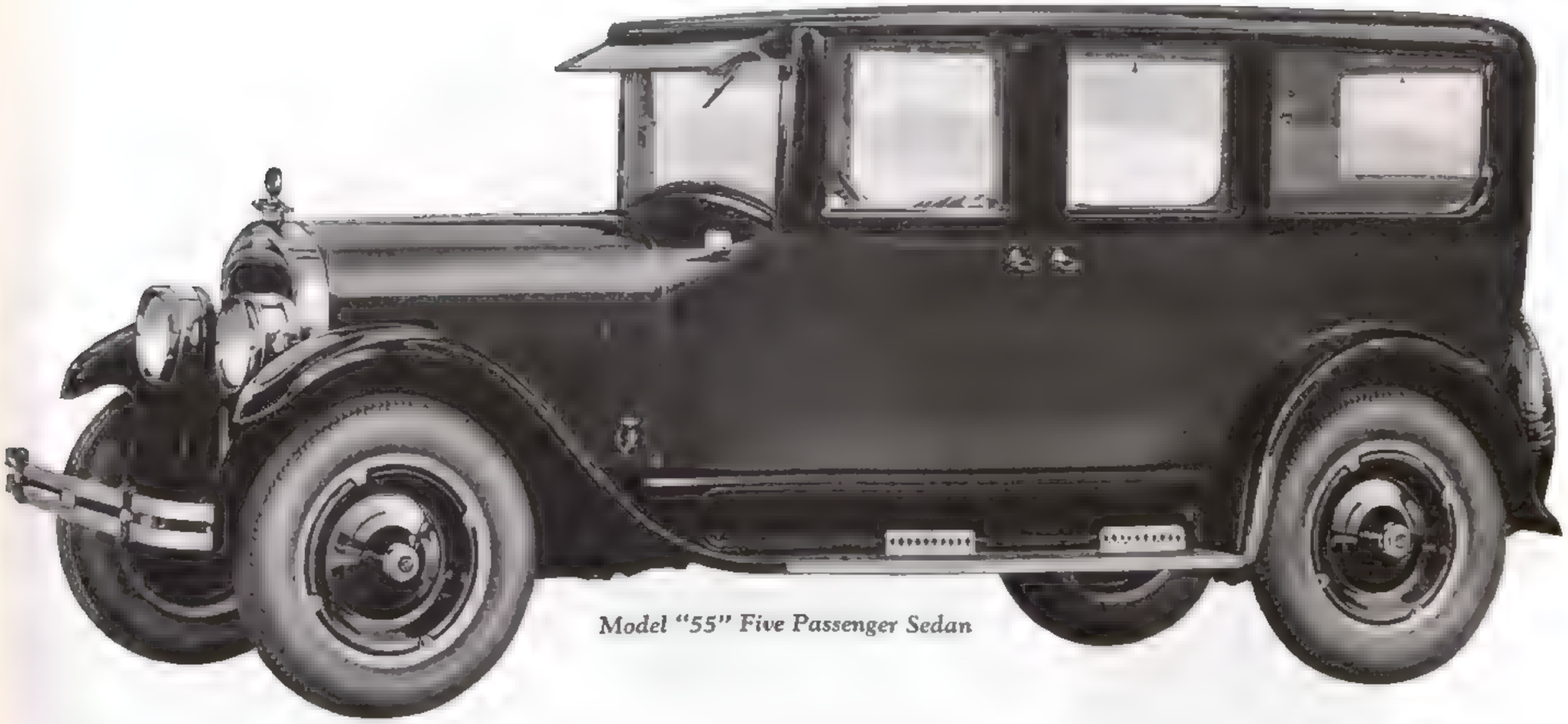
"What was that trick? What did you do? I didn't see you do anything," sputtered the admiring Jason. "Ed went through the air as if he had hold of a sawmill belt."

"That's the barrel turn," said Roddy.

"It must have taken a lot of practice," cried Jason.

"That's the first time I ever tried it," confessed Roddy. He laughed. "I saw a Jap do it on the stage once. He simply pulled the other man over on top of him, and rolled like a barrel, feet in his belly. The bigger the man and the faster he comes the farther he'd dive. I always thought I'd like to try it. This is the first chance I've ever had." He laughed again. "It isn't exactly a trick you want to practice on a friend—unless you want to brain him.

(Continued on Page 105)



Model "55" Five Passenger Sedan

Success Well Deserved!

Less than two years ago the Flint Six was a new car, comparatively unknown. Yet by public favor alone, it has steadily advanced to a leading position among all fine cars.

No other finely built car in all automobile history has ever achieved such success in such a short time. And no other car in all its years of service has ever acquired more thoroughly satisfied owners.

Once you get behind the wheel of a Flint Six you will agree that its success has been well deserved. And we want you to have that experience. Just telephone your local Flint Six dealer for a demonstration.

The Flint Six Line Includes Two Chassis—Model "55" and Model "40"
With Complete Selection of Open and Closed Bodies

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY
FLINT, MICHIGAN

BUILDERS OF HIGH GRADE MOTOR CARS

FLINT SIX

Seventy miles an hour through the night

The Limited speeds by with a roar—and cutting the way through the darkness is a beam of light—brilliant, steady, straight. It comes from a powerful MAZDA lamp built to withstand the violent vibration without breaking.

MAZDA SERVICE not only assists the development of lamps for hundreds of important special needs, but explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and works out, in the Research Laboratories, the scientific developments that have already brought modern lighting to such high efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to those incandescent lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

Making a filament of tungsten, that can withstand violent vibration—mounting it for strength and concentrated brilliancy—aiming its beam—finding a cement to hold the glass in its brass base under any vibration—these achievements are embodied in headlight lamps marked MAZDA.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 102)

Better telephone for a doctor, Orlo. Or, you go."

Jason looked back over his shoulder.

"Can you handle those three?" he asked Orlo.

"He don't need me, I reckon," smiled Orlo, with grim humor. He turned to Roddy. "I don't make head or tail of this business," he said.

When Jason came back the brothers were bathing Ed's face with cold water from the pump. Ed was opening and closing his eyes in a torment of pain and fear. He had just seen more of heaven and hell than was comprehended in his philosophy. Roddy was advancing. He had that damned black cat in his arms, coddling it. He sat down in front of Ed on a milking stool. He laid the black cat on an outstretched arm, made a few hocus-pocus passes over it, and the cat lay motionless on its perilous perch.

"Look at me—all three of you!" suddenly commanded Roddy. And they looked at him, wide-eyed. Orlo and Jason stood behind Roddy. Roddy stroked the cat and took it comfortably in his lap.

"That eel only weighed six pound and a half, Ed," he said in a droning voice. The three brothers twitched, as one man; an expression of blank stupidity fell like a shadow across the three faces. "I found your spear, Ed," Roddy's rhythmic tones pursued.

Ed's lids closed slowly over his staring eyes; with an effort he lifted them again, to meet the steady gaze not only of Roddy but of the black cat too. The black cat seemed to have now discovered its enemy, for it arched its back and spat.

"It's a lie!" A stream of foul oaths burst from Ed. He tried to rise, but fell back with a moan.

"Oh, you didn't lose your spear, then, when you were passing the island?" said Roddy. The glowing eyes of Ed shifted momentarily. Roddy leaned forward. "Look at me!" he said quietly. "Is it a lie that four men went up the river, and only three came back?" he asked in the same quiet tone.

Here the two younger brothers ended the scene with a crash. Hurling horrible curses on the head of the helpless Ed and calling the wrath of the devil down upon him, as if he were the cause of their destruction, they broke for freedom. So formidable was their onslaught, so sudden and ferocious that for the moment it carried the three watching men off their feet. But the two desperadoes were finally downed and thrown, badly mauled, beside Ed.

Then the floodgates opened. The brothers were damning each other. No need to question now. It all came out, through blurring expletives. Johnny Boag had bilked them—he had held out on them—they were all in it together, the rum business. He had squealed on them—he was in on the game-club raid! And sitting there, under the bridge, their eel spears dangling in the shallow water, he had laughed at them, dared them.

The picture was vivid—it was simple enough to see it all. The cattle, a happy chance—so it had seemed to them. Ed, always the foremost, had struck. Then the momentary terror, the crafty planning. Johnny had started to work on his dam late in the afternoon, but had gone down the river on some secret errand and forgotten all about the patient yoked beasts standing there. When the quarrel came, with its tragic ending, the solution of the dead body was ready at hand. It was not until they had jammed the body down between the stones and smashed the rail that they came on Roddy's footprints. To their dulled brains this seemed even a better alibi—and Ed, the only level-headed one among them, went for Orlo to discover the telltale heel marks.

The doctor came.

"I don't get this at all," said Jason. "What is this about the spear?"

"They lost a spear going by here last night, the four of them," said Roddy. "An eel twisted it out of their hands. They let it go, promising each other that they would find it downstream today. I took a chance and said I found it. They thought I had seen the whole thing then. That broke their back. It was simple enough."

"Say, what do you do for a living?" demanded Jason.

"Me? Why, I teach school winters," said Roddy.

Jason gave him one long look. He thrust his hands into his pockets and wandered off in a dazed sort of way. He came on General Konchakoff, who paused, with uplifted toe, and cocking his head on one side regarded him with an air of polite incredulity.

"I know just how you feel about it, old man," said Jason. "I feel the same way myself. I feel as if—as if I had been through a barrel turn!"

The Cross-Word Puzzle Reaches Scotland

For those rosy cheeks

try hot breakfasts

QUICK QUAKER—luscious and strength building, *cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

FOR sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—"hot oats and milk," say authorities on child feeding.

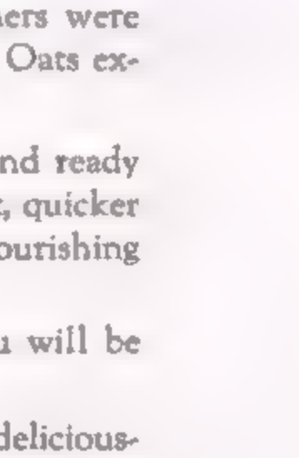
Because of limited cooking time, many mothers were serving less nourishing breakfasts. So Quaker Oats experts perfected QUICK QUAKER.

Savory, flavory and delicious, it's cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes. That's quicker than toast, quicker than coffee! Why not have richer, more nourishing breakfasts then?

Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. You will be delighted.

All that rich Quaker flavor; all its smooth deliciousness, are retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.



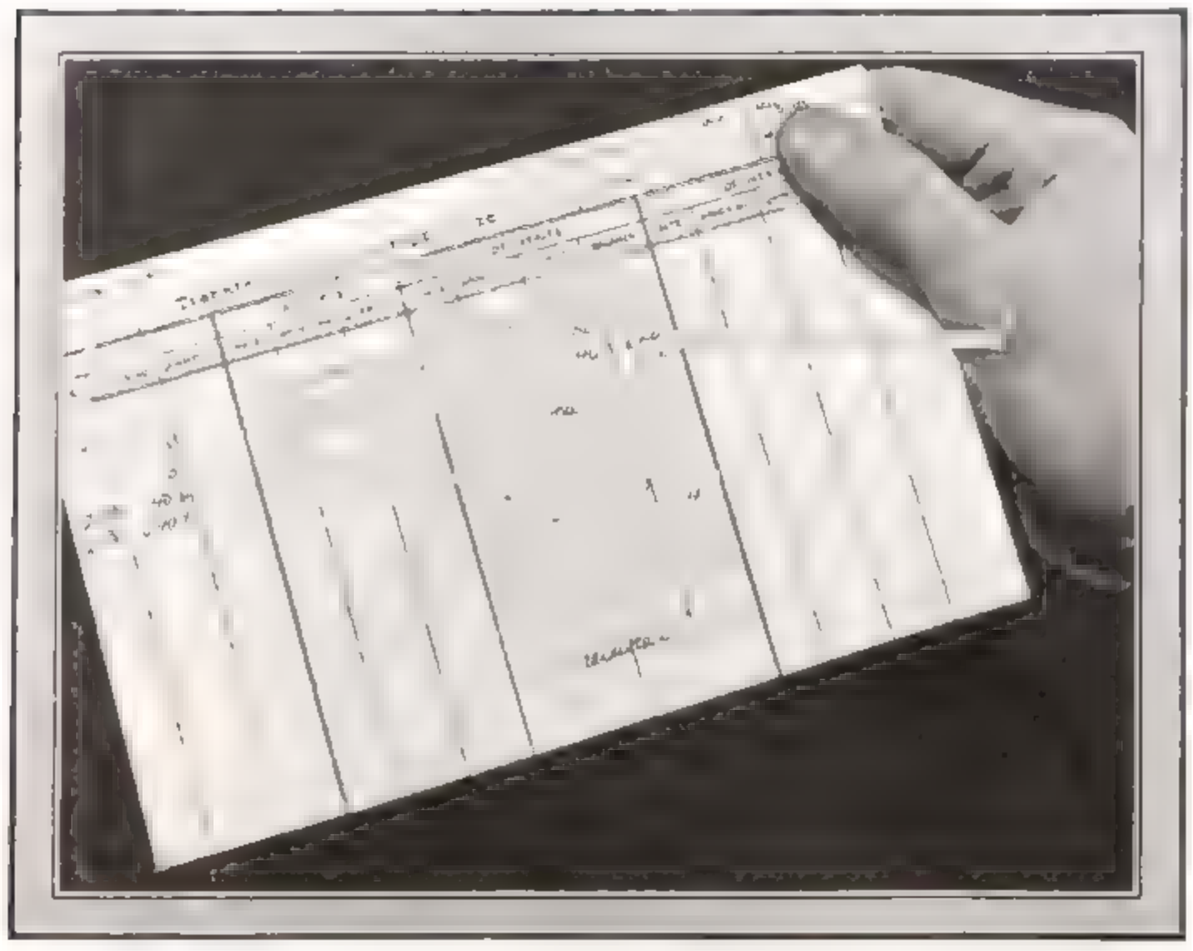
Standard full size and weight packages—

Medium: 1 and ¼ pounds; *Large:* 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known

Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

THE · CHOICE · OF · AMERICAN · BUSINESS



No overstocks-no understocks

but that delicate balance which means good service, yet active capital

THERE is no record in your business of greater importance than your stock record. Upon it depends that delicate balance between overstocking and understocking—the freeing of idle, unproductive capital, due to overstocks; and the saving of sales otherwise lost because of "out of stocks".

The profitable operation of your business demands an efficient, up-to-the-minute stock record system—one that daily meets the specific needs of your individual business.

Because there is *no single type* of record that will solve every stock record problem, Library Bureau makes three distinct types of stock record files.

L.B. Speedac—the perfected visible record file—which sets new standards of speed and accuracy in stock record card filing.

L.B. Card record desk—which holds as high as 24,000 stock record cards of 5 x 8 size within easy reach of a seated operator.

L.B. Card files—which have long been the standard card files for housing stock record cards.

For each of these Library Bureau supplies many different *systems* of filing stock record cards—including every system standard in business practice today. Therefore, we can and do recommend *impartially* the best system for the particular needs of each business.

We have successfully solved stock record problems in every line of business. To these thousands of firms L.B. stock records are invaluable because they are the means of preserving that level balance of stock on hand so vital to good service and active capital.

To any business executive interested in the more efficient operation of his stock record department, we will gladly send detailed information on L.B. Stock record systems.

Better still, stop at the nearest of our 52 salesrooms for an actual demonstration. Consult your phone book.

Six Big Divisions of L.B. Service to Business

1. Card Record Systems
Vertical and visible systems for every card record requirement.

2. Filing Systems
L.B. Automatic Index, Alphabetic, Geographic, Numeric, Subject and the Russell Index

3. Equipment, wood and steel
Card and Filing cabinets, card record desks and record safes.

4. Cards and Filing Supplies
Cards, Guides, and Folders for every card and filing system.

5. Specialized Departments
Bank, Insurance, Public Records Library and Educational

6. Special Services
Analysis, Indexing, Statistical

Home Offices: 230 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. Salesrooms: 52 principal cities of United States, France and England. Factories: Cambridge, New York, Chicago, Ilion, N. Y., New Orleans and London, England

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Stock records for every business

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 46)

"I rather expected to see you," he said in a low voice. "I was brought here to meet the best people of Honolulu, and the way I see it, you're the best of all."

She smiled at him, and again the chatter of small talk filled the room. Presently the voice of a tall young man with glasses rose above the general hubbub.

"They got a cable from Joe Clark out at the country club this afternoon," he announced. The din ceased and everyone listened with interest. "Clark's our professional," explained the young man to John Quincy. "He went over a month ago to play in the British Open."

"Did he win?" asked the girl in blue.

"He was put out by Hagen in the semi-finals," the young man said. "But he had the distinction of driving the longest ball ever seen on the St. Andrews course."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked an older man. "He's got the strongest wrists I ever saw on anybody." John Quincy sat up, suddenly interested.

"How do you account for that?" he asked. The older man smiled.

"We've all got pretty big wrists out here," he answered. "Surf boarding—that's what does it. Joe Clark was champion at one time—body surfing and board surfing too. He used to disappear for hours in the rollers out by the reef. The result was a marvelous wrist development. I've seen him drive a golf ball three hundred and eighty yards. Yes, sir, I'll bet he made those Englishmen sit up and take notice."

While John Quincy was thinking this over, someone suggested that it was time for the swim, and confusion reigned. A Chinese servant led the way to the dressing rooms, which opened off the lanai, and the young people trouped joyously after him.

"I'll be waiting for you on the beach," John Quincy said to Carlota Egan.

"I came with Johnny, you know," she reminded him.

"I know all about it," he answered. "But it was the week-end you promised to the Navy. People who try to stretch their week-end through the following Wednesday night deserve all they get." She laughed.

"I'll look for you," she agreed.

He donned his bathing suit hastily in a room filled with flying clothes and great waving brown arms. Lieutenant Booth, he noted with satisfaction, was proceeding at a leisurely pace. Hurrying through a door that opened directly on the beach, he waited under a near-by hau tree. Presently Carlota came, slender and fragile-looking in the moonlight.

"Ah, here you are," John Quincy cried. "The farthest float."

"The farthest float it is," she answered.

They dashed into the warm silvery water and swam gayly off. Five minutes later they sat on the float together. The light on Diamond Head was winking, the lanterns of sampans twinkled out beyond the reef, the shore line of Honolulu was outlined by a procession of blinking stars controlled by dynamos. In the bright heavens hung a lunar rainbow, one colorful end in the Pacific and the other tumbling into the foliage ashore.

A gorgeous setting in which to be young and in love, and free to speak at last. John Quincy moved closer to the girl's side.

"Great night, isn't it?" he said.

"Wonderful," she answered softly.

"Cary, I want to tell you something, and that's why I brought you out here away from the others."

"Somehow," she interrupted, "it doesn't seem quite fair to Johnny."

"Never mind him. Has it ever occurred to you that my name's Johnny too?" She laughed.

"Oh, but it couldn't be."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I simply couldn't call you that. You're too dignified and—and remote. John Quincy—I believe I could call you John Quincy."

"Well, make up your mind. You'll have to call me something, because I'm going to be hanging round pretty constantly in the future. Yes, my dear, I'll probably turn out to be about the least remote person in the world. That is, if I can make you see the future the way I see it. Cary dearest ——"

A gurgle sounded behind them and they turned around. Lieutenant Booth was climbing onto the raft.

"Swam the last fifty yards under water to surprise you," he sputtered.

"Well, you succeeded," said John Quincy without enthusiasm.

The lieutenant sat down with the manner of one booked to remain indefinitely.

"I'll tell the world it's some night," he offered.

"Speaking of the world, when do you fellows leave Honolulu?" asked John Quincy.

"I don't know. Tomorrow, I guess. Me, I don't care if we never go. Hawaii's not so easy to leave. Is it, Cary?" She shook her head.

"Hardest place I know of, Johnny. I shall have to be sailing presently, and I know what a wrench it will be. Perhaps I'll follow the example of Waioli, the swimmer, and leave the boat when it passes Waikiki."

They lolled for a moment in silence. Suddenly John Quincy sat up.

"What was that you said?" he asked.

"About Waioli? Didn't I ever tell you? He was one of our best swimmers, and for years they tried to get him to go to the mainland to take part in athletic meets, like Duke Kahanamoku. But he was a sentimentalist; he couldn't bring himself to leave Hawaii. Finally they persuaded him, and one sunny morning he sailed on the Matsonia, with a very sad face. When the ship was opposite Waikiki he slipped overboard and swam ashore. And that was that. He never got on a ship again. You see ——"

John Quincy was on his feet.

"What time was it when we left the beach?" he asked in a low tense voice.

"About 8:30," said Booth. John Quincy talked very fast.

"That means I've got just thirty minutes to get ashore, dress and reach the dock before the President Tyler sails. I'm sorry to go, but it's vital—vital. Cary, I'd started to tell you something. I don't know when I'll get back, but I must see you when I do, either at Mrs. Maynard's or the hotel. Will you wait up for me?"

She was startled by the seriousness of his tone.

"Yes, I'll be waiting," she told him.

"That's great." He hesitated a moment; it is a risky business to leave the girl you love on a float in the moonlight with a handsome naval officer. But it had to be done. "I'm off," he said, and dived. When he came up he heard the lieutenant's voice.

"Say, old man, that dive was all wrong. You let me show you ——"

"Go to the devil," muttered John Quincy wetly, and swam with long powerful strokes toward the shore.

Mad with haste, he plunged into the dressing room, donned his clothes, then dashed out again. No time for apologies to his hostess. He ran along the beach to the Winteralip house. Haku was dozing in the hall.

"Wikiwiki!" shouted John Quincy. "Tell the chauffeur to get the roadster into the drive and start the engine. Wake up! Travel! Where's Miss Barbara?"

"Last seen on beach," began the startled Haku.

On the bench under the hau tree he found Barbara sitting alone. He stood panting before her.

"My dear," he said, "I know at last who killed your father." She was on her feet.

"You do?"

"Yes; shall I tell you?"

"No," she said. "No, I can't bear to hear. It's too horrible."

"Then you've suspected?"

"Yes, just suspicion—a feeling—intuition. I couldn't believe it—I didn't want to believe it. I went away to get it out of my mind. It's all too terrible." He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor Barbara! Don't you worry. You won't appear in this in any way. I'll keep you out of it."

"What—what has happened?"

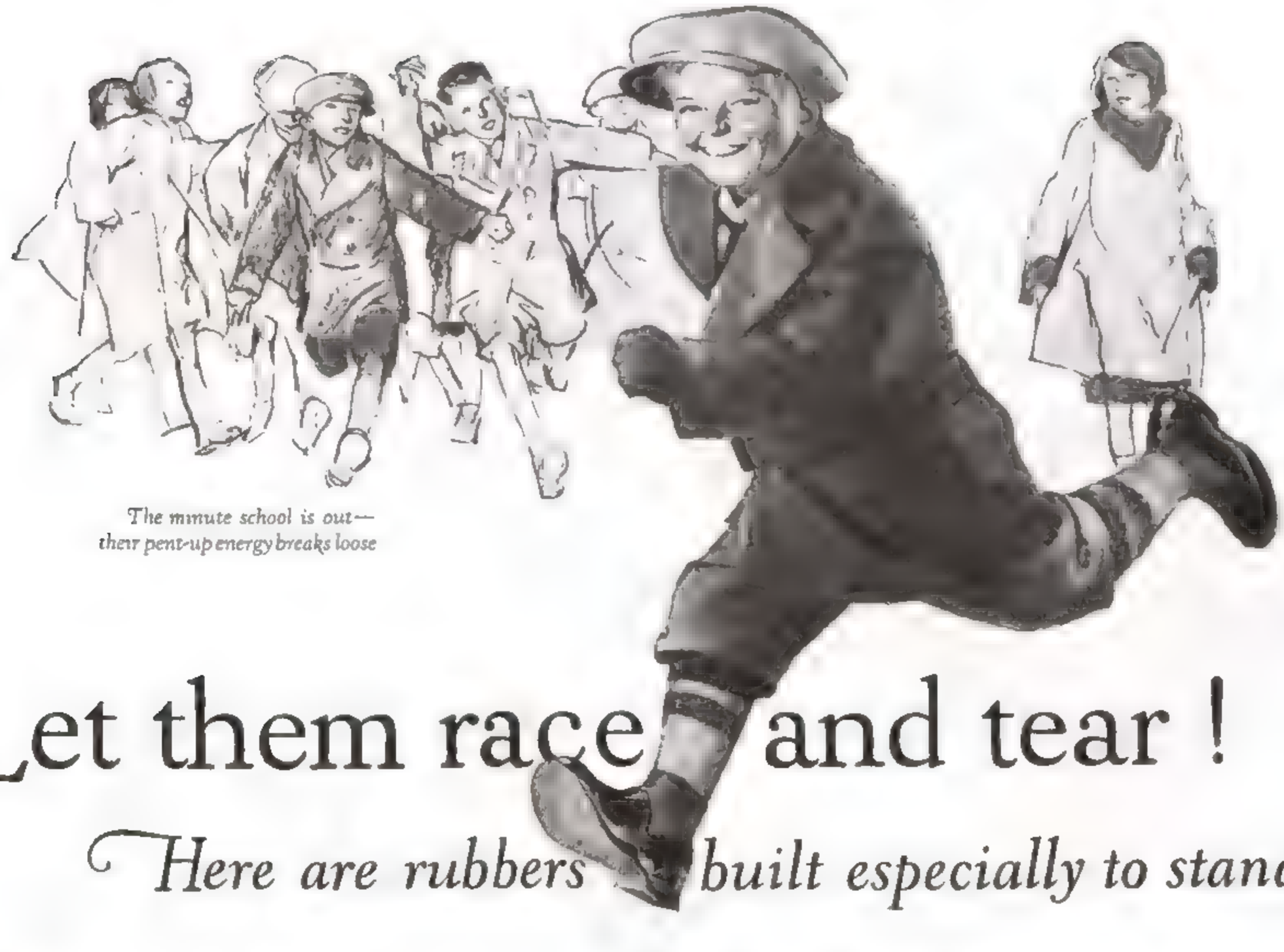
"Can't stop now. Tell you later." He ran toward the drive. Miss Minerva appeared from the house. "Haven't time to talk," he cried, leaping into the roadster.

"But John Quincy, a curious thing has happened. That lawyer who was here to look at the house—he said that Dan, just a week before he died, spoke to him about a new will."

"That's good! That's evidence!" John Quincy cried.

"But why a new will? Surely Barbara was all he had ——"

(Continued on Page 109)



The minute school is out—
their pent-up energy breaks loose

Let them race and tear!

Here are rubbers built especially to stand it

RUBBERS not only built for longer wear—but rubbers whose wear is actually measured and tested before they leave the factory! In making "U. S." brand Rubbers and Arctics every step is regulated by the most rigid scientific tests. At the sides are shown two of the many remarkable machines used in our testing laboratories.

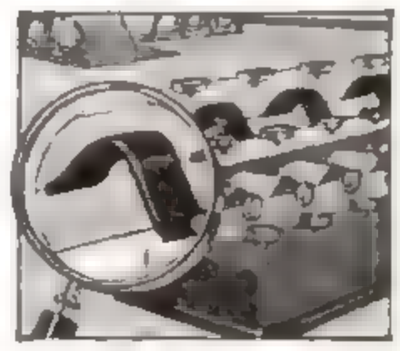
These machines have helped make it possible to build rubbers that set the standard today for quality and dependable service.

"U. S." brand Rubbers and Arctics are built over such a wide variety of lasts that they insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere—across the toe, at the ankle, at instep and heel. Each year a careful study of all styles of shoes is made by our designers.

Whether you want Rubbers or Arctics—men's, women's or children's—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U. S." line. *It will pay you to look for the "U. S." Trade Mark. "U. S." Rubbers cost no more and wear longer.*

Like human feet—
it wears out rubbers

In this remarkable machine sections from the sole and heel of "U. S." Rubbers are given the same kind of treatment they get in scuffing over pavements or through mud. The results of this wear are then measured to the finest fraction of an inch



When will the first tiny crack appear?

Under constant bending and wrinkling, poor rubber soon cracks or breaks. In the machine shown above strips cut from "U. S." Rubbers are bent back and forth like the hinges of a door—thousands upon thousands of times. A magnifying glass is used to detect the first signs of checking or cracking

Into the construction of "U. S." Rubbers and Arctics goes the skill of the largest rubber organization in the world backed by 70 years of experience

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." Rubbers

Trade Mark

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

Wednesday is Raisin Bread Day

For you

the world's finest Raisin Bread

American and Canadian bakers are today producing the finest raisin bread in the world. They make it with Sun-Maid Raisins —a special baking every Wednesday. You can get it in your town—fresh from the oven, fragrant, deliciously fruit-flavored. Don't miss this inexpensive mid-week treat. Place a standing order with your baker or grocer.

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the American Bakers' Association, the Retail Bakers' Association of America, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

(Continued from Page 106)

"Listen to me!" cut in John Quincy. "You've delayed me already. Get the big car and go to the station -tell that to Hallet. Tell him, too, that I'm on the President Tyler and to send Chan there at once."

He stepped on the gas. By the clock in the automobile he had just seventeen minutes to reach the dock before the President Tyler would sail. He shot like a madman through the brilliant Hawaiian night. Kalakaua Avenue, smooth and deserted, proved a glorious speedway. It took him just eight minutes to travel the three miles to the dock. A bit of traffic and an angry policeman in the center of the city caused the delay.

A scattering of people in the dim pier shed waited for the imminent sailing of the liner. John Quincy dashed through them and up the gangplank. The second officer, Hepworth, stood at the top.

"Hello, Mr. Winterslip," he said. "You sailing?"

"No. But let me aboard!"

"I'm sorry. We're about to draw in the plank."

"No, no, you mustn't! This is life and death! Hold off a few minutes. There's a steward named Bowker—I must find him at once. Life and death, I tell you!" Hepworth stood aside.

"Oh, well, in that case. But hurry, sir."

"I will."

John Quincy passed him on the run. He was on his way to the cabins presided over by Bowker when a tall figure caught his eye; a man in a long green ulster and a battered green hat—a hat John Quincy had last seen on the links of the Oahu Country Club. The tall figure moved on up a stairway to the topmost deck. John Quincy followed. He saw the ulster disappear into one of the de luxe cabins. Still he followed, and pushed open the cabin door. The man in the ulster was back-to, but he swung round suddenly.

"Ah, Mr. Jennison," John Quincy cried. "Were you thinking of sailing on this boat?" For an instant Jennison stared at him.

"I was," he said quietly.

"Forget it," John Quincy answered. "You're going ashore with me."

"Really? What is your authority?"

"No authority whatever," said the boy grimly. "I'm taking you, that's all."

Jennison smiled, but there was a gleam of hate behind it. And in John Quincy's heart, usually so gentle and civilized, there was hate, too, as he faced this man. He thought of Dan Winterslip, dead on his cot. He thought of Jennison walking down the gangplank with them that morning they landed, Jennison putting his arm about poor Barbara when she faltered under the blow. He thought of the shots fired at him from the bush, of the red-haired man battering him in that red room. Well, he must fight again. No way out of it. The siren of the President Tyler sounded a sharp warning.

"You get out of here!" said Jennison through his teeth. "I'll go with you to the gangplank ——"

He stopped as the disadvantages of that plan came home to him. His right hand went swiftly to his pocket. Inspired, John Quincy seized a filled water bottle and hurled it at the man's head. Jennison dodged; the bottle crashed through one of the windows. The clatter of glass rang through the night, but no one appeared. John Quincy saw Jennison leap toward him, something gleaming in his hand. Stepping aside, he threw himself on the man's back and forced him to his knees. He seized the wrist of Jennison's right hand, which held the automatic, in a firm grip. They kept that posture for a moment, and then Jennison began slowly to rise to his feet. The hand that held the pistol began to tear away. John Quincy shut his teeth and sought to maintain his grip. But he was up against a more powerful antagonist than the red-haired sailor; he was outclassed, and the realization of it crept over him with a sickening force.

Jennison was on his feet now, the right hand nearly free. Another moment—what then, John Quincy wondered? This man had no intention of letting him go ashore; he had changed that plan the moment he put it into words. A muffled shot, and later in the night when the ship was well out on the Pacific —— John Quincy thought of Boston, his mother. He thought of Carlota awaiting his return. He summoned his strength for one last desperate effort to renew his grip.

A serene, ivory-colored face appeared suddenly at the broken window. An arm with a weapon was extended through the jagged opening.

"Relinquish the firearms, Mr. Jennison," commanded Charlie Chan, "or I am forced to make fatal insertion in vital organ belonging to you."

Jennison's pistol dropped to the floor and John Quincy staggered back against the berth. At that instant the door opened and Hallet, followed by Detective Spencer, came in.

"Hello, Winterslip, what are you doing here?" the captain said. He thrust a paper into one of the pockets of the green ulster. "Come along, Jennison," he said. "We want you."

Limply John Quincy followed them from the stateroom. Outside they were joined by Chan. At the top of the gangplank Hallet paused.

"We'll wait a minute for Hepworth," he said.

John Quincy put his hand on Chan's shoulder.

"Charlie, how can I ever thank you? You saved my life." Chan bowed.

"My own pleasure is not to be worded. I have saved a life here and there, but never before one that had beginning in cultured city of Boston. Always a happy item on the golden scroll of memory."

Hepworth came up.

"It's all right," he said. "The captain has agreed to delay our sailing one hour. I'll go to the station with you."

On the way down the gangplank Chan turned to John Quincy.

"Speaking heartily for myself, I congratulate your bravery. It is clear you leaped upon this Jennison with vigorous and triumphant mood of heart. But he would have pushed you down. He would have conquered. And why? The answer is, such powerful wrists."

"A great surf boarder, eh?" John Quincy said. Chan looked at him keenly.

"You are no person's fool. Ten years ago this Harry Jennison are champion swimmer in all Hawaii. I extract that news from ancient sporting pages of Honolulu journal. But he have not been in the water much here lately. Pursuing the truth further, not since the night he killed Dan Winterslip."

XXII

THEY moved on through the pier shed to the street, where Hepworth, Jennison and the three policemen got into Hallet's car. The captain turned to John Quincy.

"You coming, Mr. Winterslip?" he inquired.

"I've got my own car," the boy explained. "I'll follow you in that."

The roadster was not performing at its best and he reached the station house a good five minutes after the policemen. He noted Dan Winterslip's big limousine parked in the street outside.

In Hallet's room he found the captain and Chan closeted with a third man. It took a second glance at the latter to identify him as Mr. Saladine, for the little man of the lost teeth now appeared a great deal younger than John Quincy had thought him.

"Ah, Mr. Winterslip," remarked Hallet. He turned to Saladine. "Say, Larry, you've got me into a heap of trouble with this boy. He accused me of trying to shield you. I wish you'd loosen up for him." Saladine smiled.

"Why, I don't mind. My job out here is about finished. Of course, Mr. Winterslip will keep what I tell him under his hat?"

"Naturally," replied John Quincy. He noticed that the man spoke with no trace of a lisp. "I perceive you've found your teeth," he added.

"Oh, yes I found them in my trunk, where I put them the day I arrived at Waikiki," answered Saladine. "When my teeth were knocked out twenty years ago in a football game I was brokenhearted, but the loss has been a great help to me in my work. A man hunting his bridge work in the water is a figure of ridicule and mirth. No one ever thinks of connecting him with serious affairs. He can prowl about a beach to his heart's content. Mr. Winterslip, I am a special agent of the Treasury Department sent out here to break up the opium ring. My name, of course, is not Saladine."

"Oh," said John Quincy, "I understand at last."

"I'm glad you do," remarked Hallet. "I don't know whether you're familiar with the way our opium smugglers work. The dope is brought in from the Orient on tramp

Keep your teeth shining and safe—with Pebeco

WHEN your Mouth Glands dry up teeth *inevitably* decay

The only way to protect the teeth successfully is to keep the mouth glands flowing normally

DENTISTS say that practically no mouth today is normally moist and safe for teeth.

Modern cooked foods, too soft, too quickly swallowed, do not require enough chewing. From sheer lack of exercise your mouth glands dry up. Instead of protecting your teeth with their alkaline fluids as nature intended, these glands leave your whole mouth dry—your teeth defenseless against the acids that cause decay.

By harsh scouring thousands of men and women today succeed in keeping their teeth white. *But never safe from decay.* Five minutes after brushing the acids form again.

Dentists now recognize that there is a way to keep teeth both white and safe. Today you can successfully counteract the acids of decay with a tooth-paste that restores the normal flow of the mouth glands.

• • •

Pebeco is the simple natural way to prevent tooth decay. It acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your gums clean and soothed—your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Start today. Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents. H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists'.

Free Offer

Send coupon for Free Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. E-23
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name .....

Street

City State

You *need* a headset

— to tune-in with

— to get distant stations — both domestic and foreign

— to listen-in without disturbing others

— to shut out the noise in the room —and get all the radio fun

— to get the truest and clearest reception—always

No one realizes these facts more forcibly than the makers of the famous Radiola IIIA. They include Brandes as standard equipment.

Be sure your *set is* Brandes *equipped*

Brandes

The name to know in Radio

steamers the Mary S. Allison, for example. When they arrive off Waikiki they knock together a few small rafts and load 'em with tins of the stuff. A fleet of little boats, supposedly out there for the fishing, pick up these rafts and bring the dope ashore. It's taken downtown and hidden on ships bound for Frisco—usually those that ply only between here and the mainland, because they're not so closely watched at the other end. But it just happened that the quartermaster of the President Tyler is one of their go-betweens. We searched his cabin this evening and found it packed with the stuff."

"The quartermaster of the President Tyler," repeated John Quincy. "That's Dick Kaohla's friend."

"Yeah, I'm coming to Dick. He's been in charge of the pick-up fleet here. He was out on that business the night of the murder. Saladine saw him and told me all about it in that note, which was my reason for letting the boy go."

"I owe you an apology," John Quincy said.

"Oh, that's all right." Hallet was in great good humor. "Larry here has got some of the higher-ups, too. For instance, he's discovered that Jennison is the lawyer for the ring, defending any of them who are caught and brought before the commissioner. The fact has no bearing on Dan Winterslip's murder—unless Winterslip knew about it, and that was one of the reasons he didn't want Jennison to marry his girl."

Saladine stood up.

"I'll turn the quartermaster over to you," he said. "In view of this other charge, you can, of course, have Jennison too. That's all for me. I'll go along."

"See you tomorrow, Larry," Hallet answered. Saladine went out and the captain turned to John Quincy. "Well, my boy, this is our big night. I don't know what you were doing in Jennison's cabin, but if you'd picked him for the murderer, I'll say you're good."

"That's just what I'd done," John Quincy told him. "By the way, have you seen my aunt? She's got hold of a rather interesting bit of information."

"I've seen her," Hallet said. "She's with the prosecutor now, telling it to him. By the way, Greene's waiting for us. Come along."

They went into the prosecutor's office. Greene was alert and eager, a stenographer was at his elbow, and Miss Minerva sat near his desk.

"Hello, Mr. Winterslip," he said. "What do you think of our police force now? Pretty good, eh, pretty good? Sit down, won't you?" He glanced through some papers on his desk, while John Quincy, Hallet and Chan found chairs. "I don't mind telling you, this thing has knocked me all in a heap. Harry Jennison and I are old friends; I had lunch with him at the club only yesterday. I'm going to proceed a little differently than I would with an ordinary criminal." John Quincy half rose from his chair. "Don't get excited," Greene smiled. "Jennison will get all that's coming to him, friendship or no friendship. What I mean is that if I can save the territory the expense of a long trial by dragging a confession out of him at once, I intend to do it. He's coming in here in a moment, and I propose to reveal my whole hand to him, from start to finish. That may seem foolish, but it isn't. For I hold aces, all aces, and he'll know it as quickly as anyone."

The door opened. Spencer ushered Jennison into the room and then withdrew. The accused man stood there, proud, haughty, defiant, a viking of the tropics, a blond giant at bay but unafraid.

"Hello, Jennison," Greene said. "I'm mighty sorry about this."

"You ought to be," Jennison replied. "You're making an awful fool of yourself. What is this damned nonsense, anyhow?"

"Sit down," said the prosecutor sharply. He indicated a chair on the opposite side of the desk. He had already turned the shade on his desk lamp so the light would shine full in the face of anyone sitting there. "That lamp bother you, Harry?" he asked.

"Why should it?" Jennison demanded.

"Good!" smiled Greene. "I believe Captain Hallet served you with a warrant on the boat. Have you looked at it, by any chance?"

"I have."

The prosecutor leaned across the desk.

"Murder, Jennison!" Jennison's expression did not change.

"Damned nonsense, as I told you. Why should I murder anyone?"

"Ah, the motive," Greene replied. "You're quite right, we should begin with that. Do you wish to be represented here by counsel?" Jennison shook his head.

"I guess I'm lawyer enough to puncture this silly business," he replied.

"Very well." Greene turned to his stenographer. "Get this." The man nodded and the prosecutor addressed Miss Minerva. "Miss Winterslip, we'll start with you." Miss Minerva leaned forward.

"Mr. Dan Winterslip's house on the beach has, as I told you, been offered for sale by his daughter. After dinner this evening a gentleman came to look at it—a prominent lawyer named Hailey. As we went over the house Mr. Hailey mentioned that he had met Dan Winterslip on the street a week before his death, and that my cousin had spoken to him about coming in shortly to draw up a new will. He did not say what the provisions of the will were to be, nor did he ever carry out his intention."

"Ah, yes," said Greene. "But Mr. Jennison here was your cousin's lawyer?"

"He was."

"If he wanted to draw a new will, he wouldn't ordinarily have gone to a stranger for that purpose?"

"Not ordinarily, unless he had some good reason."

"Precisely. Unless, for instance, the will had some connection with Harry Jennison."

"I object!" Jennison cried. "This is mere conjecture."

"So it is," Greene answered. "But we're not in court. We can conjecture if we like. Suppose, Miss Winterslip, the will was concerned with Jennison in some way. What do you imagine the connection to have been?"

"I don't have to imagine," replied Miss Minerva. "I know."

"Ah, that's good. You know. Go on."

"Before I came down here tonight I had a talk with my niece. She admitted that her father knew she and Jennison were in love and that he had bitterly opposed the match. He had even gone so far as to say he would disinherit her if she went through with it."

"Then the new will Dan Winterslip intended to make would probably have been to the effect that in the event his daughter married Jennison, she was not to inherit a penny of his money?"

"There isn't any doubt of it," said Miss Minerva firmly.

"You asked for a motive, Jennison," Greene said. "That's motive enough for me. Everybody knows you're money-mad. You wanted to marry Winterslip's daughter, the richest girl in the islands. He said you couldn't have her—not with the money too. But you're not the sort to make a penniless marriage. You were determined to get both Barbara Winterslip and her father's property. Only one person stood in your way—Dan Winterslip. And that's how you happened to be on his lanai that Monday night."

"Wait a minute," Jennison protested. "I wasn't on his lanai. I was on board the President Tyler, and everybody knows that ship didn't land its passengers until nine the following morning."

"I'm coming to that," Greene told him. "Just now—by the way, what time is it?"

Jennison took from his pocket a watch on the end of a slender chain.

"It's a quarter past nine."

"Ah, yes. Is that the watch you usually carry?"

"It is."

"Ever wear a wrist watch?" Jennison hesitated.

"Occasionally."

"Only occasionally." The prosecutor rose and came round his desk. "Let me see your left wrist, please."

Jennison held out his arm. It was tanned a deep brown, but on the wrist was etched in white the outline of a watch and its encircling strap. Greene smiled.

"Yes, you have worn a wrist watch—and you've worn it pretty constantly, from the look of things." He took a small object from his pocket and held it in front of Jennison. "This watch, perhaps?" Jennison regarded it stonily. "Ever see it before?" Greene asked. "No? Well, suppose we try it on anyhow." He put the watch in position and fastened it. "I can't help noting, Harry," he continued, "that it fits rather neatly over that white outline on your wrist. And the prong of the buckle falls

(Continued on Page 112)

No trouble to keep this white woodwork clean

Why Barreled Sunlight can be washed like tile

NOW you can have it throughout your house—white woodwork as easy to keep spotless as tile or porcelain!

Barreled Sunlight gives an added charm to lovely colonial living-rooms, to stairways with their sweep of slender columns, to wood panelling everywhere.

The lustrous white satin-like surface of Barreled Sunlight is so smooth that the finest particles of dust and dirt, the worst smudges, cannot "sink in." When soiled it can be washed as easily as white tile. Furthermore, washing will not wear away the surface of Barreled Sunlight.

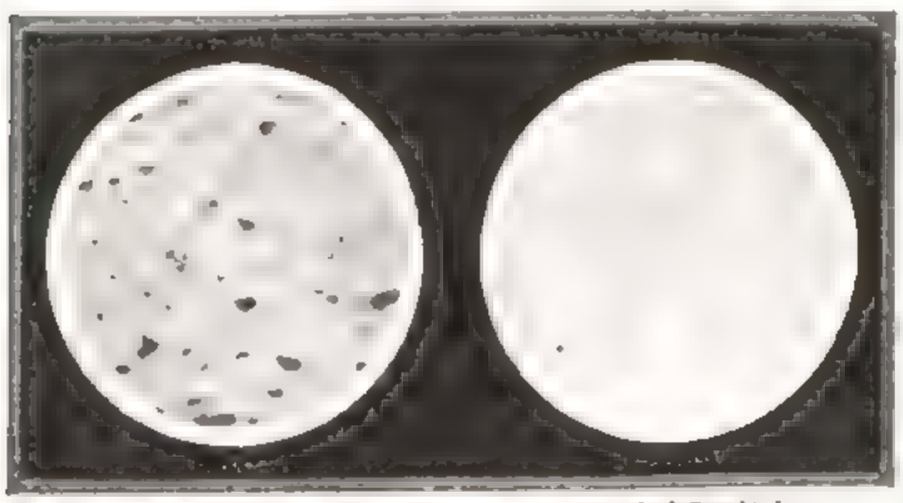
It is easy to understand why Barreled Sunlight is being used today not only in homes, but in the finest hotels, apartment houses, hospitals, schools, institutions and public buildings of all sorts.

Barreled Sunlight costs less than enamel, is easy to apply and requires fewer coats. A single coat is generally sufficient over a previously painted light surface. Where more than one coat is necessary, Barreled Sunlight Undercoat should be used.

Barreled Sunlight is sold by leading dealers in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—in 55-gal. and 30-gal. churn-equipped steel drums. Send the coupon below for sample can—containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a bathroom cabinet, shelf, mirror-frame, etc., or any similar article.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
26-A DUDLEY STREET PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—350 Madison Ave. Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—38 O'Farrell St.
Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by over 5,000 dealers.

THE DIGNITY AND CHARM OF WHITE COLONIAL WOODWORK ARE ENHANCED BY THE SOFT LUSTRE OF BARRELED SUNLIGHT



Ordinary flat-finish white paint *Barreled Sunlight*

What paint looks like through a microscope

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

6 things to know about Barreled Sunlight

1. Washes like tile
2. Easy to apply
3. Requires fewer coats than enamel
4. Possesses a soft lustre peculiar to itself
5. Can be tinted any color
6. Guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions

"Save the surface and you save all"

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Barreled Sunlight

WHITE · SMOOTH · LUSTROUS · WASHABLE

The Wheel's the thing

THE new Millers Falls glass cutter wheels cut as steel wheels never cut before. They are hard, sharp, uniform; the edges last. They are *right.*

We've been making glass cutters for 45 years. With all that experience, we put in more than a year of intensive plugging to develop our improved wheels.

The wheel has always been the weak spot. We tried many steel alloys, different heat treatments. Each new lot of wheels was tested rigorously.

Now we say they're right, because we have proved it to ourselves. The Millers Falls name on them proves our confidence to you.

This is
No. 7 Improved—

single wheel; easy grip handle, enameled red.

Millers Falls Improved Glass Cutters

with the new long-life, fine-cutting wheels. Special alloy steel wheels; hardened by special process; uniform; lasting. They make a deep, clean cut. Eight styles.

This is
No. 300 Improved—

six perfect wheels in turret flush with frame. Wheels protected from injury by patented feature of cutting arbor integral with turret. Easy grip handle, enameled hardwood.

MILLERS FALLS COMPANY
Millers Falls, Mass.

28 Warren St. New York — 9 So. Clinton St. Chicago

Manufacturers of Mechanics' Tools, Hack Saws and Automobile Tools

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

(Continued from Page 110)

naturally into the most worn of the holes on the strap."

"What of that?" asked Jennison.

"Oh, coincidence, probably. You have abnormally large wrists, however. Surf boarding, swimming, eh? But that's something else I'll speak of later." He turned to Miss Minerva. "Will you please come over here, Miss Winterslip?"

She came, and as she reached his side the prosecutor suddenly bent over and switched off the light on his desk. Save for a faint glimmer through a transom, the room was in darkness.

Miss Minerva was conscious of dim huddled figures, a circle of white faces, a tense silence. The prosecutor was lifting something slowly toward her startled eyes. A watch, worn on a human wrist -a watch with an illuminated dial on which the figure 2 was almost obliterated.

"Look at that and tell me," came the prosecutor's voice. "You have seen it before?"

"I have," she answered firmly.

"Where?"

"In the dark in Dan Winterslip's living room just after midnight the thirtieth of June." Greene flashed on the light.

"Thank you, Miss Winterslip." He retired behind his desk and pressed a button. "You identify it by some distinguishing mark, I presume?"

"I do. The numeral 2, which is pretty well obscured."

Spencer appeared at the door.

"Send the Spaniard in," Greene ordered. "That is all for the present, Miss Winterslip."

Cabrera entered, and his eyes were frightened as they looked at Jennison. At a nod from the prosecutor, Chan removed the wrist watch and handed it to the Spaniard.

"You know that watch, José?" Greene asked.

"I I yes," answered the boy.

"Don't be afraid," Greene urged. "Nobody's going to hurt you. I want you to repeat the story you told me this afternoon. You have no regular job. You're a sort of confidential errand boy for Mr. Jennison here."

"I was."

"Yes, that's all over now. You can speak out. On the morning of Wednesday, July second, you were in Mr. Jennison's office. He gave you this wrist watch and told you to take it out and get it repaired. Something was the matter with it. It wasn't running. You took it to a big jewelry store. What happened?"

"The man said it is very badly hurt. To fix it would cost more than a new watch. I go back and tell Mr. Jennison. He laugh and say it is mine as a gift."

"Precisely." Greene referred to a paper on his desk. "Late in the afternoon of Thursday, July third, you sold the watch. To whom?"

"To Lau Ho, Chinese jeweler in Maunakea Street. On Saturday evening maybe six o'clock Mr. Jennison telephone my home, much excited. Must have watch again and will pay any price. I speed to Lau Ho's store. Watch is sold once more, now to unknown Japanese. Late at night I see Mr. Jennison and he curse me with anger. Get the watch, he says. I have been hunting, but I could not find it."

Greene turned to Jennison.

"You were a little careless with that watch, Harry. But no doubt you figured you were pretty safe -you had your alibi. Then, too, when Hallet detailed the clews to you on Winterslip's lanai the morning after the crime, he forgot to mention that someone had seen the watch. It was one of those happy accidents that are all we have to count on in this work. By Saturday night you realized your danger Just how you discovered it I don't know."

"I do," John Quincy interrupted.

"What? What's that?" said Greene.

"On Saturday afternoon," John Quincy told him, "I played golf with Mr. Jennison. On our way back to town we talked over the clews in this case, and I happened to mention the wrist watch I can see now it was the first he had heard of it He was to dine with us at the beach, but he asked to be put down at his office to sign a few letters I waited below It must have been then that he called up this young man in an effort to locate the watch."

"Great stuff!" said Greene enthusiastically. "That finishes the watch, Jennison I'm surprised you were it, but you probably knew that it would be vital to you to keep track of the time, and you figured, rightly, that it would not be immediately affected by the salt water."

"What the devil are you talking about?" demanded Jennison.

Again Greene pressed a button on his desk. Spencer appeared at once.

"Take this Spaniard," the prosecutor directed, "and bring in Hepworth and the quartermaster." He turned again to Jennison. "I'll show you what I'm talking about in just a minute. On the night of June thirtieth you were a passenger on the President Tyler, which was lying by until dawn out near the channel entrance?"

"I was."

"No passengers were landed from that ship until the following morning?"

"That's a matter of record."

"Very well."

The second officer of the President Tyler came in, followed by a big hulking sailorman John Quincy recognized as the quartermaster of that vessel. He was interested to note a ring on the man's right hand and his mind went back to that encounter in the San Francisco attic.

"Mr. Hepworth," the prosecutor began, "on the night of June thirtieth your ship reached this port too late to dock. You anchored off Waikiki. On such an occasion, who is on deck—say, from midnight on?"

"The second officer," Hepworth told him. "In this case, myself. Also the quartermaster."

"The accommodation ladder is let down the night before?"

"Usually, yes. It was let down that night."

"Who is stationed near it?"

"The quartermaster."

"Ah, yes. You were in charge then on the night of June thirtieth. Did you notice anything unusual on that occasion?" Hepworth nodded.

"I did. The quartermaster appeared to be under the influence of liquor. At three o'clock I found him dozing near the accommodation ladder. I roused him. When I came back from checking up the anchor bearings before turning in at dawn—about 4:30—he was dead to the world. I put him in his cabin, and the following morning I of course reported him."

"You noticed nothing else out of the ordinary?"

"Nothing, sir," Hepworth replied.

"Thank you very much. Now, you." Greene turned to the quartermaster. "You were drunk on duty the night of June thirtieth. Where did you get the booze?" The man hesitated. "Before you say anything, let me give you a bit of advice. The truth, my man. You're in pretty bad already. I'm not making any promises, but if you talk straight here it may help you in that other matter. If you lie, it will go that much harder with you."

"I ain't going to lie," promised the quartermaster.

"All right. Where did you get your liquor?" The man nodded toward Jennison.

"He gave it to me."

"He did, eh? Tell me all about it."

"I met him on deck just after midnight—we was still moving. I knew him before. Him and me ——"

"In the opium game, both of you. I understand that. You met him on deck ——"

"I did; and he says, 'You're on watch tonight, eh?' And I says I am. So he slips me a little bottle an' says, 'This will help you pass the time.' I ain't a drinking man, so help me I ain't, an' I took just a nip; but there was something in that whisky, I'll swear to it. My head was all funny-like, an' the next I knew I was waked up in my cabin with the bad news I was wanted above."

"What became of that bottle?"

"I dropped it overboard on my way to see the captain. I didn't want nobody to find it."

"Did you see anything the night of June thirtieth anything peculiar?"

"I seen plenty, sir but it was that drink. Nothink you would want to hear about."

"All right." The prosecutor turned to Jennison. "Well, Harry, you drugged him, didn't you? Why? Because you were going ashore, eh? Because you knew he'd be on duty at that ladder when you returned, and you didn't want him to see you. So you dropped something into that whisky ——"

"Guesswork," cut in Jennison, still unruffled. "I used to have some respect for you as a lawyer, but it's all gone now. If this is the best you can offer ——"

"But it isn't," said Greene pleasantly. Again he pushed the button. "I've something much better, Harry, if you'll only wait." He turned to Hepworth. "There's a steward on your ship named Bowker," he began, and John Quincy thought that Jennison stiffened. "How has he been behaving lately?"

"Well, he got pretty drunk in Hong-Kong," Hepworth answered. "But that, of course, was the money."

"What money?"

"It's this way: The last time we sailed out of Honolulu Harbor for the Orient, over two weeks ago, I was in the purser's office. It was just as we were passing Diamond Head. Bowker came in and he had a big fat envelope that he wanted to deposit in the purser's safe. He said it contained a lot of money. The purser wouldn't be responsible for it without seeing it, so Bowker slit the envelope—and there were ten one-hundred-dollar bills. The purser made another package of it and put it in the safe. He told me Bowker took out a couple of the bills when we reached Hong-Kong."

"Where would a man like Bowker get all that money?"

"I can't imagine. He said he'd put over a business deal in Honolulu, but—well, we knew Bowker."

The door opened. Evidently Spencer guessed who was wanted this time, for he pushed Bowker into the room. The steward of the President Tyler was bedraggled and bleary.

"Hello, Bowker," said the prosecutor. "Sober now, aren't you?"

"I'll tell the world I am," replied Bowker. "They've walked me to San Francisco and back. Can—can I sit down?"

"Of course," Greene smiled. "This afternoon, while you were still drunk, you told a story to Willie Chan, out at Okamoto's auto stand on Kalakaua Avenue. Later on, early this evening, you repeated it to Captain Hallet and me. I'll have to ask you to go over it again."

Bowker glanced toward Jennison, then quickly looked away.

"Always ready to oblige," he answered.

"You're a steward on the President Tyler," Greene continued. "On your last trip over here from the mainland Mr. Jennison occupied one of your rooms—Number 97. He was alone in it, I believe?"

"All alone. He paid extra for the privilege, I hear. Always traveled that way."

"Room 97 was on the main deck, not far from the accommodation ladder?"

"Yes, that's right."

"What happened after you anchored off Waikiki the night of June thirtieth?"

Bowker adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with the gesture of a man about to make an after-dinner speech.

"Well, I was up pretty late that night. Mr. Winterslip here had loaned me some books—there was one I was particularly interested in. I wanted to finish it so I could give it to him to take ashore in the morning. It was nearly two o'clock when I finally got through it, and I was feeling stuffy, so I went on deck for a breath of air."

"You stopped not far from the accommodation ladder?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you notice the quartermaster?"

"Yes, he was sound asleep in a deck chair. I went over and leaned on the rail, the ladder was just beneath me. I'd been standing there a few minutes when suddenly somebody came up out of the water and put his hands on the lowest rung. I drew back quickly and stood in a shadow.

"Well, pretty soon this man comes creeping up the ladder to the deck. He was barefooted and all in black—black pants and shirt. I watched him. He went over and bent above the quartermaster, then started toward me down the deck. He was walking on tiptoe, but even then I didn't get wise to the fact anything was wrong.

"I stepped out of the shadow. 'Fine night for a swim, Mr. Jennison,' I said. And I saw at once that I'd made a social error. He gave one jump in my direction and his hands closed on my throat. I thought my time had come."

"He was wet, wasn't he?" Greene asked.

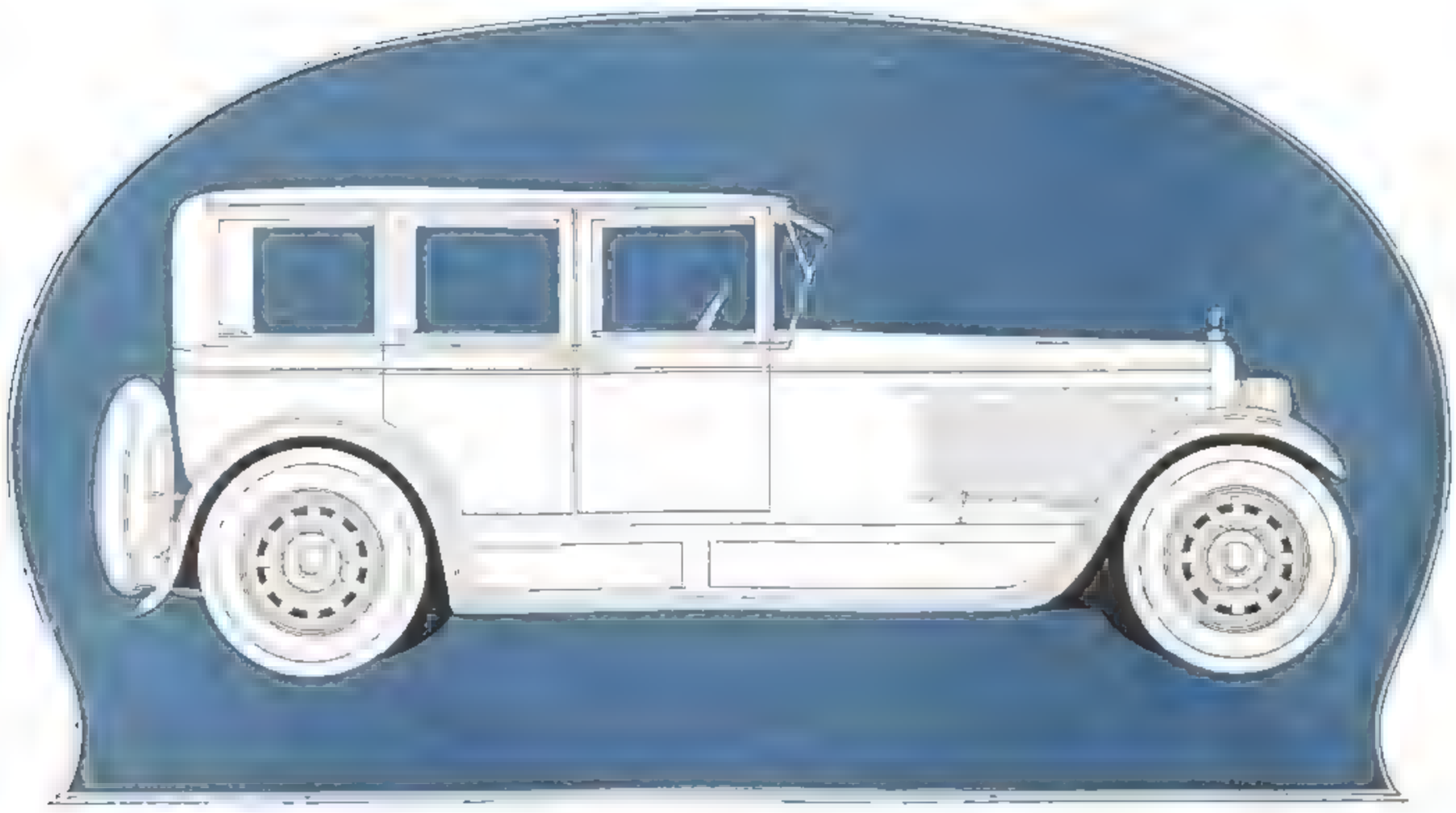
"Dripping. He left a trail of water on the deck."

"Did you notice a watch on his wrist?"

"Yes, but you can bet I didn't make any study of it. I had other things to think about just then. I managed to sort of ooze out of his grip, and I told him to cut it out or I'd yell. 'Look here,' he says, 'you and I can talk business, I guess. Come into my cabin.'

"But I wasn't wanting any tête-à-tête with him in any cabin. I said I'd see him

(Continued on Page 115)



THE GREAT LINE EIGHT

It is no reflection upon the good taste and good judgment of the most practical individual to aspire to own a car that is chosen by those who can afford to possess anything they desire.

Since the national prestige of the Jordan is based upon its selection by those who have previously been satisfied with old-fashioned bulky cars, it is only natural that people who value economy with distinction should prefer The Great Line Eight.

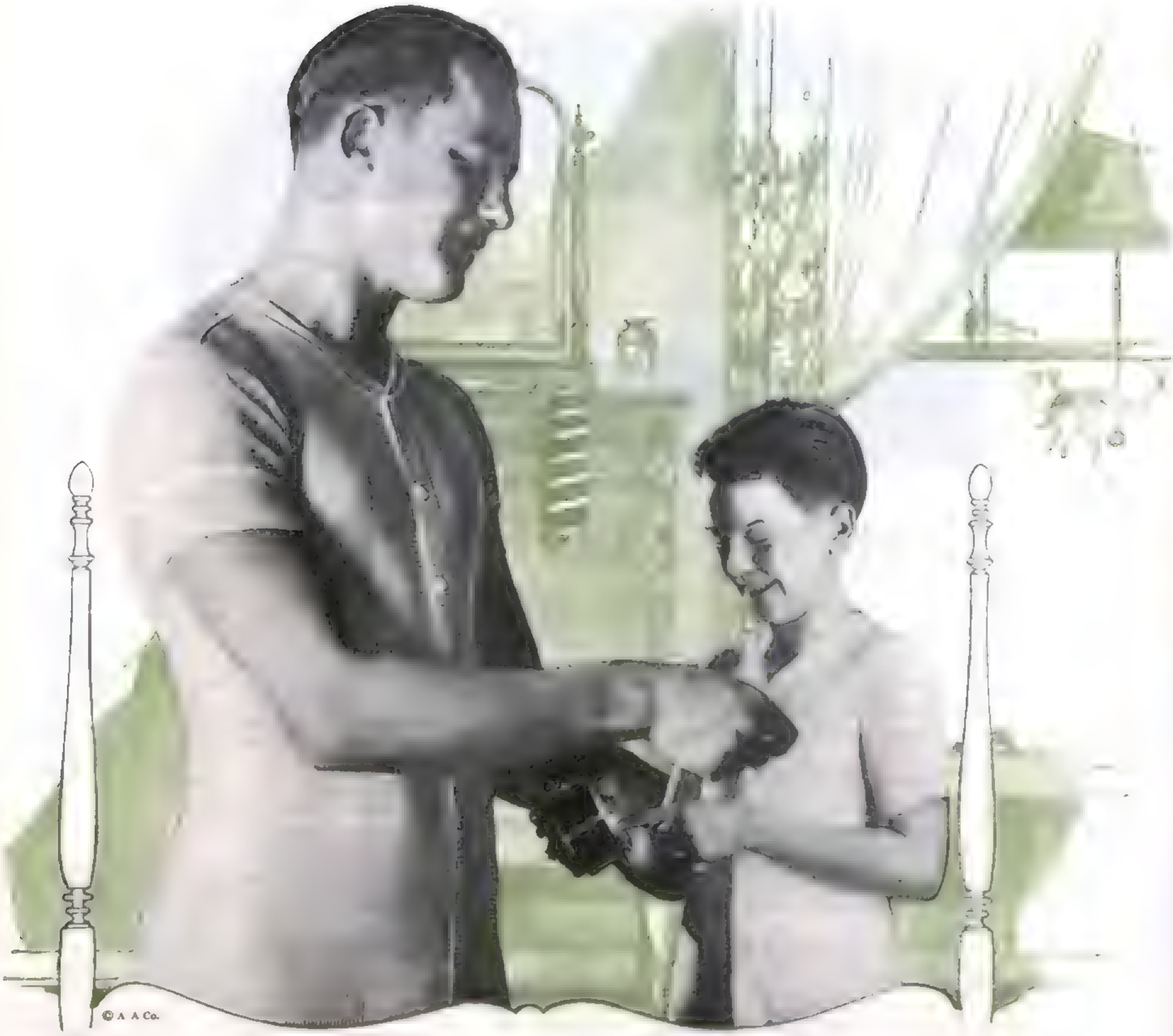
This is not strange when you consider that the Jordan sells for a great deal less than other cars in its class.

The reasons for this difference in price, with equal quality, make an interesting story which any Jordan salesman can tell to the prospective buyer.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A brown road through the woods, where in every tree top, the hollow wind's a-blowing the last remnants of winter from the land —a drift of fragrance—a sombre crested hill—and all the rest of all the ages as we two loiter and go on through an enchanted land.

JORDAN



No. 872
MEN'S fine mercerized lisle, Swiss ribbed unionsuit. With salmon colored cross stripes.
$3.00

No. 510
BOYS' semi-combed light weight white unionsuit. Short sleeves, ankle length.
$1.25

A snug fit—*and perfect comfort*

We use an extra mile of yarn to make this garment more elastic

There's a definite mechanical reason why Allen-A underwear gives you a smoother, closer fit—with perfect comfort. You'll notice the difference the first time you try it.

All Allen-A underwear is knitted a special way. On spring-needle machines—patented. These machines pull the yarn tight *as it is knitted.* (It takes 30% more time and a full mile more yarn per garment.) Fabric knitted this way stretches easily. But it always springs back. Holds its shape. For the stretch is *in the webbing itself*—not in the yarn. Hence this underwear never bulges or gapes at knee, seat or elbow. Always fits you snugly.

Let an Allen-A merchant measure you by the Allen-A method. Not just chest measure. But measurements as complete as your tailor takes for a suit of clothes. For these garments are made to attain a "body" fit—not just a chest fit.

You'll get a totally new idea of underwear comfort. There's a complete line of Allen-A spring-needle underwear for boys as well as men.

If you do not know the Allen-A merchant in your city, we will gladly send you his name upon request. Just send a post card.

ALLEN A COMPANY • KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Allen A
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Allen A
Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

(Continued from Page 112)

in the morning, and after I'd promised to say nothing to anybody, he let me go. I went to bed pretty much puzzled.

"The next morning when I went into his cabin, there he was all fresh and rosy and smiling. If I'd had so much as a whiff of booze the night before, I'd have thought I never saw what I did. I went in there thinking I might get a hundred dollars out of the affair, but the minute he spoke I began to smell important money. He said no one must know about his swim the night before. How much did I want? Well, I held my breath and said ten thousand dollars, and I nearly dropped dead when he answered I could have it." Bowker turned to John Quincy.

"I don't know what you'll think of me. I don't know what Tim would think. I'm not a crook by nature. But I was fed up and choking over that steward job. I wanted a little newspaper of my own, and up to that minute I couldn't see myself getting it. And you must remember that I didn't know then what was in the air—murder. Later, when I did find out, I was scared to breathe. I didn't know what they could do to me." He turned to Greene. "That's all fixed," he said.

"I've promised you immunity," the prosecutor answered. "I'll keep my word. Go on. You agreed to accept the ten thousand?"

"I did. I went to his office at twelve. One of the conditions was that I could stay on the President Tyler until she got back to San Francisco, and after that I was never to show my face out this way again. It suited me. Mr. Jennison introduced me to this Cabrera, who was to chaperon me the rest of that day. I'll say he did. When I went aboard the ship he handed me a thousand dollars in an envelope.

"When I came back this time I was to spend the day with Cabrera and get the other nine grand when I sailed. This morning when we tied up I saw the Spaniard on the pier, but by the time I'd landed he had disappeared. I met this Willie Chan and we had a large day. This fusel oil they sell out here loosened my tongue, but I'm not sorry. Of course, the rosy dream has faded, and it's my flat feet on the deck from now to the end of time. But the shore isn't so much any more, with all the barrooms under cover, and this sea life keeps a man out in the open air. As I say, I'm not sorry I talked. I can look any man in the eye again and tell him to go to ——" He glanced at Miss Minerva. "Madam, I will not name the precise locality."

Greene stood.

"Well, Jennison, there's my case. I've tipped it all off to you, but I wanted you to see for yourself how air-tight it is. There are two courses open to you—you can let this go to trial with a plea of not guilty, a long humiliating ordeal for you; or you can confess here and now and throw yourself on the mercy of the court. If you're the sensible man I think you are, that's what you'll do."

Jennison did not answer, did not even look at the prosecutor.

"It was a very neat idea," Greene went on. "I'll grant you that. Only one thing puzzles me—did it come as the inspiration of the moment, or did you plan it all out in advance? You've been over to the mainland rather often of late—were you waiting your chance? Anyhow, it came, didn't it? It came at last—and for a swimmer like you, child's play. You didn't need that ladder when you left the vessel; perhaps you went overboard while the President Tyler was still moving. A quick, silent dive, a little way under water in case anyone was watching from the deck, and then a long but easy swim ashore. And there you were, on the beach at Waikiki. Not far away Dan Winterslip was asleep on his lanai—Dan Winterslip, who stood between you and what you wanted. A little struggle, a quick thrust of your knife. Come on, Jennison, don't be a fool. It's the best way out for you now. A full confession."

Jennison leaped to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"I'll see you in hell first!" he cried.

"Very well, if you feel that way about it."

Greene turned his back upon him and began a low-toned conversation with Hallet. Jennison and Charlie Chan were together on one side of the desk. Chan took out a pencil and accidentally dropped it on the floor. He stooped to pick it up.

John Quincy saw that the butt of a pistol carried in Chan's hip pocket protruded from under his coat. He saw Jennison spring forward and snatch the gun. With a cry, John Quincy moved nearer, but Greene seized his arm and held him. Charlie Chan seemed unaccountably oblivious of what was going on.

Jennison put the muzzle of the pistol to his forehead and pulled the trigger. A sharp click—and that was all. The pistol fell from his hand.

"That's it!" cried Greene triumphantly. "That's my confession, and not a word spoken. I've witnesses, Jennison—they all saw you—you couldn't stand the disgrace—a man in your position—you tried to kill yourself—with an empty gun." He went over and patted Chan on the shoulder. "A great idea, Charlie," he said. "Chan thought of it," he added to Jennison. "The Oriental mind, Harry. Rather subtle, isn't it?"

But Jennison had dropped back into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm sorry," said Greene gently. "But we've got you. Maybe you'll talk now."

Jennison looked up slowly. The defiance was gone from his face; it was lined and old.

"Maybe I will," he said hoarsely.

XXIII

THEY filed out, leaving Jennison with Greene and the stenographer. In the anteroom Chan approached John Quincy.

"You go home decked in the shining garments of success," he said. "One thought are tantilizng me. At simultaneous moment you arrive at same conclusion we do. To reach there you must have leaped across considerable cavity." John Quincy laughed.

"I'll say I did! It came to me tonight. First, someone mentioned a golf professional with big wrists who drove a long ball. I had a quick flash of Jennison on the links here, and his terrific drives. Big wrists, they told me, meant that a man was proficient in the water. Then someone else—a young woman—spoke of a champion swimmer who left a ship off Waikiki. That was the first time the idea of such a thing had occurred to me. I was pretty warm then, and I felt Bowker was the man who could verify my suspicion. When I rushed aboard the President Tyler to find him, I saw Jennison about to sail, and that confirmed my theory. I went after him."

"A brave performance," commented Chan.

"But as you can see, Charlie, I didn't have an iota of real evidence. Just guesswork. You were the one who furnished the proof."

"Proof are essential in this business," Chan replied.

"I'm tantalized, too, Charlie. I remember you in the library. You were on the track long before I was. How come?" Chan grinned.

"Seated at our ease in All-American Restaurant that first night, you will recall I spoke of Chinese people as sensitives, like camera film. A look, a laugh, a gesture, something go click. Bowker enters and hovering above, says with alcoholic accent, 'I'm my own mashter, ain't I?' In my mind, the click. He is not own master. I follow to dock, behold when Spaniard present envelope. But for days I am fogged. I can only learn Cabrera and Jennison are very close. Clews continue to burst in our countenance. The occasion remains suspensive. At the library I read of Jennison, the fine swimmer. After that, the watch and triumph." Miss Minerva moved on toward the door. "May I have great honor to accompany you to car?" asked Chan.

Outside, John Quincy directed the chauffeur to return alone to Waikiki with the limousine.

"You're riding out with me," he told his aunt. "I want to talk with you." She turned to Charlie Chan.

"I congratulate you. You've got brains, and they count." He bowed low.

"From you that compliment glows rosy red. At this moment of parting, my heart droops. My final wish—the snowy, chilling days of winter and the scorching, windless days of summer—may they all be the springtime for you."

"You're very kind," she said softly. John Quincy took his hand.

"It's been great fun knowing you, Charlie," he remarked.

"You will go again to the mainland," Chan said. "The angry ocean rolling between us. Still, I shall carry the memory of your friendship like a flower in my heart." John Quincy climbed into the car. "And the parting may not be eternal," Chan added cheerfully. "The joy of travel may yet be mine. I shall look forward to the day when I may call upon you in your home and shake a healthy hand."

John Quincy started the car and, slipping away, they left Charlie Chan standing like a great Buddha on the curb.

"Poor Barbara!" said Miss Minerva presently. "I dread to face her with this news. But then it's not altogether news at that. She told me she'd been conscious of something wrong between her and Jennison ever since they landed. She didn't think he killed her father, but she believed he was involved in it somehow. She is planning to settle with Brade tomorrow and leave the next day, probably forever. I've persuaded her to come to Boston for a long visit. You'll see her there." John Quincy shook his head.

"No, I shan't. But thanks for reminding me. I must go to the cable office at once."

When he emerged from the office and again entered the car he was smiling happily.

"In San Francisco," he explained, "Roger accused me of being a Puritan survival. He ran over a little list of adventures he said had never happened to me. Well, most of them have happened now, and I cabled to tell him so. I also said I'd take that job with him." Miss Minerva frowned.

"Think it over carefully," she warned. "San Francisco isn't Boston. The cultural standard is, I fancy, much lower. You'll be lonely there."

"Oh, no, I shan't. Someone will be there with me. At least, I hope she will."

"Agatha?"

"No, not Agatha. The cultural standard was too low for her. She's broken our engagement."

"Barbara, then?"

"Not Barbara either."

"But I have sometimes thought ——"

"You thought Barbara sent Jennison packing because of me. Jennison thought so too; it's all clear now. That was why he tried to frighten me into leaving Honolulu and set his opium-running friends on me when I wouldn't go. But Barbara is not in love with me. We understand now why she broke her engagement."

"Neither Agatha nor Barbara," repeated Miss Minerva. "Then who ——"

"You haven't met her yet, but that happy privilege will be yours before you sleep. The sweetest girl in the islands, or in the world. The daughter of Jim Egan, whom you have been heard to refer to as a glorified beach comber." Again Miss Minerva frowned.

"It's a great risk, John Quincy. She hasn't our background."

"No, and that's a pleasant change. She's the niece of your old friend—you knew that?"

"I did," answered Miss Minerva softly. "Your dear friend of the 80's. What was it you said to me? 'If your chance ever comes ——'"

"I hope you will be very happy," his aunt said. "When you write it to your mother, be sure to mention Captain Cope, of the British Admiralty. Poor Grace! That will be all she'll have to cling to—after the wreck."

"What wreck?"

"The wreck of all her hopes for you."

"Nonsense! Mother will understand. She knows I'm a roaming Winterslip, and when we roam, we roam."

They found Mrs. Maynard seated in her living room with a few of her more elderly guests. From the beach came the sound of youthful revelry.

"Well, my boy," the old woman cried, "it appears you couldn't stay away from your policemen friends one single evening, after all. I give you up." John Quincy laughed.

"I'm pau now. By the way, Carlota Egan—is she ——"

"They're all out there somewhere," the hostess said. "They came in for a bit of supper. By the way, there are sandwiches in the dining room and ——"

"No time for sandwiches," said John Quincy. "Thank you so much. I'll see you again, of course."

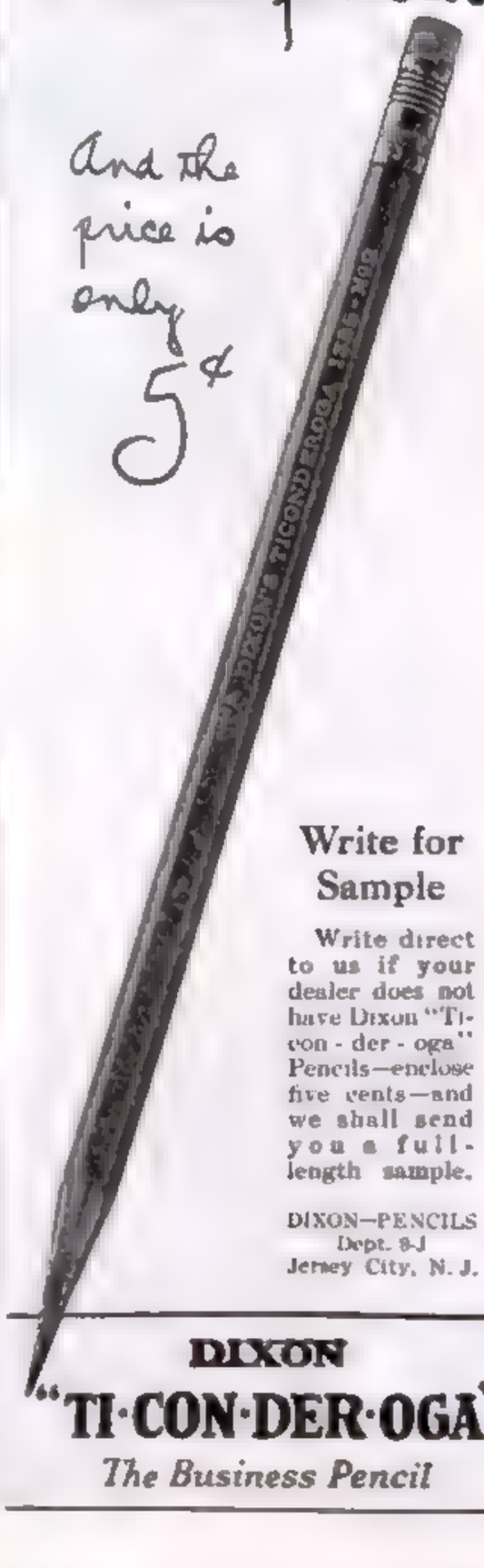
He dashed out onto the sand. A group of young people under the hau tree informed him that Carlota Egan was on the farthest float. Alone? Well, no; that naval lieutenant ——

He was, he reflected as he hurried on toward the water, a bit fed up with the Navy. That was hardly the attitude he should have taken, considering all the Navy had

(Continued on Page 117)

The new lead used in the "Ti-con-der-oga" is making new friends for this pencil every day! It is just the right softness for writing and figuring — the ideal business pencil!

And the price is only 5¢



Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils—enclose five cents—and we shall send you a full-length sample.

DIXON—PENCILS
Dept. 8-J
Jersey City, N. J.

DIXON
"TI·CON·DER·OGA"
The Business Pencil

ATWATER KENT
RADIO

Master Achievements

ONLY the master achievements of the great composers can give you a true appreciation of music—

Only the master achievements in radio can give you a true realization of the perfections which have been attained.

Back of every composer's great creation there is genius combined with years of patient work and study.

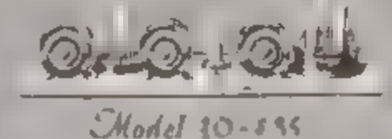
Back of ATWATER KENT Radio there is genius, too—there are painstaking care and masterworkmanship—there are engineering skill and the experience of more than a quarter of a century, accumulated in the manufacture of precision electrical instruments.

It is these characteristics that have created leadership for the ATWATER KENT, and have made it what many consider perfection in radio.

Any ATWATER KENT dealer will prove to you through a demonstration that here are the instruments that will meet all your expectations.

Interesting literature on request

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



Model 10-$95

Model 9-$65

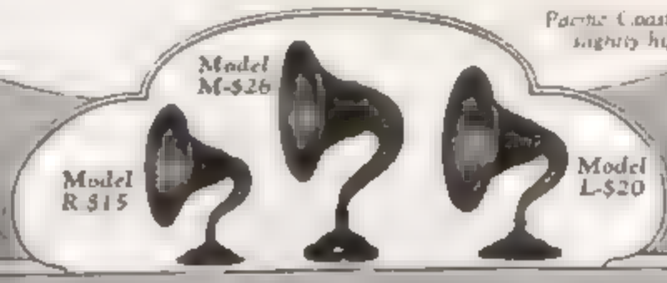
Model 12-$105

Model 20-$100

Model 19-$85

De Luxe Model - $120

Pacific Coast Prices slightly higher



THINK WHAT IS BACK OF IT

(Continued from Page 115)

done for him. But it was human, and John Quincy was human at last.

For an instant he stood at the water's edge. His bathing suit was in the dressing room, but he never gave it a thought. He kicked off his shoes, tossed aside his coat and plunged into the breakers. The blood of the wandering Winterslips was racing through his veins, hot blood that tropical waters had ever been powerless to cool.

Sure enough, Carlota Egan and Lieutenant Booth were together on the float. John Quincy climbed up beside them.

"Well, I'm back," he announced.

"I'll tell the world you're back!" said the lieutenant. "And all wet too."

They sat there. Across a thousand miles of warm water the trade winds came to fan their cheeks.

Just above the horizon hung the Southern Cross, the island lights trembled along the shore, the yellow eye on Diamond Head was winking. A gorgeous setting. Only one thing was wrong with it. It seemed rather crowded. John Quincy had an inspiration.

"Just as I hit the water," he remarked, "I thought I heard you say something about my dive. Didn't you like it?"

"It was rotten," replied the lieutenant amiably.

"You offered to show me what was wrong with it, I believe?"

"Sure, if you want me to."

"By all means," said John Quincy. "Learn one thing every day. That's my motto."

Lieutenant Booth went to the end of the springboard.

"In the first place, always keep your ankles close together—like this."

"I've got you," answered John Quincy. "And hold your arms tight against your ears."

"The tighter the better, as far as I'm concerned."

"Then double up like a jackknife," continued the instructor.

He doubled up like a jackknife and rose into the air. At the same instant John Quincy seized the girl's hands.

"Listen to me! I can't wait another second. I want to tell you that I love you."

"You're mad!" she cried.

"Mad about you, ever since that day on the ferry."

"But your people?"

"What about my people? It's just you and I. We'll live in San Francisco—that is, if you love me."

"Well, I——"

"In heaven's name be quick! That human submarine is floating around here under us. You love me, don't you? You'll marry me?"

"Yes."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. Only the wandering Winterslips could kiss like that. The stay-at-homes had always secretly begrudged them the accomplishment. The girl broke away, breathless.

"Johnny!" she cried.

A sputter beside them, and Lieutenant Booth climbed onto the float, moist and panting.

"Wha's that?" he gurgled.

"She was speaking to me," cried John Quincy triumphantly.

(THE END)

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTRELS

(Continued from Page 13)

towns, as the circus parade. In some communities they even used to close up the shops on the day the minstrels came to town, because there wasn't any business anyway. Everybody turned out to watch the parade and listen to the band.

In these, the pioneer days of minstrelsy, the emphasis was placed on the musical side of the performance. The full development of Tambo and Bones into farce comedians did not come until sometime later. Sentimental songs of slave life, the violin and banjo music of the plantation were the things given in the minstrel show of antebellum days. It was by Edwin P. Christy that the beautiful songs of Stephen Foster were first introduced, although it was not until many years later that they were recognized by musicians as the only authentic folk music ever produced in America. Foster, sharing the fate common to men of genius, died poor and unrecognized. His songs, which retained the real flavor and atmosphere of slave life, with its pathos and yearning, contributed much to the success of others, but nothing to himself.

Christy was a banjoist and an actor, as well as a manager; but he was best known as a singer of ballads, and My Old Kentucky Home, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, Suwanee River, Old Black Joe and many other songs of this kind were first sung by him. This and the fact that he is credited with having originated the idea of the half circle of minstrels make his name important in the annals of minstrelsy.

Success in England

Christy's Minstrels held continuous sway at the famous old Mechanics' Hall in New York for seven years, from 1847 to 1854. Their fame brought them an offer of an engagement in San Francisco, but they met with indifferent success in the West. Some old-timers attribute their failure to the fact that George Christy, who had been associated with Edwin for many years, left the troupe sometime before it set sail for California, and with another man organized another minstrel company known as Wood and Christy's Minstrels, in which he played one of the end men. Under his auspices minstrelsy began to branch out. He opened another theater and played in both houses, appearing in the minstrel first part in the original theater, and doing specialties in the olio part in the second house. By the middle 50's minstrelsy was well established as a popular form of entertainment, and in 1857 the first theater built especially for minstrel performances was erected in New York. It was called Wood's Marble Hall of Minstrelsy, and was situated at 561 Broadway, now part of the manufacturing and wholesale district of the city. George Christy, by the way, was not related to Edwin P. Christy. His real name was Harrington and he only assumed the name of Christy after his association with the founder of the troupe.

Meanwhile some of the original members of Christy's Minstrels organized a troupe and went to England, using the original name of the organization. Their success in England was tremendous. Several subsidiary companies grew from this first one, and the name "Christy's Minstrels" came to be almost a generic term in that country. For years all minstrel companies there were called Christy's.

It is rather curious that minstrel shows attained real popularity only in English-speaking countries. Some of the American companies essayed Continental tours, and several English performers, emboldened by the success of the Americans in England, got together and tried their luck in France and Germany, the ludicrousness of their cockney accent trying to sound like American negroes apparently never occurring to them. The French never took very kindly to minstrelsy; and as for the Germans, it seems that they somehow got the impression that they were being imposed upon; that these men with blackened faces were trying to pass themselves off as genuine negroes, a supposed fact which their Teutonic minds deeply resented.

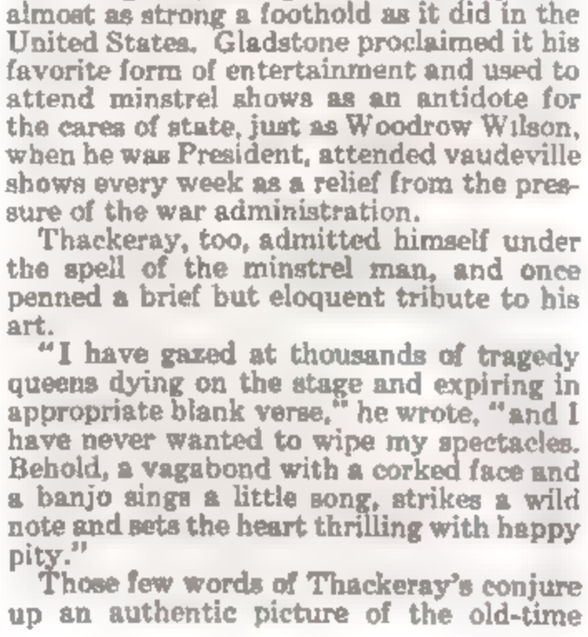
In England, though, minstrelsy gained almost as strong a foothold as it did in the United States. Gladstone proclaimed it his favorite form of entertainment and used to attend minstrel shows as an antidote for the cares of state, just as Woodrow Wilson, when he was President, attended vaudeville shows every week as a relief from the pressure of the war administration.

Thackeray, too, admitted himself under the spell of the minstrel man, and once penned a brief but eloquent tribute to his art.

"I have gazed at thousands of tragedy queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse," he wrote, "and I have never wanted to wipe my spectacles. Behold, a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note and sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."

Those few words of Thackeray's conjure up an authentic picture of the old-time minstrels, who presented not caricatures but genuine character studies, real portraits of the plantation negro of the South.

This type of minstrel began to disappear around the time of the Civil War; and it was as early as that, some of the very old reminiscers—dead now, almost all of them—claimed, that minstrelsy began to disintegrate, although there are many to dispute that claim, as some of the most illustrious minstrel troupes and minstrel men did not begin to flourish until after the war. Col. Jack Haverly, for instance, who organized the first big minstrel troupe, one of the best known in the world, and who developed some of the greatest of all minstrels, did not begin his minstrel career until 1864, and his troupe of Mastodons was not organized until 1878. McIntyre & Heath, among the few old-time minstrels active today—they are still impersonating the Georgia Minstrels in vaudeville, and last year celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their partnership—joined forces in 1874, but it was four years later when they organized their own minstrel company. Lew Dockstader made his debut in 1873; Al G. Fields, who at the time of writing has a minstrel show on tour, began his minstrel career in 1871. Billy Emerson, Big Sunflower, the idol of a whole nation during the heyday of his career, flourished all through the latter half of the nineteenth century; while George Primrose, William H. West, George Thatcher, Honey Boy Evans, Eddie Leonard, Neil O'Brien—still conducting his own show around the country—kept minstrelsy an important factor in American life for at least the first ten years of this century, and even a little longer.



Thomas Dartmouth Rice

Billy Birch's Minstrels

It was, however, during the years approximately between 1850 and 1870 that minstrelsy secured its strong hold on the imagination of the American public. The names of minstrels who rose to popularity during that time are legion, and there were a number of permanent minstrel theaters as widely known throughout the country as the Hippodrome is today. There was Hooley's, in Brooklyn, for instance, founded in 1861 by R. M. Hooley, who had been orchestra leader with the original Christy's Minstrels. After several years' wide experience in minstrelsy, including a tour of Europe, the Brooklyn company was organized, and there it stayed ten years. There are still a scattering of very, very old men in Brooklyn who can remember attending Hooley's when they were boys. Some of the greatest minstrels of that day trod the boards of Hooley's.

The San Francisco Minstrels in New York were also a famous troupe, organized, as the name indicates, in California by Billy Birch, an alumnus of Wood and Christy's Minstrels, together with Dave Wambold, Charles Backus and William H. Bernard. This company, after many vicissitudes, opened shop at 585 Broadway, New York, in May of 1865, and continued there for seven years. Their name was a household word in the city.

The minstrel theater of Philadelphia, founded by John L. Carncross, famous as

Kampkook No. 4 is America's finest camp stove. Has 10½x10½ inch cooking surface, 10x10 inch warming shelf, folding adjustable wind shield. Finished in baked olive drab enamel. Price in U. S. $10.50.

The Best Catch —Kampkook!

Whip the streams. Land your speckled beauties—and then what? ***Kampkook*** 'em!

For unsurpassed excellence in flavor and nutritious wholesomeness, try a ***Kampkook'd*** trout—fresh from the brook.

If your luck's been bad, substitute whatever your appetite demands. But you can't substitute for ***Kampkook***.

Reasons for Kampkook's Supremacy:

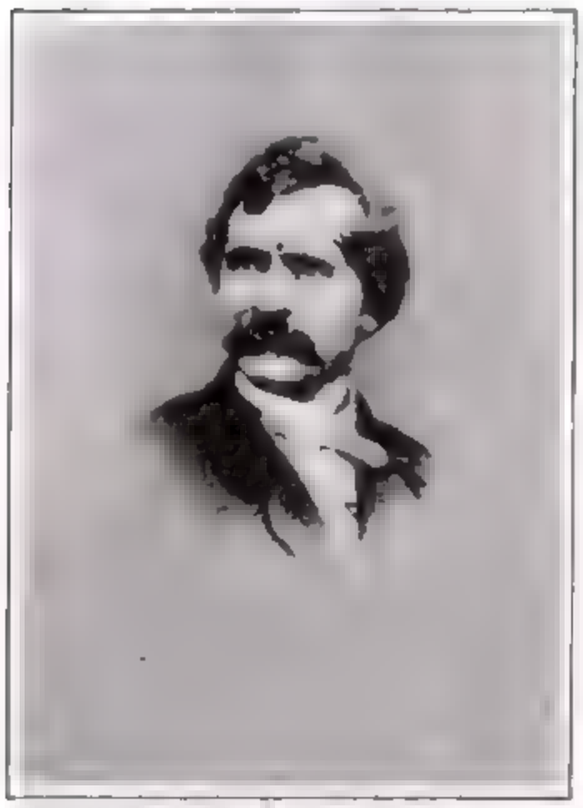
1. Convenient as a gas range and faster.
2. Going full blast in two minutes in any weather.
3. Makes a hot, clean, spreading blue flame from motor gas—no smoke, soot or odor.
4. Nothing to break, nothing loose—simple to operate.
5. Instantly detachable tank with built-in funnel, easily filled. Always cool. No chance for leaks—absolutely safe.
6. Burners will not burn out or clog.
7. Open iron grate—improves combustion.
8. Self-contained folding wind shield.
9. Cool valves built in—can't lose them.
10. Sturdy folding legs—absolutely rigid.
11. Safe any place.
12. Good heater in damp, cool weather.
13. Folds like a suit case—ALL inside.
14. The original—the result of 29 years' manufacturing experience.

A model for every need, from $7.00 to $14.30. All of them ***original Kampkooks.*** At your sporting goods dealer's.

Send for your copy of ***Kampkookery*** *—a wonderbook of camping hints for the motor camper—free.*

AMERICAN GAS MACHINE COMPANY, Inc.
Albert Lea, Minn.
Dept. K 2, New York, N. Y.

one of the sweetest singers in minstrelsy, and E. Freeman Dixey, is still active, and is today the only permanent minstrel theater in the world. Carncross and Dixey's original company was situated in the old Eleventh Street Opera House, which was torn down not so many years ago to make room for a business building. In 1896 it went under the management of Frank Dumont and continued its career, becoming a tradition to Philadelphians. For the past few years it has been under the guidance of Emmett Welch, and occupies the old Ninth and Arch Streets Museum, and is now known as the Emmett Welch Minstrels.



George Christy

To give a comprehensive list of the eminent minstrels of that early era would be impossible; but a few names come insistently to the mind—names that meant as much in their day as the biggest stars of the legitimate and vaudeville stage do today. There was Dave Reed, for instance, one of the earliest and best known of minstrels, who made famous and was made famous by two old songs, Shoo Fly and Sally Come Up. He was known, as a matter of fact, as the Sally-Come-Up Man.

Reed, like many other minstrels of his time, played in Mississippi River boat shows. There were Kelly and Leon, famous in their own show, and later as part of Haverly's, Leon being particularly noted as a female impersonator. Here is another branch of theatricals which most people are under the impression is a fairly recent innovation; but female impersonations were among the earliest manifestations of minstrelsy, which for some reason was never a successful medium for women, although there were one or two attempts to send out all-feminine minstrel troupes; and at least two well-known actresses, Trixie Friganza, now a vaudeville star, and Lotta, the famous soubrette who died recently and left a large fortune to charity, were known to black up and play in real minstrel shows on infrequent occasions.

Forty—Count 'Em—Forty

There was Matt Peel, a very talented performer-manager, whose show, after his death, was managed by his widow, the first and practically the only woman minstrel manager. There was Charley White, who was regarded as a really great actor and a profound student of negro dialect; G. W. H. Griffin, one of the greatest interlocutors in the business; the Guy Brothers, one of whom, George, is still active; Fox & Ward, partners since 1868, also still active; Joe Murphy, Kerry Gow, who died a millionaire; James Unsworth and scores of others. The air of the country seemed to breed minstrels, and under their influence minstrelsy developed into an always more and more specialized form of entertainment, secure in its supremacy in the hearts and minds of the American public.

The original semicircle idea, begun by Edwin Christy, was not abandoned. The interlocutor, who played straight to the end men, became more and more polished in his manner; the number of end men with each show was increased. At first there was but one Tambo and one Bones; later each show had two and sometimes three interchangeable comedians for each end. The costumes became increasingly magnificent, the scenery increasingly elaborate, the productions increasingly ambitious. The vogue for burlesque opera came in, likewise the fashion for travesties on dramatic productions and take-offs of celebrities of the stage and public life. William Henry Rice, already a popular minstrel, won undying fame by his burlesque impersonation of Sarah Bernhardt in a travesty called, none too subtly—but then minstrelsy didn't try to be subtle—Sarah Heartburn. The Divine Sarah, then touring the United States, attended a special performance of this burlesque, and according to all accounts, enjoyed it hugely, laughing until the tears streamed down her face at some of the scenes mocking her performance in Camille.

Thus the minstrel show grew and grew, and waxed bigger and bigger, until there emerged the first example of what, for a better name, must be called modern minstrelsy—Haverly's Mastodons. With the Mastodons a new era in that form of entertainment was instituted, and it was with the Mastodons that most people who recall minstrelsy today began their minstrel education.

William H. West

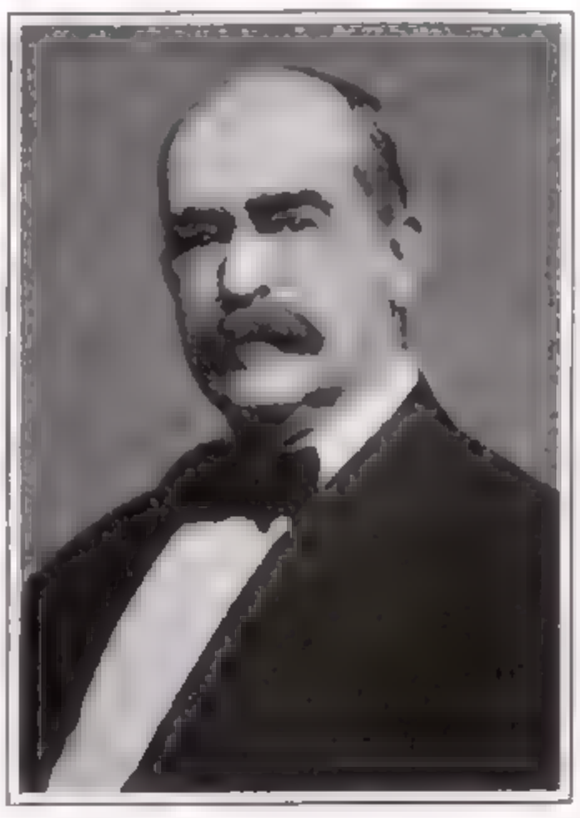
Col. Jack Haverly, it is generally conceded, did more for modern minstrelsy than any other man; and certainly the majority of minstrels within the memory of the current public served an apprenticeship with him. Billy Emerson, George Thatcher, Willis P. Sweatnam, George Evans, Eddie Leonard and Lew Dockstader, the real minstrel stars of the last generation, all were associated at some time in their careers with Jack Haverly. There were many others, to be sure, but these are the most prominent names.

Haverly was not a performer. He contented himself with the managerial end of the game and the development of stars. He was to minstrels what Ziegfeld is to chorus girls. Before beginning his career as a minstrel magnate, he was the owner of a variety theater in Toledo, Ohio. Later he was associated with several other men in minstrel ventures, but in the end he always stood alone. He owned and controlled a great many theaters. He was a man of great daring and imagination, a plunger, who won fortunes and lost them and won them again with an air of convincing unconcern. He was characteristically generous and deeply loved by all who knew him.

Probably he would have been a good advertising man, with his aptitude for slogans. When he organized Haverly's Mastodons in Chicago, in 1878, he coined a slogan which swept like wildfire over the country, a simple slogan, but it had a punch. "Forty—count 'em—forty!" it was, and it helped as much as any other single element to make the Mastodons the huge success they became. It was the first time such a large number of men had been used in any single show, and playing up the number brought a great deal of business. The name, too, was a drawing card, as several other minstrel managers must have realized, for soon there sprang up similar large minstrel organizations, entitled the Giganteans, the Megatherians, and the like. But Haverly's Mastodons continued to be preeminent, and won as much fame in the British Isles as they did here at home.

It was a member of the Mastodons in fact who had to his credit the amazing fact that he successfully kidded Queen Victoria That man was J. W. McAndrews, known as the Watermelon Man, and noted as the singer of the famous old song, Jim Along Josie. It is one thing for performers of the current stage to joke with the young and democratic Prince of Wales, and it is said to have been just as easy to spoof his grandfather, King Edward VII, when he was still heir to the British throne. But to jest at the expense of Her Royal Majesty Queen Victoria as though she were a mere mortal—such a thing was undreamed of. Yet the Watermelon Man did it, and what is more, he got away with it. It happened this way:

Reports of his success with the Mastodons had reached the queen's ears, and she commanded him to give a performance at Buckingham Palace. He came, of course, and as he walked on the stage of the theater in the palace, he noticed that the queen was sitting in a stage box. He did his monologue and started to go into a song. It was part of the stage business of that song to remove his painfully ragged coat, fold it up carefully as though it were something infinitely valuable and lay it down on the floor. He shuffled over to the side of the stage under the queen's box, took off the coat, folded it with painstaking exactness and laid it down with the utmost gentleness directly under the box and entirely within the royal reach. He started away, then looked back at the queen, an expression of great suspicion crossing his face. Then he returned to the coat, picked it up tenderly, carried it across the stage, indicating by every line of his face and body that it was far too precious



George Thatcher

to be left within her grasp, and put it down in a remote part of the stage.

The court was aghast. Such effrontery had never before been witnessed. They expected the outraged queen to rise and smite him. But she didn't. Instead she broke the horrified silence with one of her rare bursts of laughter. The tension relieved, the entire assemblage became hysterical. And McAndrews, when he returned to America, was the proud possessor of a watch and a ring, gifts of her royal majesty.

Billy Emerson, it is said by all who remember him, was one of the greatest figures in minstrelsy, with a following as large and loyal as that of any modern idol. He occupied in his day the sort of place now filled by Babe Ruth. There is nobody on the stage, the old-timers insist, who is worshiped by the public as he was. When he walked on the street crowds followed him. Small boys besieged him for autographs and souvenirs. Women gave him the idolatry they now squander on Rudolph Valentino.

He appeared with a number of minstrel troupes, including Haverly's and the Megatherians, as well as heading his own company in several tours of this country, England and Australia. He was popular everywhere; but it was in San Francisco that he was especially idolized, and his return visits to that city were in the nature of triumphal marches.

In spite of his fame, and the fortune he must have made during the years of his popularity, Billy Emerson died a poor man and a broken one. Like so many performers of the old school, he was improvident.

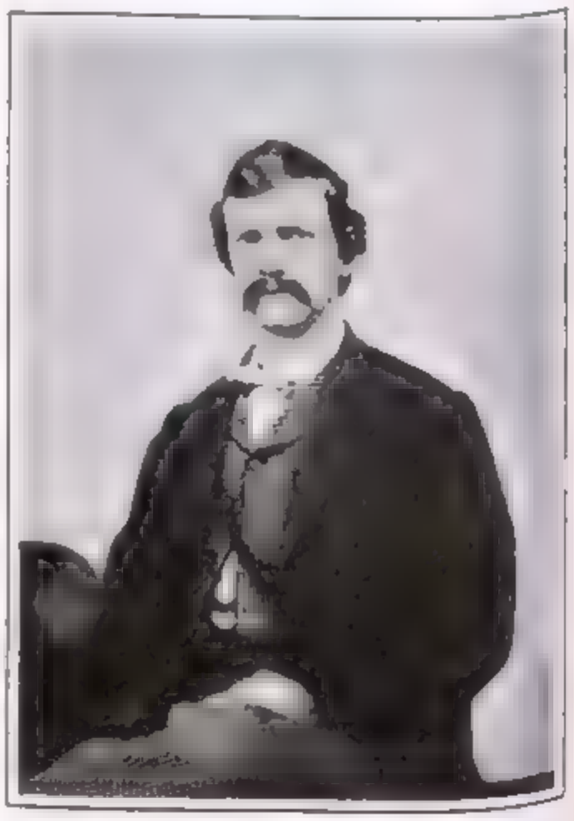
The stories of the other minstrel favorites have no such tragic endings. George Evans, known to fame as Honey Boy because he was the author of the popular song, I'll be True to My Honey Boy, died in 1915, and was active until shortly before his death. In fact, his old act is still playing in vaudeville under the name of the Seven Honey Boys. His career as a performer included engagements with medicine shows, minstrel shows, including Primrose & West's, Haverly's and the Cohan and Harris Minstrels, which he took over as his own in 1910, musical comedy and vaudeville.

He wrote many popular songs besides Honey Boy, one of the best known being In the Good Old Summertime.

Lew Dockstader

George Primrose, whose family name was Delaney, was, among other things, conceded to be the greatest soft-shoe dancer in the world, and the originator of that type of dancing. He also lived until a short time ago. His death occurred in the summer of 1919 while he was living in retirement in San Diego, California. He began his career at the age of fifteen, billed as Master Georgie, the Infant Clog Dancer, in a minstrel show. He alternated between minstrel shows and circuses, and when he joined Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels in 1871 he met William H. West, who was his partner for thirty years. He was later associated with George Thatcher and Lew Dockstader, and spent much of his time during his later years in vaudeville. Primrose and Dockstader as a headlining team were tremendously popular in the two-a-day.

As for Lew Dockstader, of whom it is said that he made more people laugh than any other man of his time, he achieved equal distinction as a performer and a manager. Under his real name, George Alfred Clapp, he began his career at the age of sixteen in an amateur minstrel show. He appeared with innumerable minstrel shows, including Carncross' in Philadelphia, and Haverly's, always as a comedian. In 1886 he organized his own company, which remained in New York for many years.



Jack Haverly

All the minstrels in this little group were friends, and it seems that at some time or other they were all partners with one another. For anyone who was not following minstrelsy at the time, the switching about of these names is very like a crossword puzzle, or maybe a Virginia reel would be more apt. At any rate, Dockstader at one time joined forces with Primrose & West, another time with George Thatcher, and later with Primrose alone, who had by then separated from Thatcher. Mr. Dockstader spent his declining years as a vaudeville

(Continued on Page 123

LATITE

This would not have happened—

had the owner covered his old, weather-damaged wood shingles with strong, storm-tight Genasco Latite Shingles. They are locked tightly together.

Locked on your roof

—right over your old shingles

Front and back views of the Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. *This "key" is invisible on the completed roof.* Three non fading colors—red, green and blue-black.

Re-roofing the "Genasco Way"—*right over your old weather-damaged wood shingles*—is the economical and safe way. Whether it's your home, barn, stable or garage.

It saves you the time, trouble and cost of ripping off the old shingles. And it saves exposing your home—even for a moment—to the weather while re-roofing.

Each Genasco Latite Shingle has a "key" that locks it tightly and flatly to those underneath. This is an exclusive, patented feature that makes it so easy to re-roof in the "Genasco Way."

Genasco Latite Shingles are built on a foundation of tough, rag felt, thoroughly saturated and waterproofed with Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. They are weather-safe and **FIRE-SAFE**—durable and attractive.

Thousands of home owners all over the United States are re-roofing in the "Genasco Way." Ask your builder or roofer for details—or fill out the coupon below and we will send you illustrated folders.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Chicago Pittsburgh **Philadelphia** St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

The Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia

Sirs—Please send me booklets describing the products I have checked.

Genasco Latite Shingles	☐	Genasco Built-up Roofing	☐
Genasco "Sealbac" Shingles	☐	Genasco Mastic Flooring	☐
Genasco Roll Roofing	☐	Genasco Asphaltic Paints	☐

Name _____

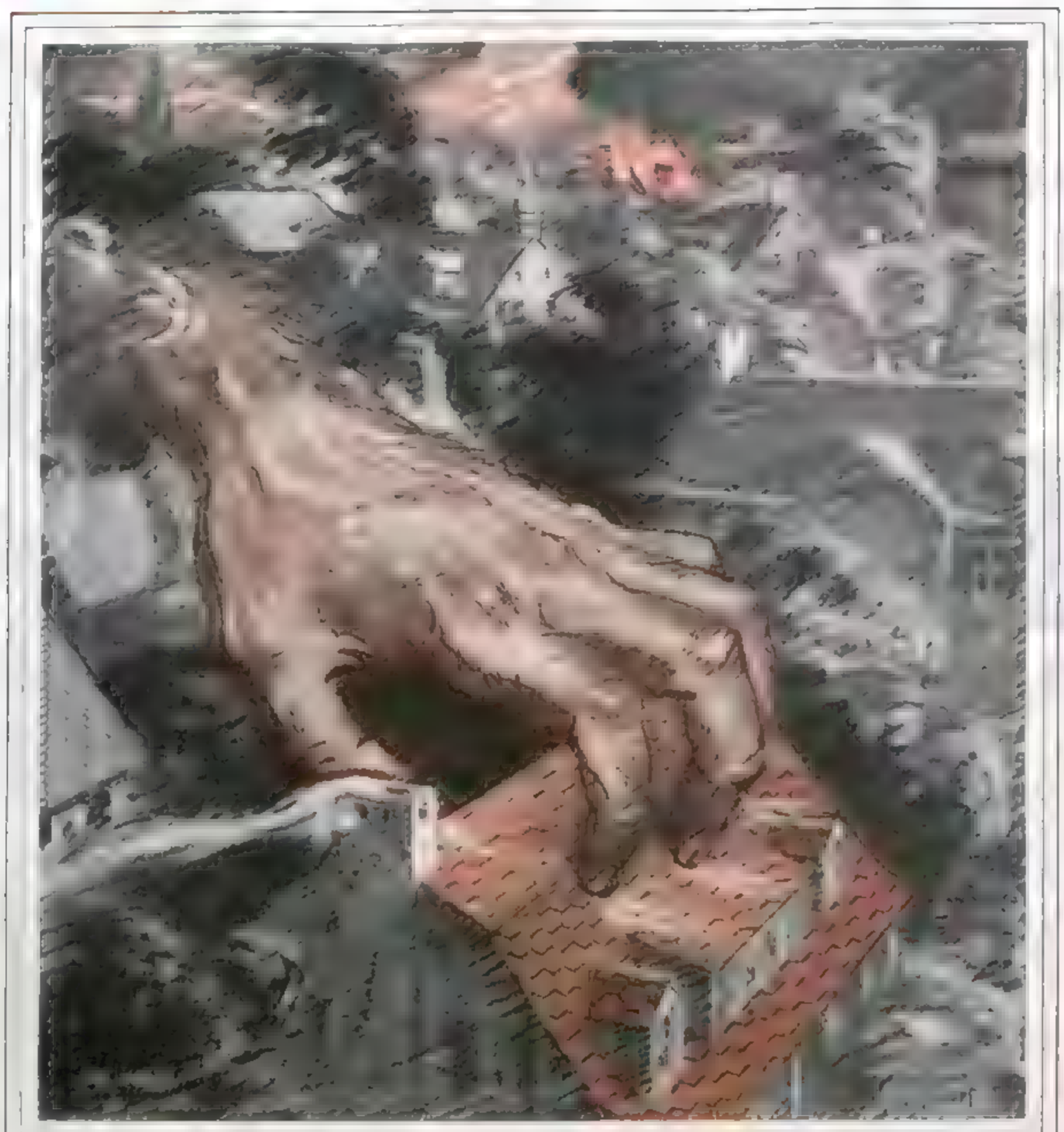
Street _____ Town _____ State _____

TEX

GAS

Y is what you buy!
Power is what you get !
When you sound your horn in front of a Texaco pump and the attendant runs 5, 10 or 15 accurately measured gallons into your tank, you have bought something more than what the pump indicator shows.
You have by that filling of Texaco, the volatile gas, given your engine the opportunity of turning over at its full rated power. You have treated yourself to the pleasure and profit of a snappier engine, greater mileage, and a power reserve to meet every road or traffic condition.
These things are the logical and natural result of Texaco volatility—the quality which makes Texaco vaporize readily, ignite instantly, deliver its energy generously and consume completely.
Hundreds of thousands of motorists are driving up to the pump displaying the Texaco Red Star because they have learned to expect and receive more than just a full measure of gasoline.
To them the Texaco gallon is measured by the extra miles it gives, and the cleaner engine—less valve grinding, less carbon and a snappier spark. Texaco means extra dollars in your pocket at the end of a month or a year.
Buy volatility—at the Texaco pump.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE
SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL
ACO
LINE

for ROOFS



Will Your Roof Stand This Abuse?

From the icy blasts of winter, from the blistering rays of the sun; through wind-driven rain and beating sleet—insidiously and unceasingly—the elements are striving to claw through the roof above your head. Will the roofing you buy stand this constant abuse—year after year?

You can know, definitely, before you spend a cent for roofing or a penny for repairs. Write for a sample of Beaver Vulcanite Slate-surfaced Roofing. (1) Twist it; bend it. (2) Kick it; scuff it. (3) Lay it on ice; then pour hot water on it. (4) Leave it on a hot radiator. (5) Soak the sample in water. (6) Put burning embers on it.

Prove by these 6 Daring Tests that Beaver Vulcanite Roofing will not crack, "run," peel or curl under the most severe climatic conditions. Convince yourself that this husky, tough, fire-safe roofing will easily endure the abuse of actual use. Then compare it for quality, price and beauty.

Check and mail the coupon for samples and a copy of "Style in Roofs"—a comprehensive treatise on the proper type, design, finish and color of your roof. Mail coupon now.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

BEAVER
Vulcanite Re-roofing Shingles

Big, heavy, fire-safe slabs which can be laid right over your old roof to form a beautiful hexagon pattern in colors ranging from blue-black to the distinctive autumn-blend—an exceptionally good-looking and durable roof, economical to apply. Mail coupon for sample.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

for ROOFS

Slate-surfaced Shingles and Slabs to meet every requirement of color and design

Special Re-roofing Shingles

Slate- and Smooth-surfaced Roll Roofing—in weights and finishes for every use

Built-to-order Roofs

Roof Paints and Cement

for WALLS

Beaver Fibre Wall Board

Beaver Tile Board

Beaver Plaster Wall Board

Bestwall

Beaver Gypsum Lath

Beaver American Plaster

Beaver Partition Block

Beaver Architectural and Industrial Varnishes and Enamels

Samples and Descriptions

FREE

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y., Dept. A-3
(or) Thorold, Canada
(or) The Beaver Board Co., Ltd.
133-136 High Holborn, London, England

Gentlemen: Please send me a sample and description of Beaver Vulcanite Roofing. I am also interested in other Beaver Products listed below:

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 118)

headliner, doing the minstrel characterizations that had made him so popular.

Of all the minstrels within the memory of the present generation, none was so beloved as Lew Dockstader. His death last October brought real grief to thousands, not only to those who had been his friends and associates, but also to the legions who had been made to laugh by his japery, his burlesques and his ludicrous makeup, especially the huge coat and monstrous shoes which were an integral part of his funniness.

As an end man he had no equal. He was the perfect minstrel. His aptitude for catching the idiosyncrasies of prominent people and reproducing them from the stage brought him added fame. He was particularly happy in his take-off of Theodore Roosevelt, who used to enjoy the spectacle of himself in burlesque quite as much as anybody.

In big cities Dockstader was loved, in small towns he was worshiped. The occasion of his coming to town was a red-letter day in the community. Not even the annual visit of the circus was a more important or exciting event than the minstrel parade that afforded a glimpse of Lew Dockstader.

Favorites of Today

Among the things for which he was noted was the fact that in his long career he never missed a single performance. He loved his work and was never so happy as when he was making people laugh. But even he, with all his powers, could not rescue minstrelsy from the oblivion for which fate so evidently intends it. Only three years ago he acted as principal end man in a musical show staged by De Wolf Hopper, in which an old-fashioned minstrel first part was featured.

In spite of his presence, and the presence of some other widely known minstrels, the piece was a failure. The institution was doomed.

Aside from the fame he gathered as a result of his own talents as a minstrel, Lew Dockstader is noted as the man who started Al Jolson on his career as a black-face performer. Jolson, probably the highest paid and most popular singing comedian in the world, who now, still under forty, has his own theater in New York, owns a percentage of every show he plays in and gets a royalty on every song he sings, because if he sings it the song is made, was discovered by Lew Dockstader when he was playing burlesque or small-time vaudeville. That was in 1908. Dockstader engaged him for his minstrel show, and the youth's success as a minstrel was instantaneous. Big-time vaudeville followed, then stardom in his own shows.

Unlike most of the modern black-face comedians, Jolson really plays negro characters. Most of the funny men who work under cork today, in spite of their sable hue, are not negro comedians. They are Irish comedians, Italian comedians, Jewish comedians—anything but negro comedians. They make no attempt to live up to their makeup. But Al Jolson is a direct descendant of the minstrel of the days before the Civil War in the authenticity of his characterization. He has, too, a fine sympathetic voice; and though there is a great deal of fun poked at his exaggerated mammy songs, they seem at least to be the offspring, even if illegitimate, of the sentimental ballads sung by the early negro minstrels.

Eddie Leonard is still very active and popular. He is headlining in vaudeville with an act built along minstrel lines, and still employs with great effect the curious wha-wha method of singing that was identified with him during his minstrel days. He began his career with Haverly's Minstrels, and was featured with Dockstader's, Primrose & West's, Cohan & Harris', as well as heading his own troupe.

The Cohan & Harris referred to are George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris, who, during the years of their partnership as theatrical managers, sent out an excellent minstrel company.

Incidentally there are scores of actors, prominent today in the legitimate and musical-comedy stage, and even in the movies, who either got their start in minstrel shows or played in them at some time during their careers.

First of all, there is Francis Wilson, the dean of American actors. With a partner, Jimmy Mackin, the eminent actor was once a song-and-dance boy with the minstrel shows, among them, of course, Haverly's. After about ten years of minstrelsy he decided that he wanted to widen his scope as a performer, so at a salary about one-quarter as large as his minstrel pay, he joined a Philadelphia stock company and was started on his acting career.

Casting about at random, I find the names of Raymond Hitchcock, who substituted for George Evans in the Cohan & Harris Minstrels in 1909; the late Nat C. Goodwin, who was with Haverly's for a short time; Fred Stone, who first entered into partnership with Dave Montgomery in Haverly's Minstrels; Sam Bernard, Joe Cawthorne, George Beban—he began his career as a minstrel, although nobody would suspect it now; Jerry Cohan, who was noted as a black-face dancer and tambourine player before he achieved fame as the father of Georgie; Andrew Mack, who, with Haverly's, sang that pathetic ballad, A Violet From Mother's Grave.

The Frohmans' Minstrel Days

Julius Witmark, the music publisher, began his professional career at the age of twelve as a boy soprano in a minstrel show. It was Mr. Witmark who first introduced such priceless gems of balladry as The Letter That Never Came and The Picture That Was Turned Toward the Wall.

Few people know or remember that the Frohmans, Daniel and the late Charles, who together developed so many of America's greatest theatrical personages, were minstrel managers early in their careers—in fact owned a troupe at one time. There is even a rumor, although he has never substantiated it, that David Belasco, when he was a young man, appeared in black-face several times.

Paul Dresser, brother of Theodore Dreiser and author of the famous song, On the Banks of the Wabash, was once a minstrel for a short time; so were J. K. Emmett, Jeff DeAngelis and Corse Payton, the idol of the ten-twenty-thirty.

There are dozens more that most people would never dream of. For instance, it seems inappropriate, but it is true, that Chauncey Olcott, the famous Irish comedian and singer, was for many years a minstrel. And Harrigan & Hart worked in black-face before they became musical-comedy stars. Denman Thompson, of The Old Homestead fame, was a minstrel end man sixty-five years ago. Bert Williams, one of the few negroes ever to play in a minstrel show, blacked up his already dusky features; so did his partner George Walker.

Julian Eltinge was once a minstrel, and James J. Corbett, once champion of the ring and now regarded as one of the best straight men in the theatrical business, was an interlocutor with George Evans' Minstrels for a time. Eddie Foy, parent of the so numerous young Foys, was once a minstrel. Now he would like to wear a black suit instead of a black face, for it is a tradition along Broadway that the comical Eddie has a consuming desire to play Hamlet.

All these people, and many others, were minstrels once—once, but no more. The day is dead. If further proof were needed, I found it when I journeyed to a little Connecticut town where I learned that a troupe of old-timers, headed by a man whose name was once a famous one, were playing a single performance. Here would be a real minstrel show, with all its old-time flavor. The program was promising enough, with its note, which read, "presenting all that is near and dear to traditional minstrelsy," and its long array of "comic ditties, ballads and songs of sentiment."

Alas! This minstrel show was like the proverbial Hamlet without the melancholy Dane. Every tradition of minstrelsy was broken. The men sat in a semicircle, but that was all. They were in white-face and they wore powdered wigs. There was no trace of the familiar chord, or the command, "Gentlemen, be seated!" Not once did the interlocutor address the end men as "Mistah Tambo" or "Mistah Bones." They sang and danced and told stories purporting to be funny, but they did not give a minstrel show. Later, when questioned about the omissions, the leader of the troupe explained. They have to keep up to date, he said, and the show is so long that they have to leave out all unnecessary things.

And this is one of four well-known minstrel shows still alive in the United States. So much, then, for the American minstrel boy. In the ranks of death you'll find him.

A Scene on the Columbia River, Oregon

AUTO PAINTING
Murcote
A Murphy Finish
THIS SIGN IS DISPLAYED BY PAINTERS WHO ARE AUTHORIZED TO PUT ON A MURCOTE FINISH
"Save the surface and you save all"

Murcote is sprayed on. Special equipment is needed. The leading automobile painters are equipped to apply Murcote

Take your car to the Murcote painter for a quick durable job

YOUR car is part of your daily life. To lose it, even for a week, is a nuisance. For three weeks—a calamity. It interferes with business, throws you off your golf game, spoils a lot of fun.

Drive your car into the Murcote painter's shop and it will take him much less time to put on Murcote—probably not more than a week.

Murcote is a new kind of finish—not a varnish—the finish you have been looking for. This new kind of finish dries almost instantly. The painter will put on all finishing coats in one day. Moreover, Murcote possesses amazing durability, hardness, toughness and imperviousness. Nothing seems to harm it—dried mud, biting sleet, baking sun.

Every time you wash the car, Murcote is actually brighter than it was before. It is not sparkling at the start. It has a dull glow like the rubbed finish of fine furniture. But becomes steadily more brilliant.

We are constantly asked, "Will Murcote take the place of the elegant coach finish to which we are accustomed?" It certainly will not. Nothing finer than a perfect Murphy Coach Finish will ever go on a car. Always providing you give it reasonable care.

But if you daily abuse your car—drive it in all weather and on every kind of road, allow mud to dry on it, leave it parked for hours under broiling sun or rain, by all means have it refinished with Murcote. Its durability and steadily improving beauty will astound and delight you.

If you don't know a painter who displays the Murcote sign, we can direct you to one. It will pay you to learn about Murcote. Write for the facts.

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N.J. Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Calif. Montreal, Canada

Murcote ~ *a Murphy Finish*

GO TO THE FIRE ANT

(Continued from Page 15)

have known of the letters, yet there they lay.

When he was through he stood back to look over his work. Then, wiping his sweated brow, he snatched up his kit case and ran. Sarah found him five minutes later hunting ants' nests along the edge of the brush halfway to the house.

II

THE finding of the looted mail marked a change in Rodney, almost as if it had constituted its cause. The change was to be reflected in his next letter to Barrett. It was to be reflected also in his clash with King Tyler.

Rodney had his first sight of King Tyler that same Thursday evening, when the absent neighbor drove up as they sat at supper. That the young man was on good terms with the family became at once apparent. Mullen told him he was looking well. Sarah set out another plate. Her mother brought forth a pint jar of extracted honey from her little store.

"Take it with you," she said. "Sage honey under our own label."

To this welcome Tyler responded somewhat ungraciously, mingling his perfunctory greetings with sidelong hostile glances at Mullen's boarder. Mullen, puzzled by the mood, talked about the roads; Rodney had been with him so long he did not connect his presence with it. Sarah, more sensitive, felt the instant antagonism.

"We have Mr. Brooks out here with us to study ants," she hastily explained.

She was wrong. Rodney had been with them to study ants, but he was not now.

"Ants," replied Tyler in an odd, hard voice. "That's getting you out on the ice. Fifty below, and still falling."

"I'm studying them myself," she said. "What does he pay by the ant?"

She flushed, but did not reply. Rodney looked down at his plate. Tyler again glanced at the thick glasses and shuddered inwardly; then, forcing himself to appear indifferent, he changed the subject. Later, when he and Mullen went out to the car, he spoke with his tongue in his cheek of the stamp clerk and his ants. The echo of this, through Mullen, reached Cholla at noon the next day—that is to say, on Friday, as I have stated at the beginning of this story.

Rodney on his part wrote Barrett that Tyler had manicured hands. He spoke of him rather fully. He also told of finding the mutilated letters in Mullen's cow barn. He did not see why they should have been hidden thus, since they might better have been burned, and thought they should be left where they were.

"I can't prove it on him," he concluded, "and you told me not to anyhow; but I have a hunch this man Tyler knows a lot about that loot. He looked worried. I have a hunch they'll soon be changing the baby's crib."

Which, of course, was jumping at conclusions through plate glass.

Sarah had stolen up to their knoll to see what Rodney was doing with his kit case. She watched him in silence as he stowed away his bottles and cotton batting, his trowel, his electric torch. He added his automatic pistol, but later he transferred this to his pocket, as he did also the torch. The time was late afternoon.

"Why the burglar's outfit?" she asked.

"Oh, hello!" Her appearance was unexpected. "That's for night work, Sally. Remember what I told you about ants that hunt in the dark? I'm on the track of some"

"With a pistol?"

"That's for mountain lions."

"Lions! Night work—when?"

"I haven't decided."

"I want to go along," said Sarah.

"Can't take you. Wouldn't do at all."

"Oh, piffle!" she snorted.

"You can see that yourself."

"I can't see it myself. Why wouldn't it do? If I'm good enough to go out with you away from people during the day, why can't I at night? What difference does a pint and a half of daylight make?"

"Ask your mother," said Rodney, shifting the onus.

"If she says I can go, will you take me?"

He hesitated. "Yes; but she won't."

"When are you going to start?"

"Not before eleven. I don't want to get to the field until about midnight. Only have two battery cells."

"Where do you hunt?" she asked then.

"It won't do; simply can't be done."

"If I'm to ask my mother, I have to know, don't I? You can't get very far on foot in an hour. It isn't down on the desert, because we've been all over the part you could reach. Keep your secret. I know already."

"In the morning I'll show you what I've found"

The moon, being new, had set early. Overhead stretched the tight fabric of desert sky, pin-pricked by uncounted stars, from which streamed soft, shadowless light, until that which was darkness became a dim, visibility peopled with forms without line. Photographers make use of this desert starlight to load their plate holders, sometimes a little nervously. The kangaroo rat fills his cheek pouches by its aid. His enemies, the kit fox and the owl, use it. Moths use it. The nighthawk uses it in catching them.

Rodney waited until the sounds of evening were displaced by those of middle night, then softly rose. In the distance somewhere a coyote struck up his mixture of yelps, gulps, barks, growls and wailings. Up the cañon a mountain fox burst forth.

He had no preparations to make. Stealing noiselessly down to the wash, he crossed it, then softly struck out along the road to the right. Few people walking alone in the mountains at night do so with shouting and song. Rodney did not.

He found Sarah a quarter of a mile farther on. She stood in the road, but because she wore dark clothing he did not see her until too late to avoid the meeting.

"I'm here," she announced. He did not reply; she knew he was displeased. "My mother didn't tell me not to, so I came," she said then.

"I'm sorry," he told her.

"Oh, piffle!"

"Why did you do it, Sally?"

"Don't be a goose! I shouldn't have slept a wink, and you know it."

"You can't go, and that's the truth."

"I heard you the first time. You've laid down the law. I can't go, you say. That lets you out. You tried to keep me from going, but I went anyhow."

He debated whether to turn back, but Sarah told him she meant to hunt ants whether he did or not.

"I promised my little finger," she said. "We'd like to have you along, but suit yourself."

"Alone at night in the mountains?"

"Why not? You were going."

He made a swift change in his plans. He and Sarah would hunt for night ants in a spot he knew, then they would return home. Later he would steal off by himself upon his widely different route to see what he could see.

They had been talking in low tones; as they began walking up the cañon they fell into silence. After a while they came to the side cañon leading to King Tyler's place. His road struck through the brush a few yards, crossed the wash, then wound up this steep cañon. Rodney hurried past, although there was no occasion, for Tyler's house stood nearly three-quarters of a mile from the junction.

"Here we leave the road," he whispered a little later.

Softly parting the brush, he began edging his way through its dust-laden foliage. He might have crushed it back, but the silence of the cañon forbade. A little later he came to the edge of the wash. The next moment he had emerged upon the open sand under the stars. Their ants lay just beyond. These they were destined not to reach.

"What is it?" she whispered at his shoulder.

"Hush!"

She slipped past him to look for herself. Blocking their path, so close that either could have reached forth and touched it, stood a high-powered touring car, headed upstream. King Tyler's car was a roadster. The car seemed unoccupied; but its presence, combined with the circumstances of the finding, struck Rodney sober.

"They may be booze runners," whispered Sarah, sharing his sense of danger without knowing why.

"I think not. Wait for me in the brush while I see."

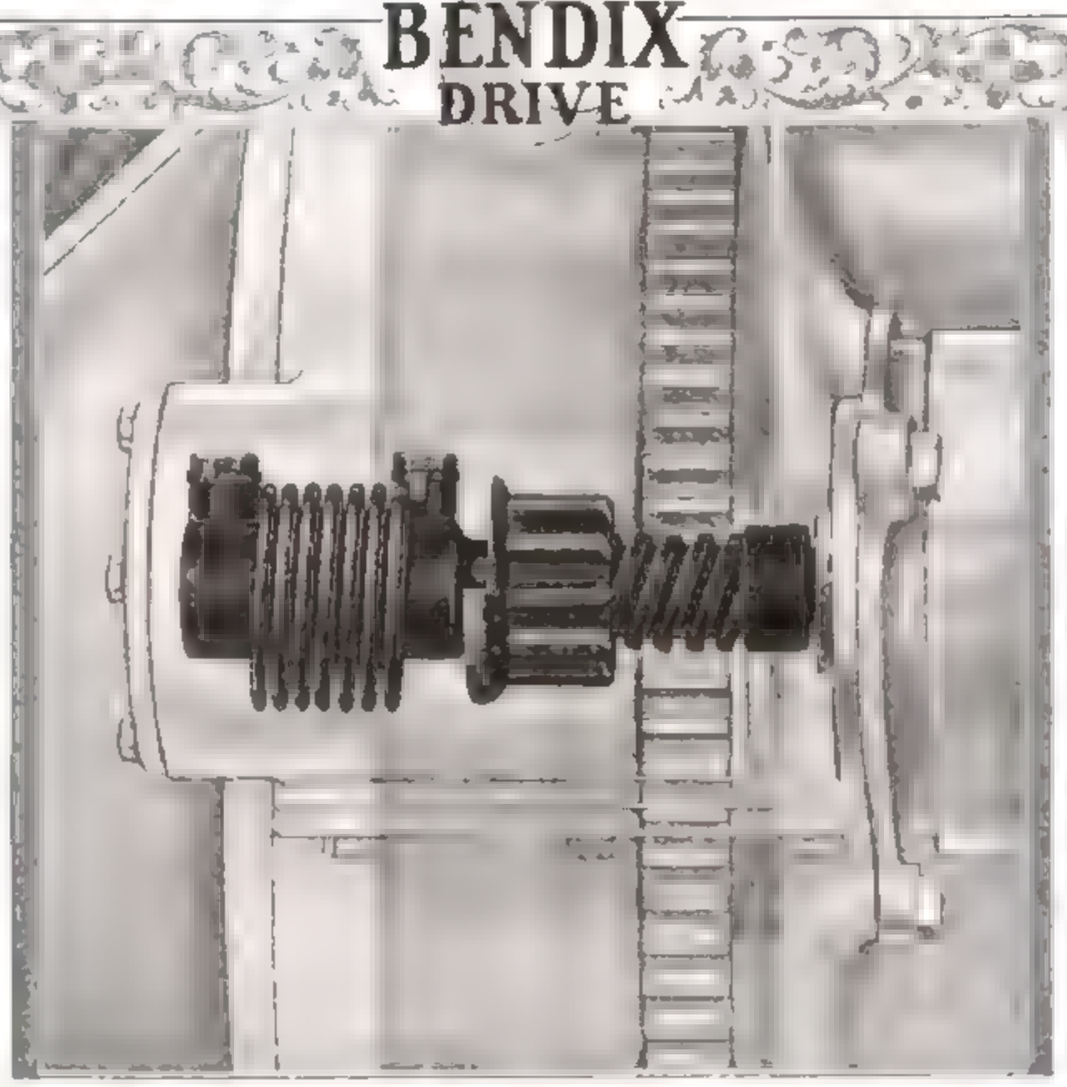
"We'll both see."

"Neither of us," he said, drawing back.

ECLIPSE

FINE WORKMANSHIP DEPENDABLE QUALITY

BENDIX DRIVE



THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE ELECTRIC STARTING MOTOR AND THE ENGINE

The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car

BENDIX DRIVE

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY

ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, *Ltd.*

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

"It Clamps Everywhere"

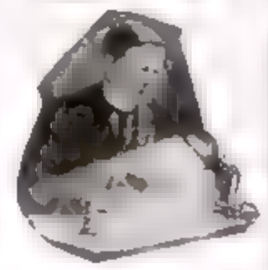
Positively protects your eyes. The lamp for convenience and comfort.

Read by it—

Clamp it on bed or chair—or anywhere.

Write by it—

Clamp or stand it on desk or typewriter table.



Sew by it—

Clamp it anywhere on sewing machine, table or chair.

Shave by it—

Clamp it on the mirror or hang it anywhere.

Adjusto-Lite

A HARDWARE PRODUCT

now $3.95

Make sure you get the genuine Adjusto-Lite. Guaranteed for five years. In U. S. A. and Canada, solid brass $3.95. Bronze, Nickel and White Enamel Finish, $4.45. West of Mississippi, Rockies and Maritime Provinces, 25c additional.

S. W. FARBER, 141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ALSO

Our new invention Adjusto-Lite, Jr.—Clamps everywhere on your car.

Perfect for camping, touring, for working on the car. Plugs in dashboards. Both hands free to work. West of the Mississippi, $3.25.

Adjusto-Lite Jr.

$3.00

But Sarah believed he meant to return later, and would not have it so.

"I intend to stay," she whispered, although her knees even as she spoke were shaking until she could hardly control her movements.

"Then be quick and careful."

Rodney ought never to have rested until Sarah was back where she belonged; but not knowing how to get her there, he let her join him. A swift survey told them that the car was a new Sommers. Its radiator was still warm, indicating use within an hour. Both license plates were missing.

It was when they came to look inside, however, that their adventure showed its teeth. On the rear seat stood a picnickers' lunch chest; it meant nothing just then. But in the pit beneath lay two objects, gray with dust, that both instantly recognized. Rodney turned his flash on them to make sure.

"They beat me to it," he thought.

"Come away quick!" Sarah whispered, cold with fear.

"You go; I'll follow. I have to mark the car."

"I'll stay and light you," she made herself say.

"Did you see?"

"Yes; registered mail."

"Two sacks filled with money," he said. "Loot from the Moreno Cañon hold-up."

"Listen!"

A breath of air brought the sound of low voices from Rylie's Road; then it was not heard.

"Into the brush! I'll join you."

"We'll go together," she repeated.

They bent down over the front of the hood.

"Parallel lines across a triangle," she heard him whisper. "Remember it, for we may have to identify the car."

He had already drawn and opened his knife. With its point he now swiftly etched in his design across one of the curves in front, but so low as not to be seen unless sought. Sarah shaded the torch while he worked. The voices drew nearer.

"Run!" she whispered, snapping off the light.

Their danger was increased by Rodney's loss of his knife. He was trying to close it without noise, holding the handle in one hand and the blade in the other, when somehow it oozed from his grasp, his frantic snatch for it merely sending it farther into the darkness. If the knife were found he saw that their footprints would be noticed. In that case no one could foretell the outcome. The thought of Sarah tightened his muscles.

They slipped softly across the sand, parted the bushes, pressed in among them; but because they had to move cautiously, making no noise, they could not penetrate their tangle far.

"Crouch against the ground," he whispered, with a gleam of Mullen's own good common sense. "Keep face and hands covered. They may turn their light this way."

He himself drew his pistol. If they were discovered he meant to send Sarah down the road while he made a diversion from the brush above.

As it happened, Sarah came near to betraying their presence in advance of discovery. One of the party stood so near she could smell the odor of tobacco mingled with perfumery from his clothing. Had she extended her hand she could have touched him. She held her breath; if she could have done so she would have stopped the beating of her heart. When she again began to breathe he had pressed against a bough of deer brush, sweeping a spray of leaves too close to her nostrils, and the dust on them almost strangled her. She made no noise, but it was only her terror that saved her.

But the lights were not turned on. No one stepped on the truant knife. The driver began backing the car down the wash in the darkness. The man who stood nearest moved away. A moment later a door was heard to click as he climbed into his seat, then another door, and a moment later still another. The car departed so smoothly those listening could not be sure it had gone until its gears clashed faintly in falling into second at the junction.

"They went down the cañon on compression, without lights," whispered Sarah. "That driver knows the road."

"Four men," replied Rodney.

"Yes. From King Tyler's cañon."

He stole back with the torch, recovered his knife, smoothed out their footprints; and Sarah did not insist on helping him. Then they edged through the brush to the road and he disguised their tracks there.

"The wind in the morning might scrub our floors for us, but we don't dare take chances. We haven't any to spare."

"I wish you'd tell my father about this, Rodney. Never mind about me. Tell him just how it happened, and what we saw. I think he ought to know."

Rodney's manner became stern almost to harshness. Barrett himself could not have spoken more impressively. Almost she did not know him.

"That would be murder," he said. "If you love him, never so much as hint to your father what you have seen this night."

"Why not, if they're bandits?"

"He carries his thoughts in his face. Your father couldn't hide his knowledge that a man was a rascal if his life were at stake. They'd shoot him down. You, too, and your mother, if they suspected you of knowing. You're such a bully little actress yourself, you don't understand that other people may not be. These men are killers. If they're caught they'll be hanged. Do you suppose they'd stick at another murder?"

Sarah looked at him wonderingly, but the soft starlight showed her only that he was standing by her side.

"I don't believe you're out here just to study ants," she said at last.

"No?"

"I'll do exactly as you say," she added.

III

THE distance in narrow direction across the Cholla basin is nearly forty miles, and the slope is such that from the rim every foot of the floor seems visible. In the foreground the soil is dotted with bunches of stipa and fescue, tarweed, greasewood, and the artemisia that tourists know as sagebrush. Farther down, these give way to the tree-yucca, cactus, bush juniper and associated forms, compacted into a forest-like black central jungle, the sharp edges of which can be traced almost to the horizon.

This yucca belt is neither so dense nor so smooth of surface as it looks. It includes dunes, ridges, weathered knolls. In its siltlike soil the floods of winter have started coulees, or, spreading wider, have strewed the floor with deadwood and rubbish. As the germs of decay act slowly on the desert, some of these tangles are black-old.

None of this can be seen from Mullen's; but from the knoll above, a narrow view of some of it may be had through the open gate of the cañon.

Rodney rose after sunrise, as was the Sunday custom. When he had dressed he found Mullen waiting for him.

"Get together your stuff," said the stage driver. "You're going to town with me. I decided it last night."

It was King Tyler who had decided it. Mullen merely wished to be obliging to a respected neighbor. Tyler had called the night before in a fighting mood, with his wrists and hands badly stung by ants. The stings were comparable only to those that Rodney and Sarah had suffered the day of the sand storm. He showed his wounds openly, but he made his charge in private to Mullen. A band of Rodney's cutthroats, he said, had escaped to his place and stung him.

"A man is entitled to notice," protested Rodney.

"This is your notice. We leave at eleven."

"I've paid in advance, you know, up to Wednesday."

"You'll get a refund," Mullen told him.

Rodney met his eyes.

"I'll tell you, dad. Take me down to that nest of fire ants on the way to town and I'll let it go. I need eight more red ants."

He did not say that he wished to see whether Tyler had found this nest or another, nor that he wished to see what he had done to it to rouse its occupants. Mullen agreed to make the detour. He would have agreed at that moment to dig out the ants himself, and bottle them too. He knew that Rodney liked him. His own dislike, never deep-seated, had nearly faded out, and he did not find this dismissal of him pleasant.

Sarah received the news with disturbing calmness. Mullen had expected her, as he phrased it, to throw a cat fit. She did not even plead with him to reconsider. When he brought the car to the door, however, he learned that she and her mother intended to go along.

"It's Sunday," said Sarah; "and besides, I want mother to see the fire ants."

Rodney quietly vetoed the side excursion.

"For two men, yes; but not with women along."

"Oh, piffle!" cried Sarah.

She threatened to seek out the ants by herself; but as she saw, the distance was too great, and the heat, and the going too rough. When Rodney would not yield, she subsided.

The sun grew hotter, the glare from the caked gray soil more blinding. The heated, motionless air ahead lay on the road in layers, so that it magnified the view vertically, like flawed window glass, until a clump of greasewood became majestic palms; or reduced it vertically until the background of yuccas and junipers faded into stretches of dancing water. The Cholla at noon is always shimmering with minor mirages.

After a while they entered the yucca forest. Time passed. Progress was slow, for the desert road to Cholla was not so much traveled as the Crest Road. Sand and the winds had gnawed into it; cloudbursts had clawed at it here and there; but the bunch grass had respected it, and it remained a road.

Mullen, seated beside Rodney, was wondering what he would do if he had to drive this road on a schedule, when suddenly he heard that young man cry out for him to stop.

"What's loose?" he asked, jamming down the brake.

"Ants," said Rodney.

Mullen did not see them at first, but Sarah saw them. She had explained to her mother that all desert ants retire to their nests between eleven and two, and if they do not they have important work in hand. These ants were crossing the road just ahead in a thin red ribbon. Rodney leaped to the ground, and Sarah was out almost as soon.

"Fire ants!" she cried. Then, as the other examined them—"Are they, Rodney?"

"What you call fire ants—yes."

She watched his interested features; that which she did not say would have surprised him had he known what it was. In part it consisted of worshipful admiration.

That which he did not say might have surprised her, likewise, had she known. As she had told him, he had not come to the Cholla just for ants. At first they had held most of his interest, but more lately they had held little of it. Yet suddenly, even as she watched, he forgot the car in the wash, the four men, his own grave warnings, King Tyler's dreadful stings, and became again the authority on ants. She saw the light on his face, had seen it before in the field, yet did not understand. Instead she believed he had known of these ants all along, and had come straight to them.

"You and mother stay in the car," she told Mullen softly.

The nest, like that earlier one, consisted of craterlike mounds opening underground at the center. The larger of these had been disturbed recently, but not the caked soil surrounding it, and in a circle only a few inches across. The injury had been repaired.

Rodney paid no attention to this. Placing a vial in the first of the craters, he thrust it down the opening with a lead pencil until its edge came level, waited until a few ants tumbled in, closed it with cotton, then flipped it out from beneath, all in usual manner. When the guards, if such there were, understood what had happened it was too late.

"A nest variety, I think," he said.

The ants continued at work, one column bringing in fresh cargo, the other departing empty-handed for another load. Rodney followed them back to the highway, then with his eye into the yuccas beyond. What they carried did not much matter. The treasure of the ant is not the treasure of man. Yet because he was in the field, interested and watchful, he let them lead him farther. This interest spread to Sarah, and she likewise forgot King Tyler's stings in the glow of field research.

Suddenly he strode forward a few yards and bent low over a knot of ants on the gray sand. Sarah was almost as quick. Neither had to look twice, yet they did not at once rise.

"Odd thing, that," said Rodney at last, as if to himself.

"Odd," said Sarah.

The human significance of what they had seen expanded, and their student's interest in the ants diminished, until they were back in the starlit cañon. Their eyes

(Continued on Page 129)

Does your town fulfill your dreams?

These facts and figures indicate how you can help

THE officials of your town, looking ahead and planning for a better and more attractive community, need your encouragement. These guiding facts, collected by the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, will indicate how you can help secure improvements that will bring permanent satisfaction.

A reputation for good schools is a great town builder. It brings a desirable type of newcomers, as Ridgewood, New Jersey, discovered. In 1915 this town planned for fire-safe schools, selecting the most modern forms of construction. All schools built under this plan make liberal use of concrete in various forms—monolithic concrete, concrete block, cinder concrete block, and pre-cast concrete for trim. Every possible precaution was taken to ensure fire-safety and to prevent needless expenditure of the town's money for maintenance. Since 1915, the population has increased 40%, and as an indication of the type of

(OVER)

Continued from preceding page

newcomer, it is estimated 95% of the residents now own their own homes.

When building new schools in your town, remind your school board there are 5 school fires every day, including far too many serious disasters. Your children will be *safe* in schools when foundations, floors, sidewalls and partitions are of fire-safe concrete.

Concrete highways save your money

Tell the officials how you feel about the roads in your community. Encourage them to build for permanent satisfaction. Here are some facts you can quote them:

Experiments by the Iowa State Highway Commission have definitely established that concrete construction pays for itself in from 8 to 15 years on any street or highway where the traffic is equivalent to 420 Fords per day. Annual maintenance charges on concrete were found to average $87 less per mile than on other types of construction. Gasoline consumption and wear on tires over concrete roads were also found to range from 33% to 50% less than on the gravel and dirt roads.

Sag Harbor, N. Y., found another advantage in concrete paving. This historic Long Island village laid a concrete pavement on Main Street. A remarkable increase in business resulted. People who previously patronized surrounding communities now purchase their supplies from Sag Harbor merchants, while the "movies" and hotels have been taxed to capacity.

Bring permanent satisfaction into your home

After all, your community is judged by the pride you and your neighbors take in the appearance of your homes. Always build for permanent satisfaction and the pleasures and advantages of owning your own home will not be marred, or lost, through unnecessary, heavy repair bills.

Like anything else worth while, when *you* buy, build or remodel your home, you take risks. You may lose its pleasures and advantages through poor construction. Its economies may be turned into heavy expense, starting the very first year and increasing as time goes on. Make certain of *permanent* satisfaction. Avoid heavy, unnecessary repair bills.

If not quite satisfied with your home, a few easily-made improvements can change discontent into real satisfaction. Improvements make surprising additions to the re-

sale value of property—simple improvements like stuccoing or building concrete walks, concrete steps, concrete driveways, concrete garages and other suggestions you will find in the list at the right of this page.

How to get permanent satisfaction, whatever you build

[1] Get dependable materials

Reputation for dependability has made Lehigh Cement the largest-selling cement in the world. Last year, contractors, engineers, architects and owners used over 68 million sacks.

In buying building materials remember this point:

The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect a dealer of this type to protect your interests in other ways also by handling a line of thoroughly dependable materials? Let the blue-and-white Lehigh sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

[2] Get competent workmanship

Even with the best materials you can get poor results unless you secure competent workmanship.

A good contractor will save you money through skillful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and also where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor:

The contractor who insists on dependable materials is likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he does.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. · BIRMINGHAM, ALA. · CHICAGO, ILL. · SPOKANE, WASH.
New York · Buffalo · Kansas City · New Castle, Pa. · Boston · Philadelphia
Mason City, Iowa · Omaha · Pittsburgh · Richmond · Minneapolis

LEHIGH CEMENT

Look for this blue-and-white sign, known from coast to coast, the mark of the reliable dealer. He sells permanent satisfaction.

THE NATIONAL CEMENT · *16 Mills from Coast to Coast*

Make Concrete of LEHIGH CEMENT for Permanent Satisfaction

(✓ Marks home uses)

- Alleys—*to clean up eye-sores*
- Barns—*to save paint bills*
- ✓ Benches and sun dials—*for beauty*
- ✓ Cellar floors—*to keep dry, clean*
- Chicken houses—*for low-cost service*
- ✓ Cisterns—*to keep water pure and soft*
- ✓ Clothespoles—*to prevent rot*
- Coal pockets and storage elevators—*for low upkeep and insurance*
- ✓ Cold-frames and Hot Beds—*for early plants*
- Drains—*for permanent improvement*
- ✓ Driveways—*for appearance and low upkeep*
- Factories—*for quick, safe construction*
- Farm buildings and improvements—*(ask for our special farm book)*
- ✓ Fence posts and rails—*to save money*
- ✓ Floors—*for economy*
- ✓ Footings—*to save old buildings*
- ✓ Foundations—*for permanence*
- ✓ Fountains—*for attractive appearance*
- ✓ Garages—*for greater fire safety*
- Garage floors—*for highest utility*
- ✓ Gate posts—*to avoid repairs*
- Gutters—*for better drainage*
- Highways—*for permanent, low upkeep*
- Homes—*(ask for our special home book)*
- Lamp and sign posts—*for beauty and utility*
- Office buildings—*for slow depreciation*
- Pavilions and bandstands—*for permanence*
- ✓ Pergolas—*for ornamentation*
- ✓ Porches and porch posts—*for economy*
- ✓ Remodeling—*for charm, comfort, value*
- ✓ Roof *(tile) for beauty and low upkeep*
- Sand boxes and wading pools—*for clean, permanent playgrounds*
- Schools—*to protect children's lives*
- ✓ Septic tanks—*to prevent sickness*
- ✓ Sidewalks—*to keep houses clean*
- Stairs and steps—*for permanence*
- ✓ Stucco—*for beauty and low upkeep*
- ✓ Swimming pools—*for clean swimming*
- ✓ Tennis courts—*for accuracy, dryness*
- Tree surgery—*to save good trees*
- ✓ Urns and flower boxes—*for decoration*
- ✓ Walls—*for permanent protection*
- Warehouses—*to prevent fire loss*
- ✓ Water tanks—*to protect water supplies*
- Well covers, linings and platforms—*for permanence and protection*

FREE booklets!

If you want information on any of the above, check the subjects in which you are interested, sign your name and address, and mail to us or to your Lehigh dealer. You will receive, free of cost, our bulletins and booklets containing complete details.

Name. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

(Continued from Page 126)

met. She read in his eyes that he was afraid for her, that he wished her away.

"I won't go," she said.

"Can you see?"

Both peered sharply into the yuccas ahead; then he asked her if she could fetch her father without alarming him.

"I'll stand guard. It's probably nothing."

She stopped on the way to the road, glanced back over her shoulder. Rodney was kneeling beside his opened kit case. She thought she saw him transfer his black pistol to his coat pocket. When she returned with her father he was again on his feet, his eyes on the yuccas ahead. He began asking Mullen hurried, whispered questions.

"Anybody living near here?"

"Couldn't be. No water. Why?"

"Any campers, do you think?"

"You know yourself how this desert is for camping. Why?"

"Take a look at that brown thing they're lugging home," said Rodney, pointing to the knot in the line.

Mullen bent down.

"Oh, that! That's only a piece of bread crust. What did you think it was?"

"Bread crust. What's bread crust doing at the center of Cholla Desert?"

"Somebody in a car must have thrown it out," Mullen thought.

"He had a peach of an arm," said Sarah, "to land it beyond those yuccas."

"I wanted you to know," Rodney went on. Had he been with anyone else, or had Mullen seemed less capable of dealing with Sarah, he would not have said quite this. "I'm going into the yuccas to see. Get the women into the car and drive on. I'll give you five minutes. If you hear shooting drive to Cholla for help."

"You're crazy," said Mullen, very sensibly.

"I have my pistol."

"He is," agreed Sarah. "I brought my pistol too." She patted the pocket of her jacket. "I'm going along."

"Oh, no, you're not!"

"Either with you or alone."

"This pistol play would be funny," Mullen said, "if it wasn't so foolish. Both of you are crazy. You don't know any better, but Sally does. Why the pistol? What scares you? What has a pistol got to do with a bread crust?"

"That's what I want to ask." Sarah felt that they were losing time. "Let me follow the ants. You two men drive on a ways with mother. If you hear shooting, don't drive to Cholla for help, but come back. I'm a peach of a shot."

Mullen saw the humor of falling in behind Rodney and Sarah with their pockets filled with pistols. His wife, who had meanwhile arrived, thought that action was demanded on the part of someone.

"Somebody may be lost, without water," she said.

Rodney wished he had never seen the bread crust. Sarah did not wish that, but she wished she had seen it first.

The party moved forward slowly. The ribbon of ants did not waver, neither did it branch.

They passed round one group of yuccas, struck through the heart of another, crossed an open patch of gray sand, descended a shallow terrace to a flat that held water three days in the year.

A few feet farther the head of the line again bent low to inspect a knot of ants.

"What do you make of this?" he asked.

"Bologna sausage," replied Sarah. "The kink at the end of the link."

All began talking in whispers, if only from a sense of mystery. Again they moved forward, making no noise. The ants led them past a dead juniper bush, then a mesquite. A little farther on they came to a tangle of drift in a minor wash between two ancient dunes. The ants disappeared into this, and as far as they could see, did not emerge on the farther side.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked Mullen.

Sarah silenced him with a look. Rodney began softly taking down the drift, stick by stick; and after a moment the others gingerly helped him. The stuff was loosely laid. They dragged forth a limb of weathered yucca, then a splintered shaft of oak, blackened into charcoal by the sun during the years of its journey from the mountains.

Suddenly Rodney darted forward upon an empty glass jar, inside which ants were clinging.

"There's for your trouble, Mrs. Mullen."

"The mystery is solved," replied the lady. "King Tyler left this; he must have, because I gave it to him only Thursday night. The crust of bread, of course, came from one of his sandwiches. I think he may have been looking for a water hole for his cattle, when he brings them in."

"Let me take it, mother," said Sarah.

"Wonderful!" mocked her father.

Rodney went on lifting away the drift, Mullen, amused, assisting. Entombed with the glass jar lay the remains of a luncheon—fragments of cake and sandwiches, peach stones, waxed-paper wrappings. The removal of a great matted juniper bush followed.

When the dust died down, Mullen's tolerant chuckle died with it, for suddenly he saw. Protruding from beneath what was left of the drift, unmistakable, needing no comment, peeped the twin tops of two fat United States mail pouches, their registry tabs still attached.

"'Go to the ant,'" said Rodney softly. "The rest you will find in your cow shed, beneath a pile of lumber."

"I knew it!" cried Sarah.

"King Tyler!" said her mother.

Rodney's voice again became stern almost to harshness, and at the same time he threw open his coat, displaying the badge of his authority.

"I take charge of this thieves' plunder on behalf of the Government," he announced.

But Mullen could only stare at them with open mouth, like a man struck dumb.

IV

THEY were visiting on the station platform with the Pogonomyrmex family—namely, of ants, whose place was near the tracks in the best part of town. At their right stood the Crest Road stage. Two and one-half million dollars is a good deal of money to leave lying under the seat, but Mullen had thrown a robe over the pouches to keep off the sun, and when the agent came a wire would be sent so as to catch Number 8.

For a while nothing happened, except that a Pogonomyrmex fell over the edge and had its head bitten off by an Aphænogaster.

Then everything began happening at once. The plaster-of-Paris nest fell apart at a hidden crack. Before the flaw was noticed the rest of the Pogonomyrmex captives were following the first ant over the edge, as ants will do. Other Aphænogasters came up in support. Everybody began stridulating, as an ant would say, to everybody else. When the fray ended the Pogonomyrmex strangers were in flight, the Aphænogasters in possession of the field, the murderer was dead—and Rodney was the poorer by three ounces of ants.

But although he had followed these bloody events with attention, he was not thinking of them. Neither was he thinking especially of the tight bundles of yellowbacks under the seat of the stage. He was thinking how pretty Sarah looked. He was remembering her quick interest, her pride in the stings of the fire ants, her independence, the intelligence of her, the trembling courage of her that night in the cañon.

"Interest in life by the pound, but not the smallest sign of interest in her own kind" he would have said, had he phrased the deeper thought that kept him from feeling happy about any of it.

She was a sensible girl. It might have been King Tyler. It might have been himself, a stamp clerk on his vacation.

Sarah was not thinking of ants either, nor of the bank notes. She was thinking of the thick letters to Miss Mary Faristune, general delivery; thinking of them not regretfully, but as a friend. Rodney had never told her about Mary. She had hoped that he would.

She hoped that Mary was as fine a girl as he deserved. Probably she was not. For she had long noticed that although Rodney wrote thick letters, he did not receive them, nor even thin ones, daily.

"The worst of it is," said Rodney, speaking aloud to himself, "there's nothing I can do about it."

"You ought to stop writing to her for one thing; at least not write every mail."

"Stop writing to whom?"

"That girl in the city," said Sarah. "Mary Faristune."

Rodney stopped talking to himself long enough to weigh the statement. He found he did not understand it.

"Why, what about her, Sally?"

"You care too much for her for your own good. I mean, you show you care. You're going to lose her, writing so often."

"Oh, her!"

"But you are! If she really cared—I mean as much as you do—she'd show it; I mean, if she cared already. She can't help caring after you go back—I mean, writing so often before, while you're separated. Now I've said it! Just the same, it's true."

"But, Sally!"

"Mary Faristune ought to be given a jolt."

"You have this all wrong, Sally. Mary Faristune—"

"Thick letters, and you never missed a mail."

"But, Sally!"

"Do you think I'd ever take flour by the sack and give it back by the cup? Do you think I'd ever let a man write me thick letters until I could write thick letters back?"

"I've never told you about Mary Faristune," began Rodney.

"You never have."

"But I'm going to tell you now."

"I don't ask it. I don't want to know."

"Mary Faristune is a little old lady in black who works for a man in the post office. I only met her once. She's interested in ants; in people too. That's how we came to write."

After all, he's a BOY!

HE'S going to do the things all boys do—climb fences, roll around, play hard, keep going and keep growing all the time. We haven't forgotten what he'll do to his clothes. So Jack Tar Togs are made in fast-color fabrics to withstand frequent washing, with buttons that won't tear off and with ample room in the seams to let out as he grows.

This "reg'lar feller" wears Jack Tar Suit No. 1079—a novelty, side-button model in cadet, brown, green or grey. Sizes 2 to 8 years

Write for Spring Style Book
For boys and girls
Address Dept. P. S 7
THE STROUSE-BAER CO
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A

Jack Tar Togs

"How old do you call old?" asked Sarah.

"Her age? Sixty-two or sixty-three, I should say."

She looked at him much as she had done after seeing the knot of ants against the sand.

Their eyes met; she read in his eyes that what he wished was impossible. But she did not tell him she would not go.

"Honest, Rodney?"

"You ought to marry a man like my boss," he told her. "I'm only a clerk. I earn my living by selling postage stamps."

"Is that all?"

"Now and then a postal."

"We're getting to be a real post-office family," said Sarah. "You sell them, dad carries them and mother cancels them."

"Family, Sally?"

"If you mean it wasn't a proposal ——"

"But a stamp clerk!"

"Then that's settled. I'll be proud to. Honest, Rodney, I never was so happy in my life!"

Mullen told me they were to be married as soon as Rodney was free to return to his work. When that would be nobody yet knew; for Number 3, with Barrett and his squad, was not due until near midnight. Barrett was in charge of the hunt. I had reached Cholla earlier through doubling back from Hillcrest on Number 9.

I had seen the pouches aboard the train, then had joined Mullen to wait for Barrett. We were talking in the rear of the post office.

"He's a good boy," said Mullen. "He sees better than you might think, considering the thick glasses. I have nothing against him at all, except I wish he had good eyes."

"Glasses?" I asked, although he had spoken of them before.

"Didn't you see? Saucers they are, and half an inch through at the edge."

I walked up to the stamp window. Rodney and Sarah were visiting with the postmaster behind the partition.

"Mr. Brooks," I said.

Rodney came over; whereupon, knowing him well enough, and besides being in the registry division, I winked at him.

"Yes, Mr. Hughes?"

"Let me see your glasses."

He took them off -and instantly he became the stamp clerk I had known in Chicago. Yet tonight he was in vastly higher spirits; and he had about him something of the authority I remembered in the field—something of Barrett's quality. Had he sold you one postal card you would have remembered him forever.

It was that which I wished to see; but I looked through the glasses at the lamp, moving them from side to side across the line of sight.

"I thought as much," I said, returning them, for the lenses were nothing but plate glass.

When next I saw Mullen the bandits were under arrest. He himself had captured Tyler. The others were nabbed in the city through the marked Sommers.

"They say I'm in for a reward," he told me.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, dad."

"More real money than I ever had in my life. The son-in-law too."

"Yes. Ten thousand for the money pouches and a share in the other head money."

"They've taken him out of the stamps, he says."

"Barrett did that."

"But he's still interested in ants. One question he asked me. Tyler was all stung up by fire ants that night. I told you about that. He wanted to know why they stung him. Or was that just accident?"

"You ask Rodney what he'd do, not knowing fire ants, if he dropped a three-carat unset diamond and it rolled down a sloping crater into an ant nest."

"Tyler dropped it dividing up the loose stuff?"

"Just that. He got stung digging it out."

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 31)

I got back to the hotel about midnight, for it was after nine when we finally sat down at the Pagets' to dinner. In this far north it is still very light at that hour. It was rather a trying day as far as the tact required to explain our ambassador and our general was concerned, but otherwise a very delightful one.

LONDON, June 15, 1917.

THE general lunched with King George and Queen Mary on Monday, the only other guests being the American ambassador and his lady. That evening the ambassador gave a dinner to the general, to which half a dozen of us were invited; while at the embassy offices the remainder of the principal staff officers were invited to dinner by lesser officials of the embassy, all coming to the house of the ambassador later for a reception. The dinner at the embassy was served at two tables. General Pershing and myself were the only members of our party at the head table, and we sat down with an aggregation rarely equaled in the English-speaking world—or perhaps in any other part of the world—in its type of men.

The American ambassador, of course, headed his own table, if any one can head a round table. On his right sat David Lloyd George, the little Welshman, prominent before the war as a Radical, almost a red Radical, and now as Prime Minister, the practical dictator of the British Empire. To the right sat the cultured and elegant Arthur James Balfour, kinsman of the Marquess of Salisbury, under whom he obtained his first training in statesmanship, for many years Prime Minister of the British Empire cultured in every art and science that makes a gentleman in the rank to which this one was born. An aristocrat by birth and a Tory by training and education, he is now in his late sixties.

General Pershing sat opposite the ambassador. On his right was Monsieur Cambon, the French ambassador, and on his left the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby, the British Secretary of State for War. Cambon was the only foreigner present, assuming that Americans and British represent the same blood. He is one of the world's able diplomats. To the right of the Prime Minister sat Field Marshal Viscount French, and I was on his right. On my right was Major General Sir Francis Lloyd, who commands the London district, a very distinguished-looking officer. On his right was Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, the little chap who commanded the British Navy at the beginning of the war. Our own American Vice Admiral Sims was to the right of the French ambassador, then Sir W. Robertson, the former stable boy, who is now the chief of staff of the British Army.

We had called on him in the afternoon, and the general had a very satisfactory half hour with him. While he was with him I was sitting at the feet, so to speak, of General Maurice, the chief of operations.

Robertson is a rather unpolished man in the fifties. He is undoubtedly a strong man, else he could not have attained his place and held it, even in a country presided over by the radical Lloyd George. Robertson served eleven years in the ranks of the British cavalry, it is said, and then began his rise as an instructor in one of their schools in the Indian Army. As an instance of his lack of diplomacy, it is said that he was designated to notify General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien of his relief from command.

Smith-Dorrien was a man who deserved well, perhaps, of his country, but one of the early commanders in France whom it was thought wise to replace after the retreat from Mons. It was desired to break the news to him with tact. This was Sir W. Robertson's task, and he performed it by going to Smith-Dorrien's room and saying, "Horace, you for 'ome!"

To the right of Robertson sat General Cowans, the quartermaster-general of the British Army, and to his right the Boer General Smuts, now a British lieutenant general, a graduate of Cambridge, and one of the fiercest of the Boer generals while still a youth in his early twenties. At Cambridge the other day in a speech he is reported to have said that in his youth he loved the British people, spending his school days among them, and could never have believed that he would ever fight them, but that later he did it; that at the end of the Boer War he could never have believed that he would fight for the British, but that he had done it. He reminds one a little of General Funston.

PARIS, June 17, 1917.

IN THE evening of our last day in England there was a state dinner at which the Prime Minister was to preside, at Lancaster House, where Lord Brooke said he used to play as a boy, it then belonging to his uncle. It is now an addition to the British Museum. We were invited "at 7:45 for 8:00 o'clock." There were six tables. The Prime Minister was fifteen minutes late—he can do that sort of thing, you know, and our general is no mean imitator.

After the dinner had reached late middle life, a flunky in knee breeches and silver buckles stood behind Lloyd George and craved silence for the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister, who rose and said with gravity "The King," and we all rose and looked down our noses into some valuable champagne and murmured, "The King." All resumed their seats, and ten minutes later, when the dinner was approaching doddering old age, the knee breeches again craved silence for the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, who rose and said, "The President." We all rose and did as before, substituting "The President" for "The King." A few minutes later the diners rose and strolled about the rooms under ceilings that reached toward the sky. The Prime Minister signified a desire to meet all the American officers at the dinner, and we were maneuvered into line and presented.

I parted with General Brooke and Major Kersey with much regret. They gave their entire time most unselfishly to making our stay in England pleasant, and accompanied us to Folkestone on the 5:40 train—a great deal for Englishmen who are never at their offices even in wartime until nearly ten o'clock, and who might stop a battle to take afternoon tea and toast. The trip to the sea was through lovely rural England—more trips with wife after the war. At Folkestone we went on board and said good-by to Brooke and Kersey, and with a convoy of destroyers steamed for Boulogne, where we arrived in about two hours, after a smooth voyage. At the Boulogne wharf we were met by a drove of French officers, a few Britishers—for Boulogne is a British debarkation port—and scores of newspapermen, and a regiment of French soldiers with their funny little steel helmets and whiskers of various types.

The band blared out The Star-Spangled Banner, and we stood to attention for several days, it seemed to me, while they played it over and over. Even the general, who stands like a statue, growled over the number of times they played it. Then we had the Marseillaise several times, and then, our hands having broken off at the wrist, we stood up to the gangway while a dozen fuzzy little Frenchmen came up. Each saluted the general and made a little speech, then side-stepped and was replaced by another until each little man had said his speech. The last was a big man with a sweeping mustache and the two stars on his sleeve which mark the French brigadier. His right hand was gone below the elbow; his chin and forehead were scarred.

This was General Pelletier, who once lived two years in San Francisco and knows English very well. He reported to General Pershing. He is a brave, simple-minded, gallant old fellow, now rapidly becoming a nuisance to us, his rank having to be constantly considered among us, and it being impossible to do business with the chief in his presence without telling him all of it. He has a bunch of attachés, for, like the British cousins, many French officers are keen to serve with the Americans. Colonel de Chambrun, great-grandson of Lafayette and husband of Nicholas Longworth's sister, is one of them. He is an artilleryman and speaks good English and a great deal of it.

We were nearly two hours getting off from Boulogne. Representatives of all the branches of the French high command were down there, and the band played The Star-Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise. Nobody kissed us, though, and no one cried, though Sir Arthur Paget had said we were sure to be kissed and cried over. Lord French told me that when the French lost a trench, it seemed irretrievably, they would wait a day or two; then generals would come up and pull a lot of "Mes enfants" stuff, kiss a few men and cry about it, and then sally forth and take back the trench, adding that the first time he ever saw Joffre he found him in a tent weeping copiously over the first German flag captured.

We started by rail at eleven, passed through much lovely country and saw several large British camps. Much politics is played here, and the plan of who should go with whom in what carriage from the Gare du Nord was changed several times, possibly to divide the honors; several men rode with me on assignment cards who never actually got in the carriage. The last change was made after we got in the station; and Joffre, who, it appears, is now on the shelf but still strong with the people, was relegated from the first carriage, where he was to have ridden with the general, to the very outer rim of respectability by riding in the fourth car—behind even me.

Many thousands of our Gallic allies crowded the station and the streets. My car was slow in getting out due to the crowd, and I speedily lost sight of any in front of me. It was 6:30 in the evening and the great mass of working people were out to meet us, as well as thousands of others. They cheered and shouted and wept as only a French crowd can do. One who knows his history can well imagine what it meant when Napoleon rode in from the wars, when the national tendency to hysterics was carefully fostered and staged.

My carriage was half swamped in roses; shouts of "Vive l'Amérique" filled the evening air; people crowded near and elbowed one another to touch my hand; pretty girls smiled at the old American soldier; and Colonel Count de Chambrun kept saying, "Salute, colonel, salute! It is for you!"

Then a horrible fear seized me. I could see no other car in front of me. Had the general in some way got behind me, and was I being taken for him? It took all the joy out of life until finally, after our motor was smelling with heat from running so long on low, we reached the Hôtel de Crillon in time to see him trying to force his way through the mass from curb to hotel door. In my room I found a huge bowl of roses, jonquils and other flowers, tied with the Star-Spangled Banner and the French tricolor. This is a princely place and I shall go to jail for debt if the general does not leave it soon.

Next day forenoon was taken by a call at Les Invalides and a signature in the Golden Book. At 11:30 we called on a dumpy bourgeois-looking little ambassador, and at twelve some of us called at the Presidential Palace, a beautiful place built for La Pompadour a long, long time ago; the home of the gallant Murat during the First Empire, and now the executive mansion. It is surrounded with very beautiful grounds, though in the heart of Paris.

The president and his lady received us in a very large room, where our names were announced by a butler or a herald or an announcer. Soon we went into the very long dining room, a splendid room at which sixty of us sat at one long table, and a small army of flunkies dragged up French wines and other things. It was as beautiful a luncheon as I ever saw, perfectly managed, and very bountiful. For auld lang syne, I patronized the Château Yquem, and encored.

I sat by an old Royalist -he told me – who said he was asked only to show that the French stood united in their welcome to the Americans.

The perfectly exquisite Sèvres porcelain excited my cupidity, though I am not usually very strong for porcelain except where it is useful. Course after course was brought in with porcelains that must be well-nigh priceless, and gold knives and forks finally began to be laid aside.

The strawberries of France are splendid, are very large, so large that you take them off the plate one at a time with a fork and lay them on your plate. Sugar is served, and with the stems that are left on them you dip your berry and eat your way across it. I have been doing that since the first meal on the Baltic.

Later we saw an exhibition of the aviation ground at La Bourget. Some hundreds of planes, and many in the air at once. At 6:30 certain ones due later to dine with the Minister of War called on the Minister of

(Continued on Page 134)

STETSON HATS

The illustration shows the design of an original oil painting, which has been reproduced in colors on a card for display in the windows of all stores selling Stetson hats.

MOST young men today know the importance of looking fit. The young man who dresses with taste has a decided advantage.

But—it is surprising how little thought the average man gives to his hat. It is the most conspicuous part of his wearing apparel.

Be careful in the selection of your headwear. When you buy a hat, select a Stetson. Its style is right, its quality means long wear.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY · PHILADELPHIA

Prest-O-Lite

RADIO CHART
How to fit "A" and "B" storage batteries to your set

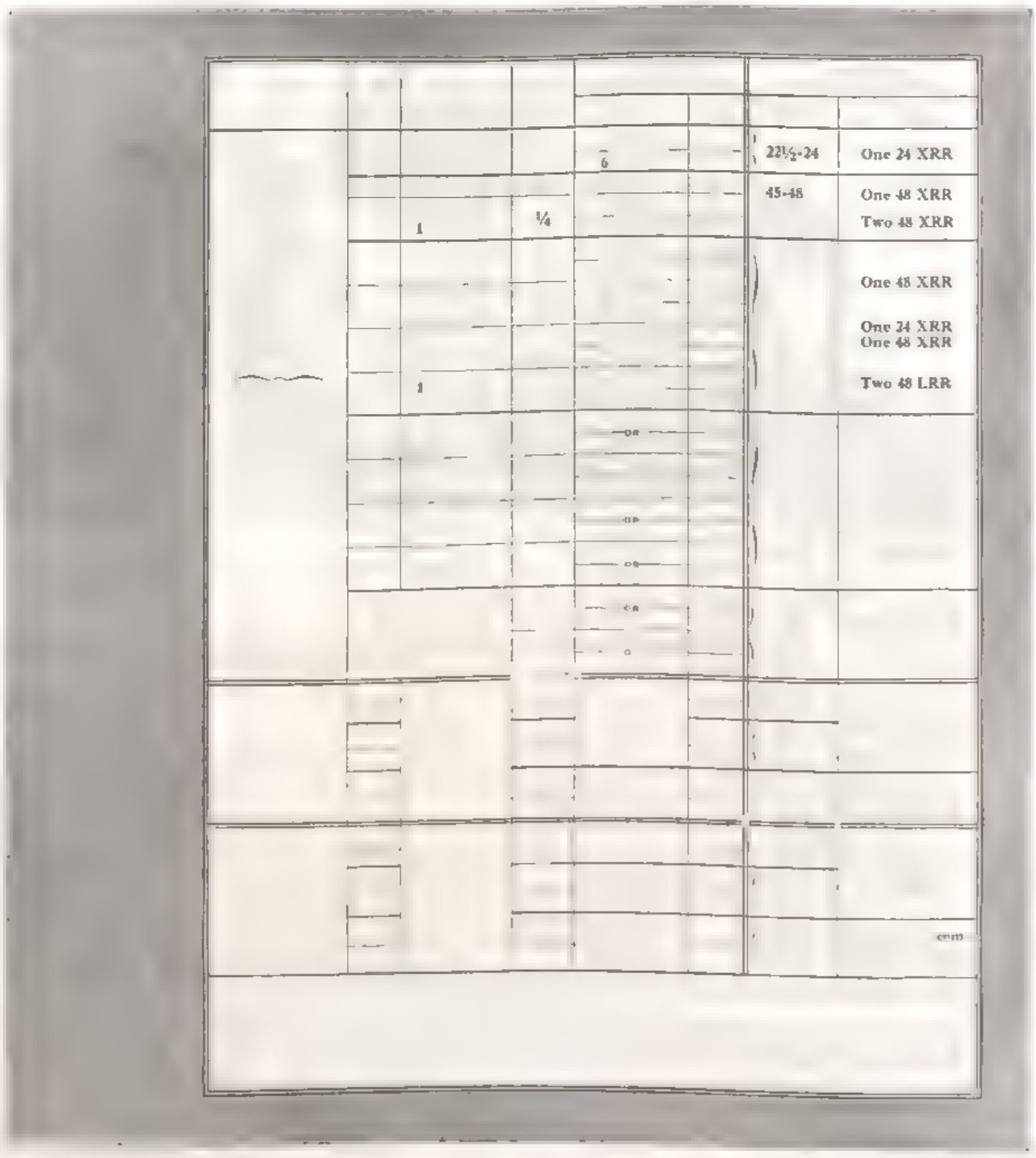
When you buy a storage battery, you make an investment that should return dividends of pleasure for many years. Therefore, it pays you to buy wisely—to select batteries that bring out the best in your set, and that are of the right capacity to give you fine reception at the charging intervals that are the best suited to your convenience.

The Prest-O-Lite Radio Chart tells you just how to select such batteries—how to eliminate guesswork and get storage batteries that are scientifically correct for your set. The recommendations of this chart are endorsed by the world's largest electrochemical battery research laboratories.

For most sets the chart offers a choice between two sizes of "A" Batteries. Both give equally fine reception but, as the chart shows, they vary in the days of service between chargings—figured on the average use of your set of three hours a day. You will find the larger-capacity battery most desirable unless facilities for frequent and easy charging are provided.

EXAMPLE: If your set uses 5 UV-201A tubes, the chart recommends either a Prest-O-Lite 611 WHR or a 69 WHR, depending upon whether you wish to recharge every 22 or 17 days.

Prest-O-Lite "B" Batteries serve two to four months without recharging. Combinations should be used that give the plate voltage recommended by the manufacturer of your set. If the specified voltage for your set is 90, for example, the chart recommends the use of two Prest-O-Lite 48 LRR's.



These batteries are specially designed to bring you better radio reception

Your radio set is one of the most delicate instruments man has ever devised. Prest-O-Lite Batteries are made expressly to furnish the even, unvarying current absolutely necessary for the best reception. Plates of special structure and unusually porous separators insure its unhampered flow. Its construction and careful inspection are assurance against internal current leaks and short circuits.

Smooth, sure and uninterrupted, the current reaches your tubes. Signals take on the sharpness only uniform current can supply. Amplification is clear. Volume good. Plenty of unfluctuating, easily controlled power helps to bring out the finest, purest reception your set can give.

Prest-O-Lite Radio Storage Batteries are easy to recharge. They are sturdily built, and will, with proper care, give you years of unfaltering service. Handsomely finished, they are in keeping with the most beautiful sets. Best of all, they offer truly remarkable savings. Though standard in every respect, they are priced as low as $4.75 and up.

Ask your dealer to show you the Prest-O-Lite Batteries that the chart guarantees are scientifically correct for your set. Or write us for a free copy of our interesting and informative booklet, "How to fit a radio battery to your set—and how to charge it."

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND
New York San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont

The
OLDEST SERVICE TO MOTORISTS

It is just as important to have a good storage battery for your automobile as it is for your radio set. So, when it's time to replace your present battery—and that may be right now—get a Prest-O-Lite.

Prest-O-Lite Starting and Lighting Batteries are sturdy, dependable sources of unfailing power. Snappy, peppy, vigorous, they add to your driving pleasure. They are dependable and long lasting—initial equipment on an ever-growing list of America's most famous cars.

These splendid batteries offer you truly remarkable savings. Though standard in every respect, they are priced as low as $15.50 and up.

Get your batteries wherever you see the Prest-O-Lite sign of "Friendly Service." There are thousands of these stations—and they all assure you the traditional quality and fair treatment of "The Oldest Service to Motorists."

Prest-O-Lite

(Continued from Page 130)

Marine, a dried-up-looking little man, who looked as if eating one frog leg would make him look corpulent. At eight we dined with the Minister of War, Monsieur Painlevé, a very attractive little Frenchman of some forty years. The long dining room was specially decorated for General Pershing; priceless Gobelin tapestries on every wall; the corners filled with American and French flags in the proportion of four to one, stacks of cuirasses and sabers—now, I fear me, lining up with David's sling and chain armor. The minister made a speech in French so good that I could almost understand him, and the general replied in a few extremely well-chosen words.

Next day we called on a dozen or so French generals, including Marshal Joffre, and later had luncheon with him and his lady at the Military Club. The crowds follow us everywhere, and Joffre and Pershing had to show themselves on the balcony repeatedly. At the Chamber of Deputies the afternoon before, after the luncheon with the Poincarés, the Chamber nearly went amuck over General Pershing, rising to their feet and cheering for ten or fifteen minutes, and time and again breaking into speeches, to go off in hysterics again. After the Joffre luncheon a request came for him to visit the Senate, and as politics is so evenly balanced here and permeates everything, he had to go. Here the scenes of the day before were repeated and he received another long ovation. I have told him I am sure he could be elected king of France. After the Senate we went to lay thirty dollars' worth of flowers on the tomb of Lafayette, where the Marquis de Chambrun, elder brother of the colonel, seized the opportunity to make a speech and nearly wept at his own eloquence.

Yesterday morning we made a hasty call on the Minister of Aviation, and then motored to the headquarters of the real soldier—General Pétain. As Chambrun remarked the day before when we were weary, dragging through the round of calls, "These are all great men, but they are great men of the past. Wait until you see Pétain." Pétain was a colonel when the war broke out. He is only a major general now, for the French have no grade above that except marshal.

Pétain is an erect soldierly-looking man, bald, but originally with blond hair, wears a heavy mustache, walks briskly, and I should estimate him to be about fifty-seven, the age of our chief. With Pershing, the luncheon included seven generals. General Pelletier was along, of course. Pétain had an engagement for the afternoon and we left soon after noon. He spoke of his satisfaction at our coming into the war and said very seriously, "I hope it is not too late."

One hears many rumors of French regiments that have recently refused to go over the top, as they call leaving the trenches to advance against the Germans. Twelve men were shot recently, for example, and there is no doubt that the French morale is waning, as are their numbers. A people of about 40,000,000 have lost 2,000,000 men, and mourning is everywhere. It will be their fourth winter in the trenches. Coal is almost at a famine price. At the Crillon there is hot water two mornings a week, meat two days a week. We shall do well to increase as fast as the French are waning, and America may yet fight the Germans to the finish on French soil

Night found us at the Crillon. After a hasty dinner we went as guests of the government to the Opéra Comique Masses of people filled the big streets in front; every seat had been sold, and how they did cheer the general! We had the President's box, a balcony box in the center As we entered it every person in the immense audience stood up. On the stage, in front of a marine view, with American ships flying our flag in the foreground, stood a guard of marines and crippled soldiers A very handsome woman in white, with a large American flag, and a pretty French girl in the tricolor stood under the mourning bonnet of Alsace in front of the guard. The American sang The Star-Spangled Banner and it made tears come to your eyes and the little chills run up and down your spine. She had a superb voice, and took the high notes without a miss. She was encored time and again, and the big crowd stood and cheered to the echo.

The French girl then sang La Marseillaise, and did it well. Knowing it, the crowd joined in the chorus. It is certainly a stirring thing. At the chorus the little girl drew an *arme blanche* and waved it while everybody sang, "*Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons! Marchons!*" and so on. The singing and cheering must have taken fifteen minutes, and the crowd stood and eyed the Americans in the box. It was something never to be forgotten. We are all living history. Nothing like it has ever been seen; perhaps it may never occur again. This country is well-nigh bled white, as our enemies put it, and our coming is hailed as the coming of the Lord. God grant that there may be no reaction in the months that must pass before American flags fly in the trenches.

PARIS, June 19, 1917.

OUR American people are not, in my judgment, very keen for the war. They do not realize its perils. Losses in battle that also cost German lives they would understand; but if a troop ship or two is torpedoed and a thousand or two American boys are drowned like rats, I doubt if the President could hold them in line.

It is almost impossible to keep things quiet. Three days ago I was handed a paper which told the date of sailing of our first convoy. I showed it to the chief and to no one else, and locked it in my safe. Yesterday Major L, my office assistant, came in from a visit to the French War Office, where he is on very good terms, and said they told him that the convoy had sailed such a time—exactly the information I had so carefully put in my safe. One of the things the chief is strongest on is silence on official matters.

We paid a visit to Marshal Joffre this morning. Ten thousand currents and countercurrents of politics are flowing through this capital. It is in the French blood. Some say a coup d'état would not be a very surprising thing, and that Poincaré is bound to go before long. Joffre is practically shelved. He has an honorable position as Marshal of France, the only one created since the Second Empire, but is shorn of any power except in an advisory capacity. Many things are sent to him for advice, and when he gives it, it is advice, not orders, and is not always taken. Since his visit to America he has had a recrudescence, so to speak, and to play up to the American idea of his prominence he was named to collaborate with General Pershing. That meant that if Pershing sought his advice he would give it, but be practically powerless to insure any actual coöperation on the French side, which, boiled down, left him a sort of adviser to our chief—who has no thought of engaging any nurse for himself, not even so eminent a one as Joffre. He is anxious to show all possible respect for the marshal, and feels it, too, but is disposed to take his own time about it.

The staff of the marshal are, of course, anxious to play up the old soldier's importance and to make as much as possible out of the connection. His chef d'état-major approached me the evening of the dinner given by Monsieur Painlevé and asked when I would talk with him on our coöperation. I stood him off by saying it was not proper for us to take matters up between us until our respective chiefs had had their initial conference. Next day he approached Bacon, whom he had known as ambassador, and buzzed in his ear, sending Bacon to me. Next day he talked to Logan, and the following day approached Palmer, and lastly the "Cabinet du Maréchal Joffre" invited us all to luncheon at the Cercle Militaire

Today the general and I went over to see the old gentleman, which apparently pleased him very much, and we shall doubtless go again. Joffre is very strong with the French people. The politicians fear him as a possible president. Pétain, who commands the armies and the military zone of a certain width behind the actual lines, is the strong man of the hour, feared by the politicians, the idol of the soldiers He scarcely conceals his contempt for the civil powers. During our luncheon our general's visit to the French Chamber of Deputies was spoken of, and Pétain remarked with a smile that he had never seen the inside of the Chamber. General Pershing replied that he only went by invitation, and Pétain said, "Well, they would never invite me."

Almost every day some different American mission turns up. Never in all history was there an opportunity for junkets so exploited by our busy people. Engineers of all sorts, railroads, foresters, scientific missions concerning standards, chemistry; every variety of charitable activity, and all without coördination and in chaos, and adding to the heavy burdens of the gallant French. Apparently there is no one who applies to the powers who is not sent over, unless he be a soldier wishing to join an expedition.

Everybody finds it easy except the soldiers—charitable organizations insisting on tending the wounded, while hundreds of widows and orphans are in need of aid; misguided enthusiasts cabling for motor cars 2000 at a time, when the French have not gasoline enough to operate those they have; people bringing things to France that take up shipping room, when the most important thing in the world now, and that on which the victory will turn, is shipping. Two more missions blew in today.

We are gathering in and trying to control all those that wear uniform, and they are quite numerous, of the O. R. C. kind. The honorable uniform of the United States is the cover for many varied motives and activities in la belle France. How sick of it all the fighting generals are! It looks to me, however, that, as the heroine remarked in If I Were King, "A man has come to court." I think these various agencies will find themselves doing business soon under the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force.

PARIS, June 22, 1917.

THEY tell an affecting little story of French soldiers. It seemed that some one of the various headless—or rather hydra-headed—charitable organizations operating from our great country got its donations mixed, and a French regiment just out of the trenches, in place of some boxes of warm underclothing expected, got some children's clothes. There was some idle jesting, some growling; but in the end that regiment built an altar, enshrined upon it the little garments designed for children whom they might never see again, and the whole regiment passed before it, and one at a time knelt and renewed their oath of allegiance to fair France and the vow to expel the invader from her soil.

PARIS, June 24, 1917.

A LETTER came over from the War Office yesterday inviting the general to send several staff officers to a certain army headquarters, as work of interest was to take place there. He designated Palmer, Collins and me, and we are leaving this noon by rail for a four-hour and a forty-kilometer motor trip to headquarters Second Army at Souilly, where an attack is being prepared on Verdun. We are to witness the preparation and the actual work, and may be gone two or three weeks. It is an inconvenient time for me—troops just about to arrive; just getting my office organized; Chauncey Baker and his crowd just arriving; but I suppose it would be unreasonable to ask Pétain to postpone even a small offensive because I am not yet ready. So we go.

I am picking up a little French slowly, and since the Hyde dinner last night I realize the meaning of "décolleté." The necks were well selected, neither fat nor scrawny. I sat by Princess Lucinge, who, it appears, comes of the Terry family of Cienfuegos, Cuba, but was born in New York, though raised a Frenchwoman. She was nursing at Compiègne when the Germans occupied it in 1914, and when they marched back on the retreat after the Marne. She talked very interestingly of her experiences, but was subjected to no rudeness. The officers were polite to her then, though soldiers were even then beginning to enter private houses and demand food.

I most enjoyed my talk with Mr. James Stillman, who is an extremely interesting old man. His father was a great financier before him. He himself happens to have been born at Brownsville, Texas, though of Connecticut people. His people owned the site of Fort Brown, which was condemned to be bought by the Government in 1852 and finally paid for in 1904. The price of $50,000 was protested by the owners as too little, and the courts finally awarded $80,000, after $150,000 had been spent in lawyers' fees. We are a dashing and businesslike people in our government transactions. Witness also the plaintive howls from the capital city to know what we are going to do with an officer when the general cables that he needs at least one more successfully to beat the Germans. Mr. Stillman says he knows the French well—he should, after fifty years. He says the Latin mind has kinks and turns in it unknown to ours, and the politics, politics, politics! He says no great soldier can become commander in chief of the French Army. The politicians fear the Man on Horseback, and After the War is ever present in their minds. The soldiers are fighters, their methods differing from ours; they must confide in their leader—probably true, though, of all races as well. But the politicians' influence cannot be avoided in the choice of leaders. He suggests we be very careful—very careful!

SOUILLY, June 25, 1917.

WE WERE given a very thorough insight into the workings of the general staff of a French Army in the field, this morning. The chief of staff of the Second Army sent Colonel Guillaume, his first assistant, with us; and he spent the morning with us, and it was most interesting. The organization of it does not differ very greatly from the theoretical organization of our own, but of course theirs is standing the test of actual war and has expanded greatly in certain directions yet almost untouched with us.

The development of their intelligence section, the perfection of their information regarding the enemy, the excellence and variety of information they get out on maps are almost a marvel. They will show you a complete map of the western front with the number of every German division tagged on it. They will tell you when the latest divisions arrived and whence they came; which divisions are resting behind the lines; which are in the trenches; which have come from the Russian front, being replaced in that quiet region by tired divisions from the west. Their system of intelligence calls for an essay or a book rather than a diary of a day.

One feature of the morning interested us very much. They told us the method of examining prisoners, and I had heard it before. I said we should like to see the real thing if opportunity offered. Pretty soon, when we had passed into another office, the major in charge of the prisoners' examinations in the last branch visited came and said the Boches had made a little raid near St.-Mihiel and lost two prisoners and we were invited to witness the examination.

As the captain said, "They're pretty flat when first captured," and seemed willing to talk a little in reply to questions. The first thing is take from them any papers or documents they have. One of these had some postal cards and a little diary. He was a stolid-looking brute, as all one's enemies always are, rather mussed up and dirty looking from trench life, and possibly from some manhandling he might have had incident to his capture; but his face would light up with a heavy smile when answering. He was about twenty, I fancy, and a typical heavy peasant type. He was questioned on his diary, among other things, to test his veracity. Well, the interesting feature of his examination for me was when the interpreter, indicating Captain Collins and myself, asked him if he recognized our uniforms. He did not, but grinned a little when told we were Americans. He was then asked if he had heard that the Americans were helping France, and said, "*Nein*"; then if he liked the idea of Americans taking part in the war. He hesitated a moment, and then replied, "For me, the war is over and it makes no difference."

VERDUN, June 26, 1917.

TODAY we ran into Verdun, where we were to have luncheon in the fortress, and passed a most interesting two hours there. The commandant, Colonel A. Dehay, had invited us. We passed through a long barracklike room, where many junior officers were eating, and at the end found a very cozy little mess room used by the colonel and four or five of his officers. It was brilliantly lighted by electricity.

Several things attracted my attention. In each corner there was a cuirass, bearing on its face the eagles of the empire. Over the door was a frame carrying the motto under glass of "*Verdun: On ne passe pas.*" On one wall a picture of a French soldier's grave, the little cross with a chasseur cap hanging on it, and beside it a dog in the moonlight with his head raised toward heaven.

Yesterday Queen Amélie, the Queen Mother of Portugal, who is a Bourbon princess, had visited the fortress and taken luncheon with the colonel, and they said I sat in the same chair at his right today. The queen had nothing on me! Captain de Galhffet, with some apparent pride, said of her, "She is still French." They said that some time ago two French Bourbon princes, brothers of the Austrian Empress Zita, who are officers in the Belgian artillery, visited Verdun and said, "How we wish we were allowed to wear the French uniform and fight with you!" The luncheon

(Continued on Page 137)

"We, the jury, find for the plaintiff in the sum of $30,000!"

A rapidly driven automobile . . A confused pedestrian . . Shrieking brakes applied in vain . . Weeks of hospital care . . A suit for staggering damages . . Then—"We, the jury, find for the plaintiff in the sum of $30,000!" . . A verdict in keeping with the times . . Ruin for some prosperous man!

ÆTNA-IZE

TODAY the driver of a motor car who figures in an accident has the handicap of public disapproval against him from the start. Juries that once dealt in hundreds now award verdicts for *thousands*. If you drive a car, you owe it to yourself and to your family to be protected *amply* with insurance of unquestioned worth.

Ætna-ize today against loss from liability for personal injury, fire, theft, collision and property damage! Under an Ætna Combination Automobile Policy you can get *full* protection.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Water Damage; Fire; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds; Surety Bonds, etc.

Ætna-ize according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

There is an Ætna-izer (an Ætna representative) in your neighborhood. He is a man worth knowing. He is prepared to procure for you *complete* insurance protection backed by the huge resources of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

More and more, wise insurance buyers are turning to Ætna. Let the Ætna-izer show you how to save time and trouble by obtaining *all* your insurance protection from this one dependable source. Meet the man worth knowing—today.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

WHAT IS RECOGNITION?

Recognition is a thing that grows, gradually and surely, through the years.

It comes as service is rendered. It is born of high business ethics, of experience, of fine materials, and it becomes an asset more valuable than great factories. It is called Good Will.

For twenty years this kind and quality of recognition has been accorded the name AJAX.

And now, at the end of these years, AJAX is stronger and greater, building better and more worthily than ever before.

The ideals of the founders, established a generation ago, are still actively and wholeheartedly the ideals of AJAX today.

There is nothing spectacular about these ideals.

They are simple, old-fashioned standards of workmanship, which have guided the hands and hearts of good craftsmen for many centuries.

To you, the tire user, they mean as much as they mean to us, for they have won and warranted your belief in the sound and consistent quality of AJAX products.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
220 West 57th St., New York City

(Continued from Page 134)

was a very good one, and at the end Colonel Dehay toasted the American Army and flag, and I replied, "We drink to France, without whose aid 150 years ago we might not be here today," which seemed to be accepted as all right.

After luncheon we spent two hours looking through the old fortress. Bunau Varilla said he wished to show me an example of fidelity, and took me in the engine room and showed me a big engine, which he said was a most wonderful example, having been started August 3, 1914, and never having stopped since. To this I lightly replied that I knew a better example of a bigger, better machine, and when B-V looked puzzled and doubtful, I said the French Army went into operation August 3, 1914, and was still working. The French, through an interpreter, strikes one as extremely circuitous, and reminds one of that story of the Chinese interpreter in a court who, translating for a witness about a dog, was asked what color the dog was. After ten minutes of exchange of gutturals, he remarked, "He say black dog," whereupon the judge, who was in a hurry, said, "Thank God it wasn't black-and-tan." However, the sounds are growing daily more intelligible.

PARIS, July 4, 1917.

TODAY has been a day of days for America and France. The War Office asked originally for troops for the Fourth of July and the fourteenth, the latter the Day of the Bastille. Then they wakened to the fact that they had other allies, who might wonder why Americans were invited on the fourteenth and they not. The British, the Portuguese; the Belgians; the Russians, now in a state of discipline where they have had to be withdrawn from the front line, and a captain can enforce no orders until the president of the company has visaed them—they are all allies like ourselves, not to mention any wandering Cubans, Japanese, Liberians, Brazilians, Serbians, Rumanians and Montenegrins that might blow along, not omitting Italy, all of whom are enlisted in the sacred cause of democracy, like ourselves. So they decided to omit allied participation in the Day of the Bastille, and invite us for our own day.

The general had gone to the coast and left me to settle our participation, so I decided on a regimental headquarters and one battalion, in order to get the colors and the band. When he returned he decided to bring a battalion of the Sixteenth, his old Eighth Brigade, with Colonel Allaire's headquarters and one battalion. They came up on the third, were put up in French barracks and generally made welcome. The Y. M. C. A., with big rubberneck cars from the War Office, took them all over Paris in the afternoon, and the colonel kept them pretty well in barracks for the remainder of the day and the night.

The program for today in general was a ceremony in Des Invalides at 8:45, followed by a march across the city to the Picpus Cemetery, where Lafayette is buried; then a luncheon by the American Chamber of Commerce to which officers of rank were invited; then a reception at the Sign of the Stuffed Shirt; and in the evening a dinner at D'Armenonville, a very attractive resort out along the Bois de Boulogne, given by General Foch, chief of the French General Staff.

At 8:30 a French band about the size of our old constabulary band came into the courtyard at 73 Rue de Varenne, where we live, and played a reveille and fanfare a very stirring thing. The general and one officer were to go from there to Les Invalides, where flags were to be presented, one to the 16th Infantry Battalion by the town of Puy, where Lafayette was born; one to the general by the Order of Cincinnati, which has had a branch in France since the days of our Revolution. In addition, the American flag borne by the American Volunteers in this war, now that the regulars are here and the Army is in the saddle, was to be deposited in the Invalides along with other battle flags of days gone by—besides perhaps the flags of Austerlitz, Marengo, Jena, and a score of others.

Colonel de Chambrun and I and one or two others walked over to the Invalides, where officers not actually taking part were expected to stand, he said, and with difficulty made out to get in through the throng which already extended through the broad stretch reaching toward the bridge of the Seine. The ceremony was to be in the inner square, the Place d'Armes of the Invalides, a big paved inclosure perhaps 400 feet on a side, with galleries all around it. All the galleries were full, even to the rounded windows away above them; people in every possible corner and hanging out of crevices.

I had sent Mrs. Cameron two tickets which had been given to me, but did not know until later that she was there. On three sides of this big Cour d'Honneur were lined up the big upstanding men of the 16th Infantry, the missing side being that of the entrance. In the center of the square stood the little group with the flags, an officer or two of staff and some orderlies, and a few officials of the War Office. In the center of the gallery opposite the entrance, midway between the latter and the great gilded dome at the back under which rests the tomb of Napoleon, looking down, as it were, on the stirring scene to be enacted before him, stood a life-size figure of the Little Corporal in the familiar cocked hat and chasseur coat.

The whole atmosphere was redolent of the great days of France, the old Bourbon Church with its memories of the Grand Monarch; the tomb which we all know to be at the back and which makes it a shrine for the world; the little groups of old broken soldiers who find a home here since the days of Napoleon. After waiting a few minutes a band was heard, and in swung a small battalion of French infantry in the now familiar steel trench helmet, long gray-blue coats and putties. They looked very businesslike, though small compared to our tall Americans, and, of course, were cheered loudly.

Then great cheering outside marked the entrance of Marshal Joffre, who may be and doubtless is a great soldier, but looks like a simple old peasant or prosperous banker or butcher from the back districts. In came the marshal, followed by his staff, amid the plaudits of thousands. A moment later the shouts outside and the stirring of the crowd told that the American was approaching, and in came Pershing, followed by a single aide. He was cheered to the echo.

It is early to say what the general will do in the war. It might end before he has a chance. There is always a possible tragedy in the career of every general who starts to serve our hysterical, inefficient people, whose thousand activities at this very moment seem to be moving along parallel lines instead of being converged on the one object, and whose idea of conducting the war seems to be to send clouds of individuals and commissions of every description to visit France, and to talk, talk, talk. But whatever the future holds for him, General Pershing certainly looks his part since he came here.

He is a fine figure of a man; carries himself well, holds himself on every occasion with proper dignity; is easy in manner, knows how to enter a crowded room and is fast developing into a world figure. He has captured the fickle Paris crowd, at any rate, and could be elected king of France tomorrow if it depended on Paris. He has a fine sense of the dramatic—as, for example, the day he first visited the tomb of Napoleon, when in the museum on the other side the tottering old soldier attendant took out the sword of Napoleon and offered to let him take it. Ninety-nine men of any hundred of military men would have taken it and handled it with reverence, but not so our hundredth man. He bowed from the hips without a second's hesitation, his hands at his side, and reverently kissed the sword of the great soldier, and it made a tremendous impression not only on French officers but on our own.

The president of the republic, as they always style him over here, came in, the group in the center was completed. The president, accompanied by General Pershing, walked our lines, the big American striding along and dwarfing the little bourgeois president. Then the flags were presented. To the general a small red two-starred flag of a major general and a small United States flag of the same size, both beautifully embroidered on very heavy silk, and mounted on true lances, each bearing a small silver plate appropriate to the occasion in its inscription. Then the lace-edged flag from Puy, also on heavy double silk and embroidered on both sides. Then the tottering old veterans, a little group who came out to receive for custody the flag of the American Volunteers, which, its field work over, would appear no more on the battle line, but hang, as François Villon put it in If I Were King, in the arches of the old church, "until the king's name is but a golden line in chronicles gray with age."

It was a tremendously moving scene. Perhaps twice in her history foreign troops have entered that old Cour d'Honneur—once in 1815, after Waterloo, again in 1870, after Sedan—and violated that inner shrine of French history; but never before has an ally penetrated with its armed men that holy of French holies. It certainly meant much for France, much for Germany, and, I believe, a new era for America. And no American could look on it without a thrill and the tears starting to his eyes.

The presentation over, the 16th Infantry Band came into the court, and the rollicking strains of a good American marching air pealed forth. The little French battalion marched out, followed by the Americans, who looked very tall and marched with that swing which we are proud to believe characterizes our regulars. The president and Pershing were reviewing them; the geography of the court had been worked out so that each company appeared to march from the back, directly under the statue of Napoleon, the full length of the court, with time to straighten out in column. Fine big companies of more than 200 men each, under our new provisional organization. It was plain to us who have known the American regulars for years that they were not up to the standard, say of '98, for there were so very many recruits; but nevertheless they looked well and swung along, and kept their eyes to the front. How the thousands did cheer to the echo as the head of the column passed under the arch and out into the outer court!

DRAWN BY GATE COLLIER

Mother: "Reginald! How Often Have I Told You Not to Play in the Mud?"

PARIS, July 10, 1917.

THE days glide by and a month has gone since we landed at Liverpool. We are getting our wants before the War Department by cable, but are getting but little action. Inefficiency is inseparable from democracy. General Pershing represents his Government in Europe and is expected to fight its battles when we get some troops over. He no doubt had the complete confidence of those over him or he would not be here. But he gets little attention. The system is to blame. Much is tied up in the President; much in the Secretary of War; and there is no follow-up system in the War Department to get things done promptly or to get them done at all. Our relations with the French are continually embarrassed by delays. Matters come up which have to be cabled to Washington. God knows we cable nothing that we can settle ourselves, but there are some things that are necessarily settled there.

The French call on us for such matters. We say we have not yet heard from the War Department. They then cable their embassy and they send down the attaché to the War Department, and he finds out things, and wires his people, so that repeatedly we get news affecting us through the French War Office before we get it from our own War Department, and some things we get only through the French. No cable ever reached us about the sailing of our first convoy. Four transports sail tomorrow, according to the French, but we know nothing of them. General Biddle, with some engineers, has sailed; but we know of it only through the French War Office. They know at this moment more about the number of troops we expect to get over here by Christmas than we know ourselves. I fancy they do not think much of our coördination system.

PARIS, July 12, 1917.

THE Baker mission left last night for America via England. We shall breathe much freer, now that they are gone; but though they have been of some bother, I am sure their visit will make things easier for us after they return with the knowledge they have gained.

A visitor today was Thomas Nelson Page, our ambassador to Italy and the author of Marse Chan. He is a very pleasant man. The Duke of Connaught is also in town, the uncle of King George. King George and Queen Mary are up at the British front.

I dined tonight where the guest was one of the Philadelphia Drexels—the only non-military guest, I mean. I sat next to him by arrangement of the host, and our conversation ran to the German secret service, and how its agents seem to know all that goes on in France.

PARIS, July 14, 1917.

THE new brigadier general, Peyton C. March, who is to command our First Artillery Brigade, gave us at dinner tonight a very graphic account of the way things are going in the War Department. It must be well-nigh hopeless from the story he tells. He says the Mail and Record Room of the A. G. O. is piled six feet deep with papers not yet recorded, and that knowing there was a cable there from General Pershing asking for him, it took six days to get it from the A. G. O. to the chief of staff. He says—and the statement was confirmed by others who were present—that the chief of staff writes everything out in longhand and does not use a stenographer at all; uses a stub of a pencil and spends hours over things that ought to be handled in seconds. He predicts the roll of the big steam roller about the date Major General Scott retires. He thinks it will be a clean sweep—if a steam roller can be said to sweep.

PARIS, July 17, 1917.

THERE is a trio of ambassadors in Paris just now. Our own Sharp; Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page from Rome;

(Continued on Page 140)

-a new and better method and construction-

The frame of the Lincoln Motor is practically unbreakable because it is made of rolled steel, "Linc-Welded" into a single piece. The "Linc-Weld" process is used at 14 different points in each Lincoln Motor. Even the feet are "Linc-Welded" to the frame.

LINCOLN "Linc-Weld"

# of electric motor design "Linc-Weld"

For the first time, steel actually replaces cast iron in the making of electric motors—and with amazing results!

CAST IRON boilers replaced by steel; automobile castings replaced by steel; and just as cast iron inevitably gives way to stronger, tougher steel, so it now is replaced by steel in the making of electric motors.

Steel makes possible great bridges. It is the skeleton of the modern building. Without it the automobile, the railroad and hundreds of other present-day necessities never would have been perfected.

Yet, only engineers know what an achievement it is to replace bulky, heavy cast iron in electric motors with modern, more efficient steel.

Everyone who knows motors, long has realized the tremendous advantage of substituting steel for cast iron in the frame of the motor and in certain parts within the outer shell.

It had to come—the steel motor.

But it remained for the discovery of the "Linc-Weld" process to make this forward step a reality. And this process is applied exclusively to the manufacture of Lincoln Electric Motors.

"Linc-Weld" used at fourteen different points in each Lincoln Motor as well as in the frame, gives you advantages that are astounding. And there are definite improvements in the rotor, the oiling system, the laminations—improvements possible only with "Linc-Weld."

Lighter weight—greater strength—longer life—lower maintenance cost—these things are obvious. So is better cooling and the consequent ability to handle even extreme overloads.

With "Linc-Weld" the motor becomes a homogeneous whole that is practically unbreakable. In addition, each Lincoln Motor is so immune from water that it can operate for months at a time completely immersed.

And remember this—you can't possibly know modern motors until you understand fully the sensational advantages of this patented "Linc-Weld" process. Mail the coupon for complete information on "Linc-Weld."

THE LINCOLN ELECTRIC COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities

MOTORS

© L. E. Co. 1925

The Lincoln Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

I am interested in knowing more about your Lincoln "Linc-Welded" Motors. Send me your booklet—"A Striking Advance in Electric Motor Construction."

Name .....

Business Address .....

City .. *State*

(Continued from Page 137)

Ambassador Henry Morgenthau, our ambassador to Constantinople. Last night I was invited to dine with the Pages at the Hôtel de Crillon, of expensive memory. It was a big dinner party. McCoy, Collins and I were the only military guests. There were two nurses; Minister John W. Garrett, Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp, Miss Sharp, young Mr. Sharp, his father's secretary; Miss Stanton, a granddaughter of Edwin M. Stanton; Colonel and Madame de Chambrun, and one or two others, including the President's son-in-law, F. B. Sayre, over here with the Y. M. C. A. The dinner was very nice. I sat between Madame de Chambrun and Miss Sharp. Madame de Chambrun is a sister of Congressman Longworth and therefore a sister-in-law of the only Princess Alice. After dinner I sat down to talk to the two ambassadresses, Mesdames Sharp and Page. Mrs. Page is a lovely white-haired woman, a Southerner, interested and interesting. Madame Sharp is a nice billowy type, kindly as can be; no doubt in her youth one of the belles of Elyria, Ohio, from which city the Sharps hail.

It developed in the conversation that Mrs. Page had seen our general order on the duty of soldiers to respect Frenchwomen, French property, and so on, and she thought it was a good order. Mrs. Sharp also was interested. Mrs. Page said that she had seen my name signed to it and supposed that probably I wrote it. Before I could deny it, good old Mrs. Sharp bubbled forth, "Oh, so you are the press agent, are you?" That's the idea our ambassador's wife has of what a chef-d'état major does.

PARIS, August 18, 1917.

WE HAVE recently been returning some of the hospitality received by us in our first days here. One night General Pétain, who is the French commander in the zone of the armies, came in alone to dinner. He is said to be known as Pétain the Brief among his own countrymen. He was a lieutenant colonel of infantry before the war, and taught in the École de Guerre, an institution for the higher training of French officers similar to that revered institution on the banks of the Potomac where I spent so many long hours last winter. He is a man about fifty-seven, I should judge, blue eyed, blond mustached, bald to the ears, erect in his carriage, and gives the impression of alertness and energy.

He is extremely direct in his conversation, frank to the point of brusqueness. Though known to his own people as the Brief, he did not seem to me to find the sound of his own voice at all disagreeable or to be particularly brief in getting through what he had to say. Perhaps "brief" would be better translated as "brusque." He launched forth a stream of terse, concise talk that practically held the center of the stage during the entire dinner, pausing occasionally for the interpreter, our Major Frank Parker, who is on duty at French General Headquarters and speaks French and was present, to render him in English. Parker would get about half of it, and would sometimes forget his subordinate rôle as interpreter for General Pershing and reply on his own to General Pétain. The latter's French was so distinct that I was able to follow his conversation very well.

Pétain seems very frank and direct in his dealing with General Pershing, but I have not full faith that he regards these exchanges on official matters at social events quite so seriously as we are apt to do. Letters that come from his staff to ours, or that are written by them for his signature, are not always in accord with his expressions at the table. This whole question of our relations with the French high command is going to be maneuvered by them to rush our general off his feet if he is not extremely careful.

When the French Mission was in Washington the so-called Plan de Nivelle was spoken of, which was no less than an outspoken attitude that the French wished our participation in the war to take the form:

1. Of sending thousands of laborers, railroad and otherwise, carpenters, miners, chauffeurs, foresters, and the like, to work for them; but no fighting troops.

2. That such fighting troops as we sent, if we really thought we had to send some to save our national face, come in the shape of recruits, to be fed into their depleted battalions to serve under the French officers, losing their identity as Americans as far as any control of them by other than French officers was concerned. It is fair to say that General Bridges, of the British Army, expressed the same idea, except that he wished the British Army to get its part of our men.

I doubt if the Allies were very enthusiastic about our coming into the war as we have until they found that was the only way we would come. But even our peace-loving people would hardly stand that sort of participation in which we merely furnished men as food for powder to replace Frenchmen and Englishmen in their own battalions. The French seem to me still to be working as near that plan, however, as they can, and I am satisfied will not scruple to force General Pershing, if they can, to put his troops in the line in driblets—a regiment here, a battalion there, a little artillery somewhere else—instead of giving him in time his own sector of the front line in which America may exert the power of her then trained legions.

There seems to me already an inevitable reaction from the first enthusiasm over our arrival, due to misconception of our state of preparedness and an idea of theirs that the arrival of our division meant an immediate appearance of our men in the front line. It was sure to come, for the most exaggerated stories have been current among the lower and middle classes of the numbers in which American troops have been arriving. Our appearance in the front lines, except for an occasional day there for training purposes, is still months away. Troops can remain in the trenches only a few days, and there has to be a force of the same size resting to relieve them. For each of two such units there must be practically 100 per cent of replacement troops, because a division sometimes loses three-quarters of its strength in a day.

Practically, then, our participation or first appearance in the line with a force of a division, say, means that we must have at least four trained divisions in hand—one in the line, its relief immediately behind and two others to replace losses in extreme cases for the other two. That period will not be reached with us until at least February. That will be midwinter in a severe climate; so much participation from America cannot be expected before spring.

When this finally is borne in on the French I shall not be surprised to see extraordinary pressure brought to bear to force us in before we are ready. To this will be added some misguided clamor from our press at home, which will not understand the long delay and will begin a howl of "On to Richmond!" as they did in 1862. Supplement this with the adroit representations to the President made by a skillful French ambassador and a high commissioner on the ground, and I can see that one J. J. Pershing will have to set hard his projecting under jaw and stand firmly braced.

General Pershing is a very strong character. He has a good many peculiarities, such I suppose as every strong man accustomed to command is apt to develop. He is very patient and philosophical under trying delays from the War Department. He is playing for high stakes and does not intend to jeopardize his winning by wasting his standing with the War Department over small things, relatively unimportant, though very annoying as they occur. He is extremely cautious, very cautious, does nothing hastily or carelessly. He spends much time rewriting the cables and other papers I prepare for him, putting his own individuality into them. He is the first officer for whom I have prepared papers who did not generally accept what I wrote for him, but it is very seldom I get anything past him without some alteration. I am obliged to say I do not always consider that he improves them, though often he does.

He edits everything he signs, even the most trivial things. It is a good precaution, but one which can easily be carried to a point where it will waste time that might better be employed on bigger things; but he is probably justified in the preliminary stages in which we are. He thinks very clearly and directly; goes to his conclusions directly when matters call for decision. He can talk straighter to people when calling them down than anyone I have seen—I have not yet experienced it, though.

He has naturally a good disposition and a keen sense of humor. He loses his temper occasionally, and stupidity and vagueness irritate him more than anything else. He can stand plain talk, but the staff officer who goes in with only vagueness where he ought to have certainty, who does not know what he wants and fumbles around, has lost time and generally gained some straight talk. He develops great fondness for people whom he likes and is indulgent toward their faults, but at the same time is relentless when convinced of inefficiency.

Personal loyalty to friends is strong with him, I should say, but does not blind him to the truth. He does not fear responsibility, with all his caution. He decides big things much quicker than he does trivial ones. Two weeks ago, without any authority from Washington, he placed an order one afternoon for $50,000,000 worth of aëroplanes because he thought Washington too slow, and did not cable the fact until too late for Washington to countermand it, had they been so disposed—which they were not. He did it without winking an eye, as easily as though ordering a postage stamp—and it involved the sum which Congress voted for national defense at the beginning of 1898 just after the Maine was blown up, and which we all then considered a very large transaction.

His great fault is his utter lack of any idea of time. He is without it, as utterly without it as a color-blind person is without a sense of color or a deaf man is without the sound of music. He is most trying in that respect. An American untried major general cannot keep a field marshal waiting, or miss an appointment with a prime minister, or be an hour late to an ambassador's dinner; and those of us immediately around him are forever his guardians and trying to get him over the line on time. He has a similar lack of comprehension as to guests, and with dinner prepared for ten may bring home sixteen.

Last Sunday we gave a dinner to some people who have been kind to us. Saturday the number, including ourselves, was fourteen. Sunday noon he was away from luncheon; but casting together the number we knew he had invited, it developed that nineteen were coming. French chefs count numbers very closely. Fourteen people means for them fourteen small fish in one course, for example, and everything carefully measured out in proportion. It was Sunday and everything closed, and dinner but five or six hours away, when we learned the cold facts. It took a census of half the hotels in town to square us up for the meal that evening, and half an hour before the dinner the general came in smiling and said, "I saw So-and-So this afternoon and tried to get him to come in to dinner tonight, but he couldn't come. I did ask that stepdaughter of So-and-So, though. She said she would come." And twenty people did turn up. Life was probably shortened a bit for the officer who runs the mess, however.

PARIS, August 21, 1917.

THE general returned today from his journey with General Pétain. He saw the victorious French offensive on both banks of the Meuse yesterday, and the preparation for it the day before. The French took a strip about twelve miles long and from one to three miles wide, including several villages, and a ridge that they have long wanted. They did it splendidly. The artillery preparation was thorough and efficacious and flattened out the German trenches completely. The French infantry advanced and took between 4000 and 5000 prisoners, and there were a considerable number of dead. Commanding one of the French divisions was a general who as a field officer was with General Pershing in Manchuria in Kuroki's army. Standing together yesterday, they recalled a German officer there at the same time, and our general asked the Frenchman if he knew where Von Etzel was. The French general said, pointing dramatically to the front, "He is commanding one of the German divisions on our front." The preparation for the fighting has taken some time and some casualties have occurred every day.

Three days ago a young French nurse was wounded by a fragment of shell striking her between the eyes and on the forehead. The general, Pétain, had been informed of it and took General Pershing to the hospital where she was lying in a room, her face bandaged so she could not see. The French do these things well: and General Pétain decorated the girl for her bravery, giving her the Croix de Guerre. With us, Congress would have debated the merits of the case until the nurse's grandchildren were doddering old men and women before allowing the decoration to be given. Here the general confers the coveted cross while the memory of the deed is fresh in men's minds—and it makes more men go out and win crosses *de guerre*. He told her he was General Pétain, and that he had with him the American General Pershing. She said to General Pershing in French, "I am glad to meet you, for I wish you to see what Frenchwomen are willing to suffer for France."

These trips with Pétain are much to the advantage of both. Their relations must be close to be effective. Both are strong men, ambitious, of the same age; each aspiring to be the hero of the war for his own country; neither of them averse to power; each in a sense ruthless in going to his ends. Their relations in the next year will be extremely interesting to observe—and, were the observer a young man, perhaps to profit by. This particular observer was born too soon. His future is behind him with his lost youth.

General Pershing is evidently studying Pétain very closely. The question of the employment of our Army is to come up. France has more than 1,000,000 men in the field; they are waning and ours are coming. Should nothing go wrong and the war continue, we shall have more than they a year from now.

For the present the French attitude is at times very distinctly patronizing. We are doubtless looked upon somewhat as amateurs, though the average professional level in our commissioned ranks is higher than theirs. Our numbers now are, of course, trifling; but we are coming. Pétain has sent in several suggestions that have been distinctly patronizing, and in which he has played all around the word "order" without quite using it. He will do well to omit that word from his repertoire.

Our general is very cautious, thinks very deeply; takes no false steps; knows his ground, and he knows who holds the whip hand, if one may use that word in speaking of relations with an ally. France depends on America and she shall not depend in vain. We can afford to be generous and it shall never be said that we were not. But our relations, it will be explained to General Pétain, are those of coöperation.

The general is going to suggest to him that their dealings had better generally be direct and personal instead of by correspondence; that they treat each other exactly as equals on the same level; that General Pétain's interests as well as his own, and those of their respective countries, will be best served so. I think they will be great friends; that each will probably be a hero in his own country; and that together with Haig they will carry the war to a victorious conclusion. But it will be on a strictly coöperative basis—no orders, no patronage. General Pershing and General Wood are the only two American generals I have had dealings with that struck me as having the head for the part.

The Germans have won the war so far by beating their enemies in detail. When the French have gone forward the British have not; when the British have been ready the French have been delayed. It has been a seesaw; two badly trained horses pulling separately instead of together. Great Britain is engaged in too many subsidiary operations. Such operations are only justified in war when they have a direct bearing on the object of the war.

The place to beat the Germans is where the Germans are, and that is on the western front, not in Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Egypt or Saloniki. The fighting in those regions is purely in the interest of Britain's political and commercial supremacy in Asia and Africa. It ties up a tremendous amount of shipping which is needed to bring us into the war, all sides realizing that France and England are nearing the end of their man power.

Our diplomacy is poor as usual. We have had no representation in the conferences that decide these things and which England has dominated. We were invited to the last one, but our canny home Government hid its head in the sand and pretended not to know that anything that involved us in world politics was going on. England, with a strong navy, fears to risk it in ending the U-boat business by attacking Heligoland, and thereby leaving America with a stronger navy at the end of the war. Here, as with poor France, we hold the whip hand, too, if we had in our high councils in diplomatic matters a strong heart or head. Oh, for adequate national leadership!

Editor's Note—This is the first of five articles by General Harbord. The next will appear in an early issue.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOX OF CANDY!

"On Choosing Chocolates"
"Samplers Old and New"

Two illustrated booklets, either, or both, of which will be sent on request.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

POWER

(Continued from Page 33)

Yet I felt oddly old and depressed during the rest of my hurried stay in New York. The city once more dwarfed me into insignificance, and the light-heartedness of my fellow officials left me moody and morose. I seemed older in spirit than my kind. And this more than ever came home to me when, on my last day, I met Smallwood, of the Central. My visit to him was a routine one, but the impression I carried away was exceptional, and it helped me along in that belated handmade education of mine.

I'd heard a good deal of Smallwood for a year or two, and when I got into his office I expected to see a grizzled veteran with three chins over his collar and a bay window under his vest. Instead of that, I found myself face to face with a stripling of about twenty-six or twenty-seven. He had a smooth face and a clear eye and he was at the phone, talking over long distance, when I was shown into an office without a cuspidor on the Chinese rug. Smallwood smiled and good-naturedly waved me into a seat and kept me waiting there for exactly twenty-two minutes.

But I didn't regret that wait. I learned something. For Smallwood stopped long enough to explain that he was calling up a yardmaster on the Ashburton branch, five hundred miles away. Then the general superintendent was called up. I could see Smallwood jotting down data as to loadings and deliveries, figures as to car movements, facts that came in to him over five hundred miles of wire, and I was naturally interested. When he got through I asked him, man to man, why he used that direct, personal-contact method instead of having the usual formal reports coming in through the usual organized channels; for it was, of course, a new trick at running the old game.

He laughed in a boyish sort of way and said he'd always worked it in that fashion since he was a yard clerk. And what was more, it was still standing the acid test of the more extended operations. He used the same method, in fact, with each of his divisions. He'd had the acumen and the energy to go over each one of his terminals, mile by mile and point by point. He'd walked every foot of the yards and faced every yardmaster and official and made himself acquainted with every physical peculiarity of every district. That meant he carried back with him a first-hand knowledge of what lay out there on the firing line. The result was that he could take a report and at once visualize the territory to which it applied. His camera eye at once painted every detail of the full picture those figures suggested, and that gave him a chance to understand conditions and estimate results. What was more, his crisp morning talk with each of his officials kept his contacts humanized, kept his fighting line alert and responsive, and gave him what he wanted without the loss of precious time.

I stowed away that information for future use. I also got the figures—which I later put up to Big Sam—of the saving in small-wheeled Santa Fes for hill hauling out of our coal mines. We'd been botching along with older and lighter engines and breaking our trains at the foot of the grades and doubling over, instead of making a straightaway haul. And still another thing I carried back with me and got a pat on the back for was a new grass seed from Holland, a long-rooted grass especially adapted as a soil binder for our cuts. It may sound trivial enough, but that Dutch grass was a godsend to the old D. & B. where the wind had once blown the sand dunes over our rails and the water had once washed our culverts full of silt. We eventually decorated our slopes and cut banks with living green and at the same time were able to anchor Mother Earth where we wanted her anchored.

VII

IT WAS about this time that Big Sam began to show his first signs of a break-up. People liked to say that his great brain had burned up a body that was too frail for it; but much as I respected the big boss, I was never able to take that brain-burning business very seriously. I always felt that Sam Callard's troubles were largely due to the foolish way he treated his own stomach. Many a time, in the old days, I've seen him buy a five-cent bag of peanuts and make his lunch of that, munching them as he worked. And even after he had a private car and a chef of his own, some strange kink in his make-up kept him to his earlier breakfast rule of buttermilk and oatmeal, which, I always felt, as I was forced to share the morning meal with him, was not fit fuel to pour into the human engine.

Frugality, I suppose, was at the root of it. For with all his astuteness, Big Sam, toward the last, developed some strange habits of saving. He was always hoarding string—string of any kind or size, string from a gunny sack or string from a store parcel, tucking it away in his pigeonholes and his vest pockets until he couldn't pull out a watch or a train master's report without trailing with it a mouse nest of soiled cord loops. He would have stopped a train, I think, to pick up a ball of twine along his right of way. He got a bit queer, too, in the matter of saving paper. Instead of using letterheads or department pads, he'd carefully cut open old envelopes and store them in a pile for inscribing his notations on. He could never be persuaded that the time he lost in this was worth a great deal more than the paper he saved. He'd even dig down into my waste-paper basket and go back to his office happy with a handful of used envelopes, protesting as he went that times were hard and the boys must learn to economize.

It was childish, of course, and it depressed me more and more to realize that the big boss was getting snow on his headlight. But as Big Sam's health grew worse and his always withered body withered up until it looked a good deal like a mummy's, I learned not to resent his little peccadillos. He was still shrewd enough in the bigger movements of our system, and he was taking me more and more into his confidence as we fought for our place in the sun. When the specialist from Chicago diagnosed his case as one of pernicious anæmia and put him to bed, I was instructed to make a daily report to the patient. The road still came first. He understood everything we told him, but we could see him drying up before our very eyes.

It was the day after I gave Big Sam a pint of warm blood out of my own veins that I was officially made general manager of the D. & B. Blood transfusion was new in those days and the operation was not so successful as the specialist from Chicago had hoped to see it, and it wasn't so easy as I expected, though I kept that part to myself. A sorehead or two even said I bought my position with that pint of blood. But Big Sam knew better. He even liked me, I know, in his own grim way. And since he had no one of his own to follow after him, he turned to me to see to it that his unfinished work was carried out.

"It's a crusade, man!" he said, in his thinned voice, that last day I talked with him. "It's the bigness of the thing that saves you, Rusk, when the little things would break you. Remember that! And link us up, lad, from seaboard to seaboard. That's worth living for and fighting for, no matter what it costs."

His bony hand pressed mine. I could feel an odd thrill go up and down my spine.

"We'll go from coast to coast!" I said, and I said it with my jaw clamped.

The faded old eyes studied my face. Then the mummylike head moved slowly up and down.

"You'll do that!" he said with a sigh of contentment.

And those were about the last words that passed between us. Sam Callard died that night, a little after midnight, before I could get to him when they sent for me. But I've never forgotten that last talk we had together. And as I remember it, strangely enough, I remember another scene in another place, a good many years later. It was the night my own son Newt happened to be up in the offices above our terminal yards. It was a clear and frosty evening and the yard lamps shone ruby and emerald and amber through the still air. They shone through a wash of steel-blue dusk cut by an occasional headlight and threaded by an occasional train with windows of serried gold, moving slow, like a snake with golden scales. Newt stared at it for quite a long time.

"Why, there's poetry in that!" the damned pinhead had the presumption to tell me, as though I hadn't made that discovery before he was knee-high to a grasshopper, even though I didn't carry a volume of free-verse around in my pocket!

I was a pretty busy man during those earlier years of my operating work, and I'm afraid I didn't give as much time to my family as I ought to have done. Aggie was a good wife, and I guess she worked about as hard in building up our home as I did at building up our road. This is the period when some touch of softness should have shown in my make-up, I suppose, for it was about this time my children began to appear on the scene. But those earlier fighting years didn't give me much chance for softness. And when my first-born, Newton, came to us he came after such a hard struggle that we thought we were going to lose his mother.

He was fragile from the first, and worry over him and Aggie seemed to swallow up the joy of having a son and heir. Newt, in fact, gave no signs of being a Rusk. He belonged to the other side of the family. Even as a little tike he had the power of disturbing me by his feebleness and nettling me by his finickiness, just as my oldest girl, Natalie, who came along a year and a half later, annoyed me with her tantrums and temper.

Tassie, my younger girl, was all right, with enough Rusk in her to make her know what she wanted when she wanted it; but I found it hard to forgive her for not being a boy. Tassie and I cleared up that little trouble, however, when the next baby came. For the next was a boy. That was my last son, Kenneth. He was a Rusk from ear to instep, was Kennie, and we took to each other and understood each other from the first crack out of the box. Husky, thick-shouldered, strong-willed, but loyal to his likes and dislikes and loving everything with wheels, Kennie was my first child who taught me the meaning of fatherhood. Before he was two years old he had learned to love a locomotive, and "choo-choo" was the first word he said. Newt took to picture books and prettiness, but Kennie loved power. I began to feel that I had someone to follow in my steps, to take up the big job when I laid it down.

Aggie used to complain about me being a stranger to my own family, but most of my time and energy had to go to my work. A lot of the time I couldn't even sleep home, and a job that keeps a man on the wing seems to puzzle and pique a woman.

So Aggie did what many another woman has done. She made up a little world of her own, without counting me in it. She went her way and I went mine. It was a mistake, though I didn't realize it until it was too late. I can't even quite make out when the switch was turned and we first began heading in different ways. All I know is that we were both a little lonelier than we ought to have been. Aggie had the children, of course, in her younger days; and when they slipped out of her reach she had her Christian Science. That was the big hook that came down the line to lift her wrecked hope back on the rails.

Yet it was the children that made the first big difference with Aggie. They seemed to stir in her some first faint craving for position. She wanted the coming generation to better itself. She gave more thought to those things that would move the family up a peg. And when the salary I pulled down grew bigger and bigger, she became more and more set on establishing herself in society. That meant nothing to me, of course, for it's not where you come from but where you're going that counts in my world, though Aggie, I noticed, referred less and less to the fact that she'd once lived on a farm. She wanted a better house on a better street. She wanted better clothes and better furniture. And although she'd seen the day when she sat on a three-legged stool and milked a brindled cow, she soon grew to feel that people in our position couldn't do themselves justice without a second maid who'd be willing to wear a muslin cap and apron and push a tea wagon into the parlor when the whist game was over.

Another thing Aggie wanted, as we moved up in the world, was a summer place. That was a more or less new movement in American life, in our part of the country—the owning of an auxiliary home somewhere on the water front, where the family could play and rest and keep cool during the dog days. I'd encouraged that sort of thing along the D. & B., for it brought us a new brand of traffic; but I'd never thought of it seriously as a personal venture. It wasn't until after the spring when Kenneth, my second son, arrived on the scene that I saw any reason in Aggie's clamor for a cottage at Old Willow Beach, where the more prosperous people of our town were one by one acquiring places. I felt at first that it was too far away, and that I'd be seeing my family only every other Sunday, and I didn't like eating in the railway restaurant. But Aggie looked thin and white that summer, our home water supply was bad, and when I saw the chance to take over the Moore cottage on a foreclosure sale, I paid my money and bought my place.

After the coming of Kenneth, Aggie and I, I think, understood each other a little better. She had given me a son in my own mold, and I liked the thought of having somebody to carry on for me. And busy as I was, I made it a point to give a little more time to my family. I still have the old silver watch with the crisscross lines on its case that helped to cut Kennie's teeth, and I still have the little wooden train of toy cars he used to trail around after him. He took to that train like a duck to water. He called it his "puffer-train." It always used to make me feel, when I'd sit watching him, that he was cut out for a railroad man, that he was going to show himself a chip of the old block.

But it wasn't to be. For God took my Kennie away from me before he was three years old. That was the summer we had the first tie-up on our line. It was also the summer that first brought me into contact with Wat Hosmer, the labor leader, who'd been so quietly organizing up and down the road and boasted he'd have me broken before the leaves fell.

Hosmer had his innings all right, that summer, for we had no inkling of the work he'd been doing behind our backs. He'd found his chance and tied us up, and we were fighting night and day to break the blockade and get a wheel moving. But the state authorities refused us military protection, the local sheriff was against us, and we had to swallow the bitter pill of seeing freight cars burned up by men who should have been manning them along the rails.

The first gang of strike breakers we brought in were stoned and the second bunch were shot at from the shed ends. They may have deserved it, for they didn't even know the signals. But after that I knew there could be no compromise with Wat Hosmer. It was a fight to a finish, and that bull-necked agitator was fearless enough to tell me so to my face. So I took him at his word. I fought him day by day, while our freight rotted and our rails rusted, and God knows how it might have ended. But in the heat and the dust of it all I got the message from Old Willow Beach—the message that my Kennie had been drowned. He had fallen off the boat landing at our summer cottage trying to reach for his little toy train.

It took the fight out of me like a knife blade between the ribs. It bowled me over. Then it made me sit up, like a man wakened out of a sleep, and ask myself what all the scheming and planning and fighting was for. It seemed ghostlike and shadowy, all of a sudden, that working and toiling to build something that somebody would some day take away from you.

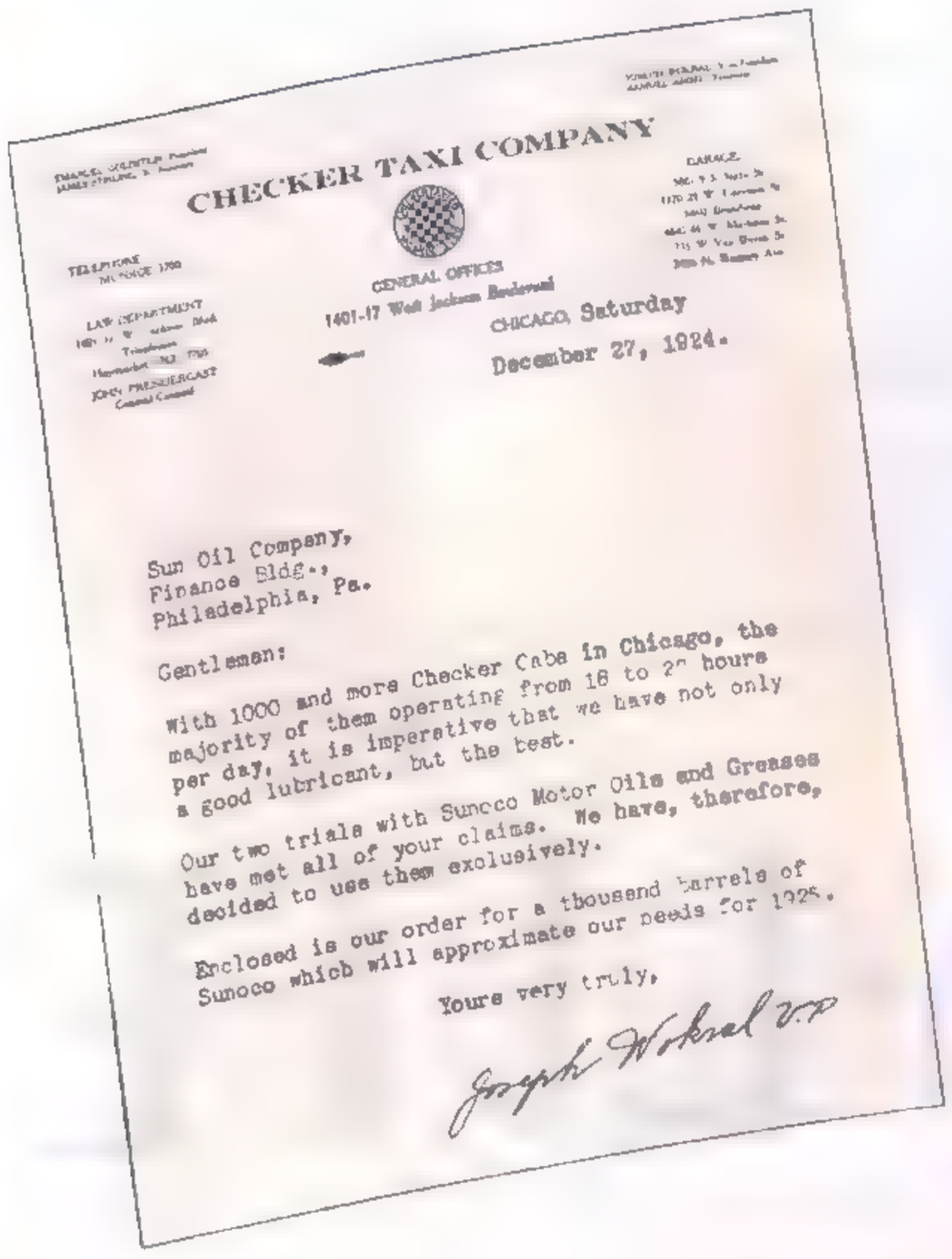
It wasn't easy to keep a stiff upper lip when I got to the Beach and stood face to face with Aggie. She was very white, but she scarcely shed a tear. It was stifling hot weather, with the roof shingles cracking in the blistering sun and no wind stirring the lake and the shallows spotted with the white bellies of the perch that had died in the warm water. The one thing we wanted was to get away from there, to get Kennie home for his long sleep.

But it wasn't until I got through to Blankton with the little white coffin that I woke up to the fact there was no way of getting home. We hit our own road there, and on that road not a wheel was turning. It was tied up by the strike.

I dug out Fighting Kearney, who was man enough to feel sorry, but said he was helpless. Then I took him around to where Kennie's coffin stood, with his mother beside it, all in black. She seemed as pitiful as the wilted wreaths on the casket. Kearney agreed to go back and talk it over with the committee. They finally consented to give me a special, an engine and one car behind it, to carry my Kennie home.

(Continued on Page 147)

Approved by 1000 *taxi-drivers*



CHECKER TAXI COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES
1401-17 West Jackson Boulevard

CHICAGO, Saturday
December 27, 1924.

Sun Oil Company,
Finance Bldg.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

With 1000 and more Checker Cabs in Chicago, the majority of them operating from 18 to 2[illegible] hours per day, it is imperative that we have not only a good lubricant, but the best.

Our two trials with Sunoco Motor Oils and Greases have met all of your claims. We have, therefore, decided to use them exclusively.

Enclosed is our order for a thousand barrels of Sunoco which will approximate our needs for 1925.

Yours very truly,

Joseph Wokral V.P.

YOU realize that taxi-cabs offer as accurate and severe a test of motor oil as can possibly be had. To make money, taxi-cabs *must* be kept on the street; *out of the repair shop*. The Checker Cab Company of Chicago operates over 1000 cabs, from Cadillacs, Pierce-Arrows, Marmons, on down to the less expensive makes. Since the drivers own their own cars, Sunoco Motor Oil has, therefore, the approval of over 1000 individual cab driver-owners.

Sunoco Motor Oil is keeping Checker Cabs "on the job"; more effectively than ever before. Checker found that out. They buy Sunoco because they have demonstrated its superiority and its economy.

Every type of Sunoco Motor Oil is pure and absolutely uniform; wholly distilled; not compounded with "cylinder stock." It cures carbon troubles by preventing them.

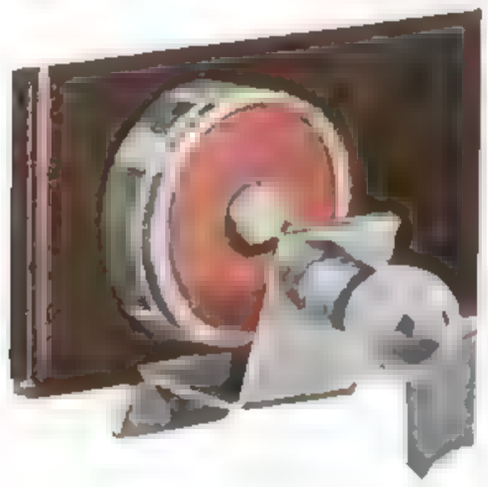
Checker also uses Sunoco Transmission Lubricant because it retains its body and will not channel or become rancid; Sunoco Pressure Lubricant and Sunoco Cup Grease because they will not harden and clog bearings.

What Sunoco has done for Checker and for countless others, it can do for you. There's a type of Sunoco that's right for your car. Ask for it; insist on getting it. Then stick to it.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
Sun Oil Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

SUNOCO
THE DISTILLED OIL

This TEST Guarantees



Thousands of merchants have put in this new cabinet for *Your Protection*

Use *this new* Safeguard

Buy *tested* batteries and lamps from this Ray-O-Lite Cabinet.* Thousands of progressive merchants everywhere have provided you with this newest assurance of quality and power. With your own eyes you can see that the goods you buy are fresh and full-powered—amply able to render the long life of usefulness built into them in our laboratories. There is a store near you displaying the Ray-O-Lite Cabinet. Buy your batteries, flashlights and lamps there and insure your own satisfaction by insisting on the test.

*For every dry cell use, you can buy batteries identified by Mr. Ray-O-Lite—Your Guide to Guaranteed Batteries.

FRENCH BATTERY & CARBON COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

ATLANTA DALLAS KANSAS CITY CHICAGO NEW YORK MINNEAPOLIS

RAY-O-LITE

Perfect BATTERIES

Buy
Tested Ray-O-Lite
Batteries & Lamps
from this cabinet

Flashlights & Batteries

This Jury of Duofold Owners Gives the Reasons

Why This Pen Outsells any Other Though Hosts of Pens are Lower-Priced

Says a hotel man:

"My Duofold was used by 31,000 hotel guests and their different styles of writing didn't alter the point one iota."

Four train dispatchers declare:

"It's the only pen that stands our gruelling pace, eight hours a day, six days a week. It's worth twice as much in the hand as it costs in the show-case."

States an author:

"Its 25-year point makes writing luxurious because it's so beautifully smooth and quiet-going. And its full-handed grip doesn't try to elude the fingers. A gentle hold never tires my hand."

A salesman says:

"I laid down a black pen in a post office and walked off and forgot it. Then I bought a Parker Duofold, and its black-tipped lacquer-red color always flashes my eye this friendly caution: 'Don't leave your pen behind!'"

Two women speak thus:

"Its color makes it easy to find on my desk," says a young business woman. And a fashion writer declares, "It adds a gay touch to any costume."

Says an artist:

"It has classic lines." "And balanced symmetry," adds a golf expert.

An executive writes us:

"I signed 1067 checks in 1 hr., 30 min. without once refilling its Over-size barrel."

* * * *

Months ago when 17 college professors asked their classes what pen they would pick for themselves, 97% more students than named any other answered, "Parker!" And more Parker Duofolds are seen in the classrooms today than ever before.

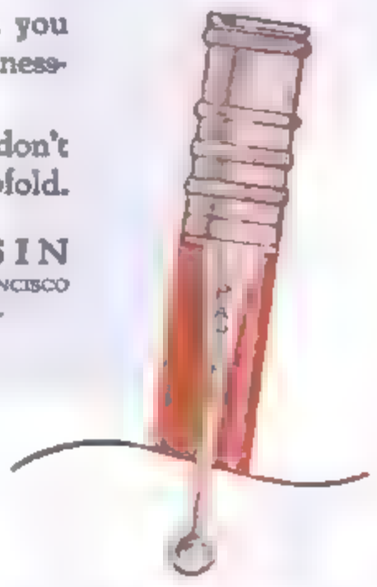
$7 is all it costs to own this speedy sure-fire writer with the Over-size Ink Capacity and 25-year guaranteed point—the classic of pens that will give the world the kind of impression you are capable of creating by a characterful, business-like hand.

Stop at the first pen counter and try it—don't lag behind a world that now writes via Duofold.

Red and Black are Canton-ation Marks Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Duofold Takes Longer to Fill Because of Its Over-Size Ink Capacity. Press the Button once, release and count 10, before you withdraw the Pen from the ink.

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager



New OVER-SIZE Duofold Pencil to Match the Over-Size Pen **$4**

Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Pencil **$3.50**

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50; Over-size, $4* · SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN. · THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 3 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENG.

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

With The 25 Year Point

OVER-SIZE $7

(Continued from Page 142)

But they had to get Wat Hosmer's O. K. to that. And Hosmer sent back word that no union man of his would drive an engine that I rode behind. He was so soured and bitter that he couldn't see straight, and that's what I pointed out to the boys when I got them together. They were with me to a man, but they were afraid of their scalps, for it was labor's first tryout on that system and Hosmer had them buffaloed into believing he was the only prophet who could lead them out of the wilderness. So they went as far as they dared. They gave me an engine and a day coach, or at least they let me help myself to one. But they couldn't give me a crew.

So I drove that engine myself. I tugged on a pair of oil-stained overalls, and found a mill fireman to stoke coal for me, and pulled out of Blankton with my own strikers passing a bunch of greenhouse calla lilies in to Aggie and standing with their hats off as we got under way.

That special was the first train to move along our rails in thirteen days. I wasn't giving much thought to that fact, for I had other things to worry about. But a queer thing happened. Up the line, they couldn't quite understand that movement. It meant just one thing to them, in view of the slogan Hosmer had tried to paste all over our system—the slogan of Not a Wheel Moves Here! When the Boulton dispatcher saw us coming, as I found out later, he went to the key and said "Strike's broken" over the wire. For the wheels were moving, and he'd seen 'em. That message ran along the road like wildfire. And point by point the men came slipping back before Hosmer and his committee could get their announcements out, and once they started they made it a stampede. There were some schedule and seniority wrinkles to iron out, of course, but they'd suffered enough to make them reasonable and we'd lost enough to make us tolerant. But the important point, the unexpected point, was that this special had broken the deadlock. We left Wat Hosmer high and dry, without even knowing we were doing it, and the lifeblood of traffic once more moved up and down our line. But Hosmer wasn't of the breed that takes defeat lightly. He came to me with red in his eye and was human skunk enough to proclaim that it was all a dodge of mine, that I'd fought behind the body of my own dead child

I was a little worn out with overwork that week, and my nerves weren't as steady as they ought to have been. But that put the match in the powder barrel. I could feel something snap at the back of my head as I got up from my swivel chair and rounded the desk. I've always felt that Hosmer didn't expect me to hit him, he stood so bull-like, with the sneer still on his face, as I stepped up to him. But my fist caught him full on the face and he staggered back so heavily that he tore the imitation mahogany guard rail up from the office floor. He went through it with a crash, and I was after him before he could get back at me.

I struck him a second time. But he caught at my knees as he fell, or as he turned over on the floor, and we both went down together. We rolled about there, fighting like two bull alligators in a swamp. We were no longer reasoning and reasonable human beings. We were just two maddened husks of hate pounding each other's bones as we tumbled about and battered each other's faces when we could get clear for a blow It was foolish, of course. It was worse than foolish, for issues aren't settled that way Passion solves no problems. You can't pound a respect for your viewpoint into your enemy's carcass.

But whatever happened, I at least pounded into Wat Hosmer a respect for my arm muscles He was a husky specimen himself, and I imagine he'd reaped most of his earlier triumphs through sheer force of physique. And he'd nursed the idea, since I was an office man, that I was a flabby-fleshed chair warmer and couldn't resent a slander in the old-fashioned style of the bull pen Well, I showed him he was wrong; for I got him down the third time and I guess I would have pretty well ended his career as an organizer if they hadn't swarmed in and pulled me off him as I made him eat those dirty words he'd flung in my face.

He never forgave me. But I've a hunch he never forgot that fight. We were to have it over again, later on, but we were wiser and warier in those later days. We learned to fight in an entirely different fashion. It became less primitive, but it remained none the less passionate. For Hosmer proved an unreasoning enemy; and when you've an enemy of that kind, I've found, he has got to be eliminated. You've got to get rid of him the same as you'd get rid of a copperhead that's crawled into your cellar.

VIII

IT WAS about this time, as I remember it, that the D. & B. began to show a profit. It had taken a long time, but at last the ball was started rolling. A change had come over the Middle West. In a generation, almost, a wilderness had been turned into a dominion of industry. The timber melted away like snow under an April sun, the swamps and sloughs were drained off, the valleys and slopes and plains were taken up and fenced off and checkerboarded into farmlands. Indian trails became roads and roads became highways, and along them appeared hamlets clustering about church spires or false-fronted saloons. The hamlets grew into villages and the villages expanded into towns, and the towns, here and there, turned into cities, and our feeder lines that tapped them ran thick with the corpuscles of commerce. We began to prosper.

But prosperity brought its new problems. We were too big a system by this time to cling to the old family-circle idea. No one man could keep contact with all our officers and employes. I was no longer able to call the yard boys by their first names and ask after the families of a train crew. The easy and off-handed old personal relationship became impossible. And Hosmer, as chairman of the labor organization, was more and more able to show his hand. The brotherhood grew stronger, and as it did so it was able to demand both better wages and a different method of treatment for its members. Their newer schedules, it is true, bit into our earnings and reduced our net income. But I'd been a fireman and engineer myself, and though as an official I was compelled to oppose each new exaction, I couldn't get rid of a secret sympathy for the man in the overalls. I never opposed the honest worker. What I hated was the walking delegate

The growth of our system, too, demanded a more rigorous code of discipline. I was averse, at first, to keeping a card index on a man; but the call for record discipline of some sort prompted me to adopt a modified form of the Brown System. This, of course, could not be applied to officers or the personal staffs of operating officers, for they were close enough under my eye to let me know about what per cent they were functioning. But in every great mass of men there are some either hopelessly incompetent or maliciously destructive, just as there are others not sufficiently responsive to educational effort. And these have to be eliminated.

It also seemed more like all-round fairness to have a personal record of an employe, a record which could be consulted and considered before discipline was assessed, and I made it a rule that discipline letters should be definite. Such a letter had to describe the offense and describe it exactly.

One of my minor clashes with Hosmer arose out of an employe being assessed demerits for delaying a passenger train, the offense being a failure to clear the time of a first-class train, as required by rule. The real cause was poor coal, producing insufficient steam. This, of course, was grossly improper, featuring as it did the employe's phase of the offense and ignoring the element of the company's contributory negligence. We had to watch our step, for the union mouthpieces were trained men and knew not only their rules and their rights but also were conscious enough of the fact that they could force a tie-up if they had a cause substantial enough for a strike order. And I had a little discipline of my own to absorb. I began to see the wisdom of cutting out the clenched fist and made it an axiom in wage negotiations and discipline disputes never to show temper. For the foxy committee loves to get your goat. They have you at a disadvantage, once they've riled you, about the same as an opposing attorney has a witness on the hip when he can get that witness hot under the collar.

I remember once when I forgot myself because the chairman of the committee of the trainmen's organization demanding bigger wages happened to be Andy Gordon, who'd once worked on an engine with me. That, I suppose, prompted me into forgetting my official position. I let anger take hold of me as I turned on the cool-eyed Andy.

"Then when, in the name of God," I demanded, "are you going to know when your men are getting enough for their work?"

Andy never flickered an eyelash.

"When our poorest paid conductor, Mr. Rusk, gets as much as your best paid superintendent," was his answer; and the business end of that bee lies in the sting that it was partly true or blamed soon about to become partly true.

I don't need to point out that under the Chicago Award certain members of a train crew under certain conditions did draw better wages than the road paid its superintendents. And I'm not kicking about it either, no matter if equal pay for the supervisor and the supervised is sound economics or not. But equal chances and equal freedom and equal respect for one's fellows—those strike me as the things that have made American railroading what it is.

We had to have discipline, of course; but I never was a believer in the long-distance, mail-order brand of discipline, and I never was strong for complaints on paper. The organization schedules which insisted on the accused receiving a personal investigation in the presence of a supporting member were fair and sensible agreements. Cutting off an accused man's chance of a comeback never impressed me as coinciding with an American sense of fair play. But once the infraction was established, punishment had to be adequate and had to be certain. The trouble was in establishing the infraction.

For instance, I remember a yard conductor, pushing cars up an elevated yard track on the river bank, failed to send his helper to the farther end of the cut of cars already on that track to insure against shoving them off at the other end. That oversight was costly, for three cars went over the end and completely out of sight into the river. It was some time before the loss of the cars was discovered by the yardmaster and still longer before the responsibility could be fixed and discipline meted out, in spite of the denials and the protests of the accused. The affair, to me, meant pretty bad railroading. So I stuck to my assessment of twenty demerits, even though a committee fought me tooth and nail for three months. You can't trifle with fundamentals. You're a fool to weaken when you know you're right.

Big Sam had made me strong for economy; but my passion for discipline, I think, was personal. They tell me it took some odd turns I always insisted on brief wires. I demanded conciseness in a report. And they used to call me a martinet in the matter of whistling. Now about the only time a locomotive is vocal is when it talks through its whistle, and when it talks it ought to talk with authority, and not slobber steam across the landscape. Let me listen to his blast, a clear-cut second and a half for his short and an equally clear-cut three seconds for his long, properly timed and cut off and timed again, and I'll tell you if there's a proper breed of throttle puller on the kettle.

But all that, of course, is minor; and the wider field brought me wider problems. I may have fought for economy, and raised hell when I saw a drip from a water tank or a stack of ties being hidden in ragweed, for that meant shiftlessness, and shiftlessness meant waste. I may have stormed at a twister throwing away a lantern and raved at finding a water barrel only half full on a wooden trestle; but when I fought for service and saving, I also fought for good will. I wanted loyalty.

We didn't make such a parade of the words "welfare" and "efficiency" in those earlier days. We didn't father baseball teams and tennis courts and recreation centers for our men, nor did we overburden ourselves with statistical details. But personal force and direct personal relationships were made to count. We watched the man with initiative and rewarded the man who was loyal.

When I inaugurated the system of naming new towns after our officials, Javan Page sneered at the honor I had passed out to him, protesting that his name was sufficiently established without having it painted on a wooden sign in front of a water tower flanked by a section house and a freight shed. So I promptly changed that name to Centerville—and today Centerville is a city of sixty thousand souls with a university and a Carnegie library and seventy miles of paved streets. When I hit on the plan of rewarding our faithful old engineers by naming locomotives after them, and painting that name in gold text on the pilot sides, Hosmer said it was a cheap trick to make up for cheap pay. But I've seen a hogger's wife with tears of pride running down her cheeks during one of our christening ceremonies, and I've seen men work and wait for that gold star until the pepper and salt over their ears turned altogether to salt. And I've seen a better spirit creep through the service because the man at the throttle realized the man in the office was ready to crown his faithful work with a crown that could be seen and understood by his fellows.

I remember an agent we had who was so proud of keeping his station yard spick and span that in his off time he went to a near-by lake and brought in a peculiar red-stone gravel for a right-of-way top dressing. There was no other gravel like it, and it stood out like a raspberry stain on a white linen tablecloth. And that was one of the many things Javan Page laughed at, proclaiming the man an advertiser and protesting that a prettified yard never added a pound of freight to a road. But it added something else. I watched that man. He was more than a window dresser, for his love of thoroughness went right to the core. And inside of twelve years I had the satisfaction of seeing him made train master and superintendent.

Nowadays, of course, conditions are different. Labor has a proprietary interest in its job and that rather complicates the simple old business of firing a man once he falls short of his work. And the politicians have a proprietary interest in your road, and that also cramps your style in the wider movements. The only safe game there, I've about concluded, is to yield gracefully in the little things and remain as hard as iron in the big things. They've got to make a showing. So give 'em the trivialities to stick in their hat. That still leaves 'em a chance to strut around to their constituents and show what they're doing for the country.

But whatever happens, you've got to give 'em the glad hand. Prune juice has superseded the raspberry. Jolly along the grand-stand critics and nurse along your local forces—that's the slogan of today. As I've said before, a G. M. of the old dispensation considered it the proper thing to rant and cuss and pound the table with a clenched fist. He raved and swore around like a negro mule driver flinging blasphemy over his long-eared team. But raving can't get you far when there's a schedule and a book of rules to show you're wrong. And even in operating, the old Missouri way, the fine old way of having a new boss come in and bring his gang with him and throw out as incompetent every former officer of the old régime, is not so fashionable as it used to be; for a job can show a lot of blood when it's murdered, and murder seems to be going out of style.

Only last summer, when labor trouble was leaving us with a shortage of hands for our road work, I had a sample of the changing spirit of the times. A shipment of eggs for one construction camp went astray and the bohunks in the board cars promptly went on strike because the cook couldn't give them fried eggs with their bacon. And on another branch another gang went on strike because a tub of strong butter got shipped in to them. And what made me open my eyes still wider was the discovery that we'd been feeding those roughneck navvies ice cream for every Saturday and Sunday dinner

When I worked an engine in the gravel pits I've eaten muskrat and rabbit stew, and knocked my dinner over with my own hands before I put it in the pot. And besides taking care of my engine, I ran a forge and did enough blacksmithing to keep the work-train cars in repair when Big Sam was canny enough to see that a pit forge could do away with many a long tie-up on the road. Those were the days when a work-train engineer could keep his iron horse in shape for two or three weeks at a stretch, without once sticking its nose into a roundhouse, and a pit foreman was as ready to work all night as all day.

Yet the last time I went up to look at some new gravel pits my business car happened to be sidetracked beside a gang of tie tampers. I sat at my car window and looked them over. They made me think of that slow-camera work you sometimes see in the movies. There was one overalled Tarzan in particular who stopped to roll a cigarette and study the landscape. He bit

(Continued on Page 149)

Exit all old ideas about furniture: enter lasting beauty and strength

Taught by sad experience, people have always expected furniture to become rickety with use. They resigned themselves to the havoc climate plays with cabinet work, to swelling drawers and panels and to loosened joints. They took ugly scars for granted when perfume, medicine or even water was spilled.

All these old worries and heartaches are out of date. Simmons Steel Bedroom Furniture has established wonderful new standards of value and enduring beauty.

Eight complete suites, built entirely of steel, come unchanged through the dampest or driest, coldest or hottest weather. The frames of steel tubing are unbreakable. The joints cannot be wrenched apart. The finishes, baked on in super-heated ovens, are proof against any accident likely to happen in your home.

Let the forgotten cigarette burn. Its slow fire cannot mar the finish or damage the metal beneath.
Drawers cannot swell or shrink; they slide freely and fit snugly, barring dust.
If spilled perfume has as much water, alcohol, medicine or ink leaves no blemish behind.
MAKE TESTS YOURSELF

To appreciate the beauty of Simmons Steel Furniture, you must study the fine lines and proportions of its period and modern designs. See and test its rich finishes, too—smoke blue, coral, jade, Venetian blue, lacquer red or the soft gray (Scheme M) in which Suite 112 is shown here. American and French walnut, mahogany and antique walnut are also reproduced.

Is it any wonder that American home-makers have welcomed this amazing new furniture which *stays new* a lifetime? Your merchant can supply you. Or write The Simmons Co., 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Suite 112, shown here in soft gray, green and black, modern in design. Thirteen pieces, sold separately.

SIMMONS

Steel Bedroom Furniture

and BEDS · MATTRESSES · SPRINGS *Built for Sleep*

SIMMONS furniture

Be sure you find this label on the bedroom furniture you buy.

(Continued from Page 147)

it in two, lit one half, stopped work again and lit the other half. In less than five minutes he rolled another and leaned on his shovel and smoked and studied the heavens. So I took out my watch and timed him between shovel movements. When I recorded him as standing exactly seven minutes without one move to earn his sixty cents an hour, I felt curiosity curl up and die on the hot sands of indignation. I put my watch back in my pocket and climbed down from that car and went up to that Tarzan lost in catalepsy.

"What are you paid for?" I demanded as he rolled a languid eye in my direction; and it made me all the hotter to see he didn't even have the energy to answer me. "Do you get your money for stargazing?" I asked, trying to hold myself in.

He turned completely around this time, and eyed me up and down.

"Who in hell are you?" he coolly inquired.

"I'm the general manager of this road," I informed him, "and when you take money from it as an honest worker you're a thief."

Did he wilt at that? Not for a moment! He merely moved to one side and let his shovel fall across a rail.

"Well, you're a mean-looking old rooster," he remarked, "and I'll be damned if I want to work for you!"

And I couldn't even have the satisfaction of firing him, for he quit on the spot. He not only quit on the spot but he went right over to our rival road and took seventeen men with him, at a time when we were starving for hands and were carrying them free from either coast.

Big Sam, I imagine, would have shot him before he got off the right of way. But times have changed since Big Sam's day. Our huskies used to pump a hand car for hours at a time without a kick Today, bless your soul, every screw spiker and tie tamper supplies himself with a motor car to carry him up and down the line without moving a muscle. They tell us it's economy to give them gasoline, for it both saves time and tends to keep a laborer on the job. But we didn't have those luxuries in the old days It was by brain and brawn we worked out our problems; and we may not have made a bigger showing, but it seems to me we made bigger men.

I suppose it's only natural for the older generation to keep mouthing the old claim, "There were giants in those days!" That's about the only way we can still be loyal to our era. We didn't have the finesse of these newer fellows who come out of college with a headful of trigonometry. We weren't so finicky about equated tonnage in train loading and the decimal digits in ton-mile figuring. But we had the glory of being pioneers. We had rough work to do, and we may have done it in a rough way. But we lived at a time when a man could make his manhood felt in his labor, when a man could take joy in the strength that overcame difficulty, when a man could fight in the open and let the weakling take the count, without wincing.

Don't run away with the idea, though, that we old-timers were only rough-and-ready bunglers in everything we did. We may not have been strong on differential equations, but when there was need for fine figuring we made our sums come out about right in the end, the same as a blacksmith can lay aside his sledge and take a little open-bladed razor in his brawny hand and shave himself from ear to ear, deliberately and delicately, without a nick of the skin. And we did some close shaving in those earlier days We couldn't afford to waste We had to stretch a dollar to cover three times the extent of track that it covered for our big rival. We had to watch our step or Wall Street would get us, just as we had to swallow as we went along or sit down and be swallowed

Every Spoonful of Gravel Under the Ties was my slogan, and for two inches too much I've fired more than one foreman. Iron was still cheap, but we reclaimed every pound of scrap, down to the last spike. We never, of course, bought new rails for branch lines, but used the worn rails from the main line, cutting off the batter at the ends when too pounded down for a decent joint. I devised a thirty-inch straightedge with a multiplying indicator pivoted near one end, to show at a glance the low joints due to batter. We cut our own timber for pile trestles and bents and sills and box culverts, and I patented a pile clasper for dropping over the top of our pointed logs and keeping them from brooming under the pound of the driver. I hit on the staggering of joint bolts to prevent wheel flanges cutting the rail ends free in case of accidental derailments, and among other things they liked to laugh at at first, but later took more seriously, was my portable headlight for night track inspection. It was merely a good big electric lantern with a diffusing reflector that I could stand on the rear platform of my business car, with the beam spread over my roadbed from shoulder to shoulder. That made them call me Hawkeye Rusk for a while. But it gave me a chance to inspect many a mile of track after nightfall and tossed another five hours into my official day.

These things seemed revolutionary at the time, but they were just that brand of so-called common sense that is uncommon enough until someone else puts it under our nose. For example, with us, as with every other road, a pay car had always gone lumbering up and down the line to pay out to the men the money they had earned. Now it costs money to move and guard and operate a pay car, but it had always been done. When I broke that system and inaugurated the simpler plan of paying by check, a howl went up that could be heard from the Susquehanna to the Cheyenne. But it seemed only common sense, once they got used to it. It justified itself and survived.

I can't expect any medals to be pinned on me for what was equally common sense along the other side of the counter. I was making pretty good money by this time, and I was saving it. I believed in the D. & B. and knew what it was going to grow into. So I quietly picked up every batch of its low-priced common stock that I could get my hands on. I capitalized my knowledge, as any other sensible man would do; and knowing from the inside what our reports were going to be, I speculated in that stock and carried over my earnings and picked up enough shares to feel respectably fortified in my managerial position. For they can cut off a head in the railway world about as quick as Robespierre's guillotine got 'em off in the days of the Revolution. And when I knew our right of way was going in a certain direction, I invested in land before the subdivider stepped in to shave the profits.

It was about this time that something happened to fortify me in another line of action.

I don't think I was unduly inflated by any sense of my own moderate success. I knew that I was making money, and I knew that I was making good, and all I asked was to keep on growing as our system grew. I never claimed to be a climber in a social way. I'm made of too hard a metal to be socially malleable. I still feel a bit of a fool in a dress suit, though I've reached the stage where I can tell the difference between a sherbet glass and a finger bowl.

For about seventeen years, as I remember it, Aggie did her best to come between me and my alpaca coat—and the comfortable old alpaca won out in the end. It took almost as long to make me discard the good old nightgown for the pesky pajamas that never cover the small of a man's back. My girl, Tassie, it's true, now attends to all my clothes. She orders them new and sees they are kept in shape, and when she decks me out with a scarfpin that's too nifty for an old roundhouser I quietly pass it over to one of the office boys.

But when the projected reorganization of the board—after we'd absorbed the bankrupt C. M. & T. before the world at large even knew it was on the market—took me to Boston, Aggie was anxious that Mrs. Javan Page should receive us with a friendly hand. Aggie began to sense the fact that New York was going to be our eventual headquarters, and like any other woman of ambition she wanted to link up with a social leader or two. Aurelia Page, of course, knew about all the older families in those older cities. And Aggie, coming out of her customary quietness, pegged away at her point until I put my pride in my pocket and went to Javan Page and suggested that my wife would like to call on his wife during our Boston visit.

I watched Javan Page with a shrewd eye as I put that suggestion to him. He apparently knew that I had power enough to make it more than a suggestion. But he at once sat down and wrote the required letter of introduction. He did so without enthusiasm on the one hand, but without comment on the other. Aggie outfitted herself in Detroit and hid away my black alpaca work coat and we landed in Boston on a raw April day that struck a chill to the marrow and took the joy out of the half-hearted spring sunshine. I was busy with my meetings and conferences and paid little attention to Aggie's discovery that her Detroit togs weren't turning out to be so up to date as she'd expected. But when she armed herself with her letter of introduction and called a cab, I took enough time off to go with her to the Page home on Beacon Street, wondering why that visit seemed to mean as much to her as my whole merger conference meant to me.

The Page home was a poorer looking place than we'd expected to see and two peeks at it showed that it needed either a sand blast or a paint pot. It looked gray and dull and slightly run down, and I wasn't sorry when the Page butler returned with the information that Mrs. Javan Page was not at home.

Aggie seemed to understand better than I did, for her face suddenly lost all its color. I don't think she said six words to me on the ride back to the hotel. But I'd left the letter of introduction and insisted that we could have another try in a day or two.

I was still too thick-skulled to understand the situation. I was a busy man that week, and every ounce of my energy was going to the work of pounding through my merger as I'd planned it. That planning went a trifle farther back than some of the old dunderheads about the mahogany table dreamed. Nearly a year before, for instance, when the bank had sent its railway expert West to investigate us, I'd showed that expert three weeks of the happiest trout fishing he'd ever had. His camps were outfitted with everything from the best Canadian rye to the best diner chef on the road, and he traveled East as mellow as a golden pippin in August. He believed in us and our future, and he said so in his report.

But things weren't going so well that week in my own home circle. Aggie's continued quietness began to puzzle me. Then it began to worry me. She wasn't interested in the Back Bay and wouldn't even go over to see the new public library. When I finally came back from the board room of the bank, pretty well primed up with my own importance over the way I'd been able to swing things, I found my pale-faced better half pining alone in the hotel room. I was flushed with victory, as the papers put it; but Aggie didn't even seem interested in the news I'd brought back to her. And it was a good two hours before I could get the truth out of her.

She told me then, with a foolishly stricken light in her eyes, that Mrs. Javan Page had snubbed her. I told her, knowing what I knew, that Mrs. Javan Page would never dare to snub her. Whereupon Aggie explained that the lady's silence, after our letter of introduction had been presented, could be accepted only as a deliberate cut. She didn't want to know us.

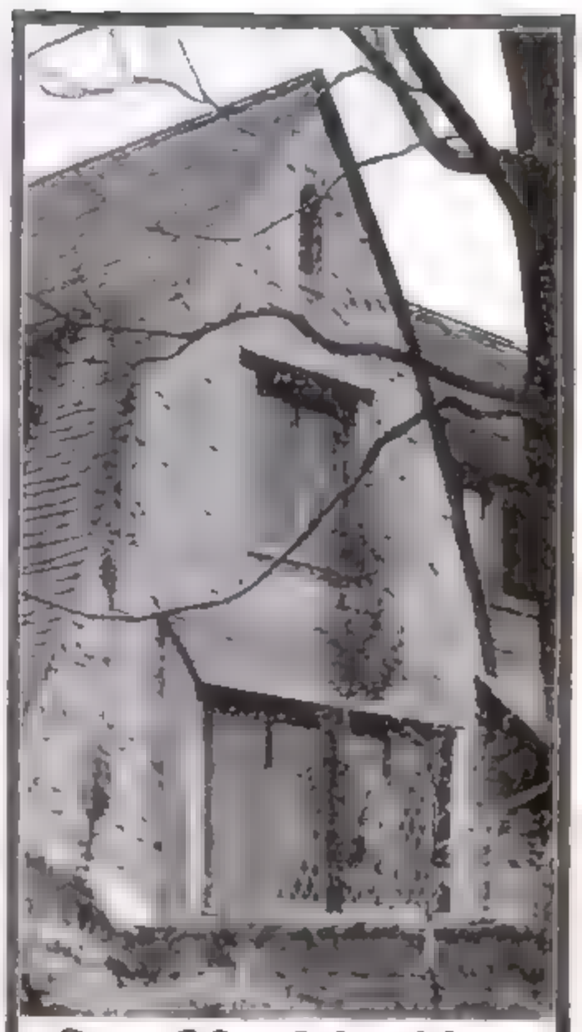
I could afford to laugh at that, for I was still feeling pretty sure of myself. But I could neither jolly Aggie along nor change her mind, and that got my Irish up. I decided to take the bull by the horns. I told my wife that I was going over to see Aurelia Page and get her stand on the matter.

Aggie tried to stop me. But she couldn't have stopped me any more than she could have stopped Niagara. She looked at me in almost a pitying way as I ordered a cab and started out. Women, as I understood later on, have little battlefields of their own, where they snipe with firearms too small for the male eye.

It didn't smooth my feathers any, when I got to the Page house, to find Miss Vinnie stepping down the steps. She was in riding togs and a groom was waiting for her at the curb, where a plump black pony was biting at the bark of a chestnut tree. She'd shot up like a bad weed since I'd seen her last, but I remembered her well enough. When I spoke to her, however, she lifted her pointed chin a little higher in the air, looked me over with a cool green eye and pursued her way to the fat black pony without so much as a word in return.

I was irritated, but I wasn't upset. I was calm enough when I rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Page. The older generation were wiser than the younger They had less to learn about one's chickens coming home to roost—in more ways than one. So I wasn't surprised when the blank-eyed butler returned with the information that Mrs. Page would be down in a moment.

But it was a mighty long moment. I amused myself, however, by looking about



Now You May Have a Brick Home

THERE is no cost obstacle. The fallacy that brick is expensive has been smashed!

Your added investment for a brick home amounts to only a few dollars more than for a well-built house of less enduring materials.

Your savings in upkeep and painting will more than equal the slight difference in only a few years. You have the added advantage that brick homes have highest resale value.

Your architect or experienced masonry contractor will agree with these statements.

Send 35c for these books

Thousands have found in these books the home they want at the price they can afford. They've all been built and lived in—practical and attractive.

"Stippled Brick Work" (15c). Newest effects.
"The Home You Can Afford" (10c). Sixty-two homes in picture and plan for average families.
"Your Next Home" (10c). Sixty entirely different homes. Floor plans and exterior views.
Complete working drawings at nominal cost.

The Common Brick Manufacturers' Association of America
Cleveland

Chicago	Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.	404 Penobscot Bldg.
Hartford, Conn.	226 Pratt St.
Los Angeles	342 Douglas Bldg.
Nashville, Tenn.	Harry Nichol Bldg.
New Orleans, La.	904 Carondelet Bldg.
New York City	25 W. 45th St.
Philadelphia	32 Chestnut St.
Portland, Ore.	811 Lewis Building
San Francisco	816 Sharon Bldg.
Seattle, Wash.	524 Burke Bldg.

for BEAUTY with ECONOMY Build with Common BRICK

The Common Brick Mfrs. Assn. of America
2153 Guarantee Title Bldg., Cleveland
Enclosed find _____ cents. Send books checked
☐ Stippled Brick Work 15c ☐ Your Next Home, 10c
☐ The Home You Can Afford 10c
Name _____
Address _____

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you – doctors and dentists affirm this.

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's. F 33

"after every meal" – the flavor lasts!

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

that room, by inspecting it with a little more interest than I showed in most rooms. It was a gloomier looking place than I'd expected, with a lot of sullen-looking mulberry drapes and a lot of old walnut that might have come out of the ark and a lot of banged-up old brass that must have belonged to the harder fisted of the Pilgrim Fathers. Even the rugs looked faded and neutral, though I could see they had once been genuine Oriental, before the moths and the tea drinkers of Beacon Hill had got at them. Everything in that room in fact looked as if it had come out of the past, the remote but remembered past that somebody was foolishly trying to keep alive a century or two after it had given up the ghost.

And Aurelia Page gave me lots of time to think this over, for after inspecting the room for full twenty minutes and looking at my watch for the fourth time, I picked up a volume of Henry James and nearly went crazy trying to find out what his first page of mental tanglefoot meant to a plain-minded man. It was like working out a time-table to work out one of his sentences. And I was still struggling with one of Mr. James' verbal way freights traveling on smoke orders when Aurelia Page came into the room.

She still struck me as rather handsome, in a cold and thin-blooded way, and I could see a light in her eye that had never been there before. But she fooled me from the first, for her unruffled quietness of manner had the trick of making me feel more at home than I ought to have been. I felt so at home in fact that I didn't stop to do any beating about the bush.

"Your husband," I solemnly explained, "gave my wife a letter of introduction to you."

She closed her eyes on the ghost of a smile. But beyond that, I think, she didn't move.

"Which was altogether unnecessary," she said with a silvery sort of evenness, "as I'd already met both you and your wife."

I found that to be true enough, when I came to think it over, but there was a shadowy sort of contempt in her tone which wasn't exactly to my liking.

"We were hoping you would call on us," I said as I let my glance meet and lock with hers.

It wasn't exactly a reminder and it wasn't exactly an ultimatum. But I wanted her to see that that arctic eye of hers couldn't intimidate me as it probably did the small fry who came to the back door with parcels.

She gave a ghostlike shrug of one thin shoulder as she sank into a chair. She was even able to smile. But it reminded me of winter sunlight on a convent icicle. And as she sat there I don't think the hands on her lap moved once.

"That small-town practice of calling on people doesn't seem to be so sedulously observed in the larger cities," she gently reminded me, and she smiled again. But I caught the malice buried in those folds of gentleness. It was like an open razor blade wrapped in gray flannel.

"Do you feel you don't care to call?" I was foolish enough to demand, and I could see her face harden under my hostile eyes. But she both puzzled and disappointed me by breaking into a laugh.

"You funny man!" she said as impersonally as though she were speaking of a double-tailed tree toad. I could feel a quick tingle of anger go through my body, but I held myself in. I sat and watched her as she crossed the room and placed a tapering finger tip over the bell button on the wall.

"Why funny?" I asked, as quietly as I was able; and it took an effort, for I was boiling inside like a kettle on a caboose stove.

She sighed, almost plaintively, as she turned and looked at me from under her prettily wrinkled brows.

"It's funny, of course, because you haven't the slightest inkling of its funniness," she was gracious enough to explain to me; and it was maddening, because it was so coolly meditative, that speech of hers.

"You mean you prefer not knowing us?" I said as I got up out of her rickety old Windsor chair, where at least six generations of New England snobs must once have rested themselves. I was shaking a little by this time. I was doubling up my fists, without knowing it. And she smiled again as she glanced at my big-knuckled hand knotted together like a prize fighter's.

"I'd scarcely phrase it quite so naïvely," she corrected me; but I knew what she was driving at. I got it like a knife thrust, right up to the hilt, and I had to stand there for a full moment to recover some sort of control over myself.

"Of course, you know what this means?" I said at last, doing my best to speak as calmly as she had spoken.

"That's a matter of indifference to me," she said with a smiling unconcern that took all the blood from my face and left me in a cold sweat of indignation; for it was a challenge, and we both knew it.

We stood there facing each other like two animals facing each other in the quietness of the jungle.

There was nothing more to be said. There was nothing to do. The only thing left, of course, was for me to take up my hat and walk out over the worn rugs and out through the door which the blank-eyed butler had opened for me.

The newsboys were calling out the afternoon papers, with my merger featured on the front page and a two-columned cut of me looking pompous and important above a single-column cut of their great Boston banker. But there was little room for pride in my heart as I pushed through the group of reporters waiting for me in the hotel lobby. It was full of hate, of foolish and bitter hate, caused by a foolish and bitter woman.

And the thing that hurt, oddly enough, was that with all her hardness, Aurelia Page was a beautiful woman. I can still remember that face of hers as I stared into it across the shadows of her mulberry-draped library, finely cut and proudly held, sharpened into a diamondlike coldness by the quiet enmity that had taken all the color from her slightly hollowed cheeks. She had been born to the purple, but I couldn't see that it had made her especially happy. All her life, apparently, she had walked proudly between purple ribbons. She was a proud and haughty lady, happy in the circumstances of her birth and her being. But I knew that she wasn't happy in spirit. And though I was never strong for the double-dyed stupidity of fighting against a woman, I intended to see that she didn't become any happier through what she had done to me. She knew what my position was and she must have had an inkling of my power. Yet she had the courage to cross me. What was more, she had laughed softly and called me "that funny man!"

And when you humble a self-made man, I've found, that man may have a short pedigree, but he's got a long memory.

IX

THE first thing I did when I got back from Boston was to have Javan Page investigated. When you have an enemy it's always rather worth while knowing where the weak links of his life happen to lie. And we all have them.

So I called in Bob Wambaugh, the chief of our investigation department, who'd just done some uncommonly clever detective work in tracing up the source of three carloads of our scrap which had been crookedly sold and shipped to Chicago. Wambaugh was a character who'd been first brought to me by my now staunch friend McMun. He looked sleepy and inoffensive and acted like the feeder out of a comedy vaudeville team. But that was merely a mask behind which he concealed the guile of the serpent and the will of a bulldog. So he quietly set to work, at my bidding, to see what he could get on Javan Page.

Wambaugh's work, as a whole, was a disappointment to me. There was very little that was useful to be attached to my friend the enemy. There were apparently no women in his life. He was the thin-blooded type, I concluded, who would never make a misstep in that direction. There were no decipherable family skeletons in his closets and no grave professional errors in his record. But we discovered that financially the Pages weren't so well-to-do as the world imagined. They were keeping up their pace, but they were doing it rather pantingly. They were putting on a big front, in other words, but there wasn't much behind that front. Aurelia Page apparently insisted on spending her money before it arrived in her hand. She maintained an unquestioned social position, but she was harassed all the while by debts which her husband seemed in no hurry to liquidate. Her hope for final relief, as I had already surmised, lay in her father, old Marcus Delane. But Delane, with all his money, had the Yankee genius for fondling a Treasury note until the silk threads wore thin. He didn't believe in giving away a dollar when it could be put out to work.

And almost by accident we discovered a new way in which these dollars were to be put to work. For several years the management of the D. & B. had had its eye on the old Peninsular and Northern. It stood a vital link in our ultimate chain, and eventually we had to absorb it or parallel it. But it was a run-down property, as we well enough knew, a fair-weather line that ambled across our trickiest snow belt and curled up and went to sleep after every fair-sized winter storm. Snow, in fact, was its worst enemy, and I'd figured out on making that same snow my best friend

I'd already faced and won my Waterloo in this old campaign of operating forces against ice and snow. We'd all been trained in a hard school along the D. & B. I'd learned up front how severe cold could condense steam; how frozen dope would cause cut journals and give us hot boxes, while the oil in a journal box itself would freeze; how coal froze in cars, and how ash pans froze and air hose froze. Only too often I'd seen ice and snow put our signals out of business. I'd seen switches freeze and rails break and rough going shake engines and cars to pieces. I'd seen our interlocking plant fail at the time it was most needed, and I'd seen office staffs turned out on the line and pale-faced clerks shoveling drifts to let the stalled switch engines through.

Only too often I'd seen headquarters watch the weather and pull off the snow freights, cutting traffic down to passenger and perishable freight trains and sending everything out double-headed. I've seen ice form overnight up to the rail tops, so that when a locomotive swung down the grade and hit the lower track the old iron horse snake-danced off the roadbed and turned around on its care-free drivers. And in water-protecting clay cuts where our ballast wasn't deep enough I've seen Jack Frost heave the ground and lift the rails twelve and fourteen inches above normal, so that we had to put enough shims under the sister rails to make them look like a speedway on stilts, and we also had to crawl over the line like a tomcat walking a wire fence. It took time and labor, and it cost money, but the road had to be kept open.

And when balked by blind Nature, I'd tried to work out a plan for eluding her. In the first place, I inaugurated a campaign to conserve timber along our cuts, to prevent drifting. Where this was impossible, I placed snow fences and put Bern ditches along the upper cuts. I ordered a study of prevailing winds and weather conditions, and in the way offices established miniature intelligence bureaus to phone reports of local conditions, and equip us to proffer advice to ports and terminals. When snow was too heavily jammed in the cuts and yards to be removed by bucking with our old-fashioned snowplows, we called out the locomotive cranes with their clam shell and orange-peel buckets to bite away the packed and impeding drifts.

But I saw one thing coming—one thing that was going to change all this—and that was the rotary snowplow. With the rotary plow, I'd figured out, the old Peninsular and Northern could be made almost a continuous performer. It could be redeemed. It was suffering from periodic hardening of the arteries and I foresaw a cure for its disease. I foresaw what that rotary snowplow was going to do, just as, later on, I foresaw how the automobile was going to affect our feeder lines and our short-haul traffic. I needed that road and I intended to have it, but I wasn't foolish enough to advertise my intention.

When Javan Page, however, as our chief engineer, had been sent over the line a year before to make a quiet appraisal of the property, he naturally assumed that we as an expanding system had our eye on what remained of that decrepit old Peninsular and Northern, and he was now trying to forestall us in that move. He and his father-in-law, I found, had been gathering up every loose share of stock. He was staking every dollar on that impending deal. He was playing silent partner in the game. But Wambaugh got hold of enough of the correspondence to show that our good friend Javan wasn't above gypping his associates and double-crossing his confederates, when he saw the chance for a quick rake-off. He was, of course, dolorously in need of money.

(Continued on Page 153)

THE MECHANICAL APPEAL

THE best engineering gets the desired results in the simplest way. The ordinary switch is made up with small springs, tiny screws, and a multiplicity of small parts.

"*The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*," in addition to its ease of operation, is simplicity itself. It consists merely of a large contact block which is rotated between two large phosphor bronze contact blades. This contact block is given a one-eighth turn by means of a ratchet operated by the trigger, and the bronze contact blades are themselves the springs which snap the block over from "Off" to "On" and from "On" to "Off".

Large parts, utmost simplicity and the "snap action" are the mechanical features which make the "*Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*" superior and longer lived. Other advantages of the "Switch" are the Cable Clamp which holds the electric cable in a vise-like grip, relieving strain from the copper conductors; and the Screw Terminals making it possible to renew the electric cable, should it ever become necessary, without the necessity of soldering.

Most drill bit breakages occur when the bit breaks through the work. "*The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*" reduces drill bit breakage because when the operator feels the drill bit "go through" he instinctively tightens his grip, automatically pulling the trigger and stopping the drill.

You can secure BLACK & DECKER Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders from the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Automotive and Electrical Supply Houses.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MARYLAND, U. S. A.
Canadian Factory—Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Branch Offices with Service Stations in

Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Minneapolis, San Francisco, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Atlanta, Dallas, Montreal, Toronto

THE HUMAN APPEAL

There probably is not one man in ten thousand in whose hands a pistol wouldn't feel natural and comfortable.

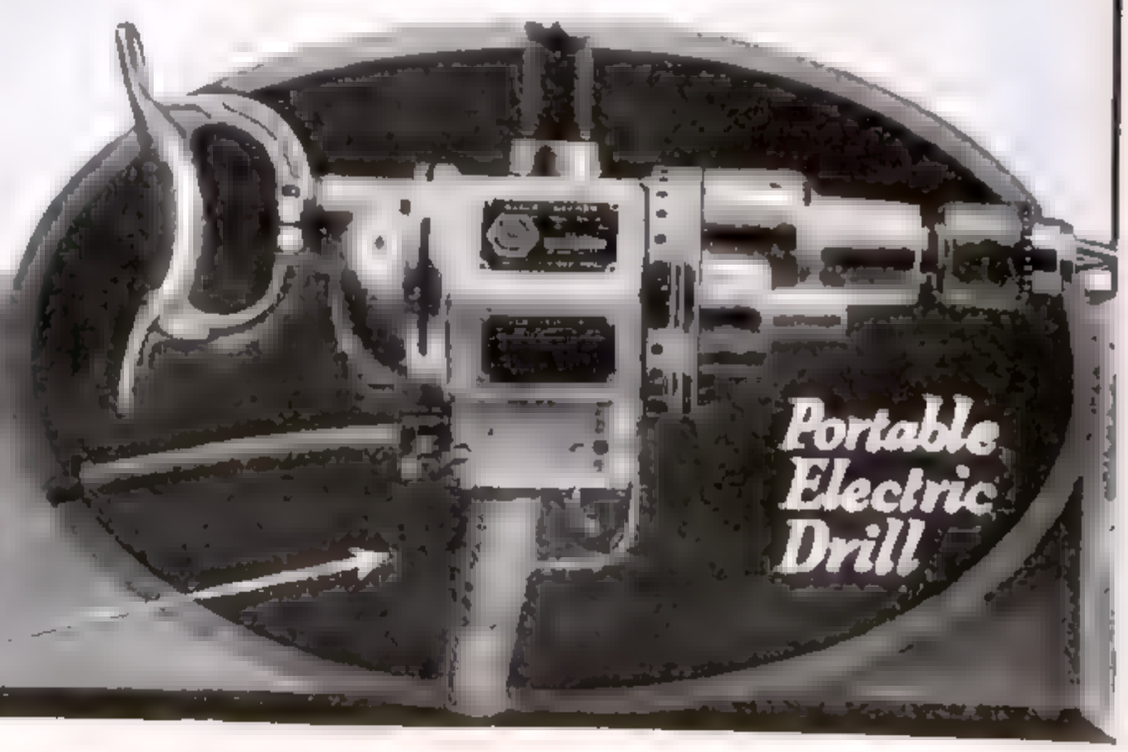
The reason is that in designing pistols and revolvers it has been the work of experts to make them fit naturally in the hand and to supply a control affording greatest ease of operation.

The "Grip" and "Control" of the modern "automatic pistol" is said to be so natural as to make aiming and firing practically instinctive.

The GENUINE "*Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch*" is an exclusive patented feature of BLACK & DECKER PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS.

BLACK & DECKER

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"



FLORENCE Oil Range

This cut-away picture shows how the blue flame of the Florence goes straight to the cooking. The heat is *focused* just where you want it.

Cooking heat that goes "straight to the point"

The burners of this Oil Range focus the heat right under the cooking

HEAT from any fire radiates out, and much of its strength is lost. But the Florence burners *focus* the heat right under the cooking utensil.

The flame rises clear and intensely hot straight to the point where it will do the most good—the bottom of the pot—instead of escaping into the kitchen. This is the way the best cooking results are obtained.

Control of the flame

To light the Florence Oil Range turn a lever and touch a match to the asbestos kindler—that's all. By turning the lever you can adjust the flame to any degree of heat required.

This flame is a gas flame, produced from kerosene vapor. It is not a wick flame, such as you see in an ordinary oil lamp. The Florence is a very economical stove, and there is no smoke or unpleasant odor.

With its blue or gray porcelain enamel and sturdy black frame, any woman would consider the Florence an ornament to her kitchen.

A unique feature of the Florence Oil Range is the Leveler, an ingenious device attached to each leg to adjust the stove to uneven floors. A spirit level on the feed pipe will show you when the stove is level.

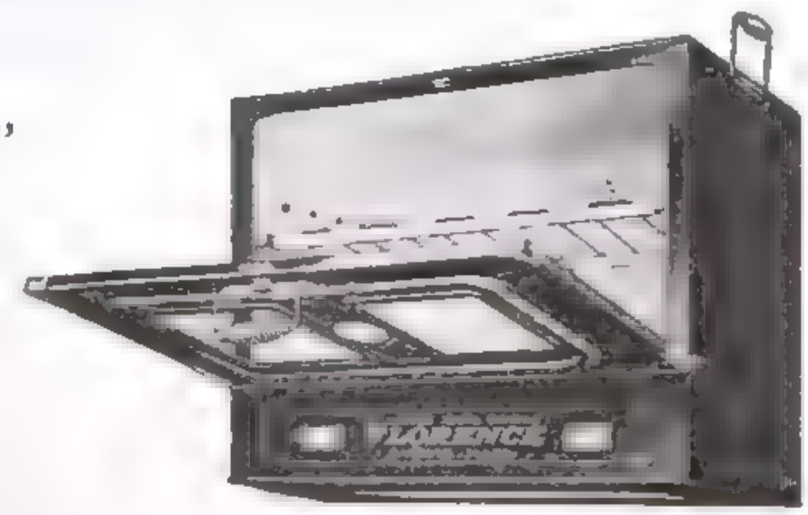
Drop into a department, furniture or hardware store, and convince yourself that this is the all-round good stove you have been looking for.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Cleveland

Makers of Florence Oil Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters and Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada



The Florence Oven

This is the Florence Oven, built on the principle of the Dutch oven, with the "baker's arch" to prevent air pockets. The patented heat spreader at the bottom assures even distribution of heat and guards against your roasts and baked things being underdone on top and burnt on the bottom. On the door of the oven there is a heat indicator which shows how much heat there is inside.

Find out about Florence ranges and ovens and the cooking and baking you can do with them by sending for our free booklet, "Get Rid of the 'Cook Look'." It contains much information that will interest you.

© 1925, F. S. Co.

(Continued from Page 150)

I sat back and let him wade in a little deeper. Then when the board met to consider the projected purchase I guess I startled them, all right, for this time I bitterly opposed any such move.

I advocated a lease of the physical property and an experimental operation of the line. But that, I claimed, was as far as we dared to go.

This, of course, was declined. But it gave me time to lay my ropes and interview my political friends and influence certain banking interests and force the original holding company into a receivership. This was late in November. I knew, of course, the wintry winds would soon be putting the Peninsular and Northern's time-table to bed for its seasonal sleep. So I seemed reluctant to take over the operation of such a property, as receiver, when the court designated me to do so. I was pointed out as the one man who could save the road; and if Delane stood in any way suspicious of my intentions, he was not in a position to announce it.

We had plenty of snow that winter, and I saw to it that our bankrupt road made a record for itself. I kept it about as alive as a hibernating bear. It didn't even know it had a circulatory system. Javan Page lost about ten pounds in weight that winter, and when we decoded his private wires to old Delane they made mighty interesting reading. But I let him stew along on the anxious seat until the mid-February blizzard, for the Chicago papers had got interested in the situation and were beginning to clamor for an investigation. They claimed there were marooned towns up the line without food enough to take care of the women and children until the spring thaw could let freight through. It made good copy and they worked it to the limit. And that, in turn, led to a Federal inquiry board, and I challenged that board to dispute or refute my claim that the road as it stood was not an operable road. Being an inquiry board, they did as I wanted—they came up into the district to do their inquiring, and conditions were just right to make it interesting.

I sent them in on a special, with Jay Tilford conducting and Dippy Dean up in front, and I'd instructed Jay and Dippy on just what had to happen to them. Those unsuspecting investigators meandered into a snow field that blocked their line of advance and at the same time deepened behind them. When they went to telegraph back for help the wires were down. It was next day before we got any word of their dilemma, and by this time the big city reporters were coming up to nose out the story. I sent four of them through on the first engine and snowplow dispatched to dig out the special. That plow, as I anticipated, jumped the track before it could buck halfway through to the marooned inquiry board. So we sent another engine and plow and hook through to the relief of the first expedition of relief. They, too, got off the rails. I hadn't intended that, for this was pulling the thing a bit strong. So I blew up before a circle of wide-eyed reporters and announced that if I didn't have a crew who could take an engine through I'd take one myself.

I ordered out my plow and climbed aboard and off we started. It made a good story, and the wires were already humming with different versions of the little drama. But the drifting was heavier than I'd expected. When my little goat was doing its best to buck one of the bigger drifts, it suddenly bucked itself off the steel. And there we lay, the third tie-up on the line, with the big boss himself eating crow and sending back for a wrecking train.

It was too good a story to kill, or to try to kill, even if I wanted it killed. It went over the wires in a dozen different forms, and before our wheels were back on the rails most of North America, I guess, was giving me the laugh. I let 'em laugh, though, for they were laughing a new link into my system. That half-starved inquiry board put in a report that made the Peninsular and Northern semaphore arms blush for shame. The newly organized stockholders' protective committee brought suit against the D. & B. for alleged conspiracy to despoil and injure the Peninsular and Northern Railroad and to defraud its stockholders. But that was a gesture of despair and nothing more, since it was easily established that the rigors of Nature could not be laid at my door. Snow had paralyzed them—and paralyzed men can't fight. They were down and out. And before they could get on their feet we'd formally taken over their property at a court order, at a court valuation to fit the prevailing conditions. They were too weak to resist and we swallowed them up.

We never found out how much Javan Page and Delane lost in that transaction, but it must have totaled up to a couple of millions. And the odd part of it was, I don't believe Page ever realized just how it had happened. If he did, he was a better actor than I ever gave him credit for. Aurelia Page didn't go to Europe the next summer, as she had counted on doing. She sold her summer cottage at Narragansett, in fact, and came West and rented a cheap bungalow at Old Willow Beach and went perch fishing in a flat-bottomed punt. It was the same bungalow I'd sold the year after my boy Kennie was drowned there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rainbow Falls, Watkins Glen State Park, New York

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

"My dear—this hardware is simply perfect"

IT CERTAINLY should be. French Doors are notoriously fussy about their hardware—in fact, nearly all doors are. To suit their ideas of how hardware should work and yours of how it should look is no small responsibility. But how completely it is met by Good Hardware—Corbin

Both in service and sightliness Corbin Hardware seems to sense one's slightest whim. Graciously, Corbin Hinges swing doors open for the breeze—Corbin Door Checks close them tightly against storm—Corbin Locks secure them firmly against intrusion.

Good Hardware does these things wherever used. Capable in office buildings, beautiful and useful in homes, impressive in public buildings and hotels, serviceable in factory, school and store, Good Hardware—Corbin—belongs on every good building and will be found on tens of thousands of them. It is a joy to live with.

A word from you will bring two booklets—"Locksets for French Doors" and "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware"—both extremely helpful.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

New York Chicago Philadelphia

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

Choose Shoes for Style—and Health

Buster's Picture in every pair

When you can get the latest style effects—plus true health protection—both at regular prices—why not buy them for your boys and girls?

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts, that give true health protection to growing feet by giving the correct anatomical shape to these shoes.

Made only from good leathers, and in modish styles, Buster Brown Shoes give perfect satisfaction to two million parents. Good stores everywhere sell them at $3 to $5, according to size and style.

Brown bilt Shoes

For Women — for Men

Women who desire smart shoes at modest prices look for the name Brown bilt. This name guarantees their getting correct style and enduring service at $6 to $10 the pair. And it guarantees these qualities in Men's Shoes at these same prices. Ask your dealer to show you the new models.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Manufacturers

RED HAIR

(Continued from Page 11)

smell a little fame and favorable publicity, why, he'd be as proud of her as he is contemptuous now! Oh, Gran, I loathe myself when I look at her proud pinched little face! I wish to heaven I'd married him myself and saved her from him!"

"Wh-at?" Madame Eaton's voice expressed a degree of surprise that was quite remarkable. Nancy laughed.

"Oh, yes, I had the first chance to endow him. You were abroad that summer he appeared on the horizon and married Doris; but he began his speculations with me and I was quite intrigued for a few weeks. One night he had an engagement for a ball down on Long Island; but Preston asked me later, and of course when Preston whistled, I followed. I broke the engagement with Rich. My word, what a time! He acted like the village ruffian. He actually threw furniture. And he swore if I went with Preston that he'd marry Doris the next week—which he did." She sprang up with an irritated, restless gesture.

"Ah! I've always felt that your championship of Doris went deeper than friendship," said Madame Eaton, after the manner of a spinner satisfiedly adding another skein to her pattern.

"Oh, not so much so," said Nancy dismissingly. "But it was certainly one time when doing what I wanted to made a merry mess all around. Did Preston telephone this afternoon?" Preston Davis was her lawyer.

"Yes; he can't come this evening. There's a tangle in the office that he has to work late on, he said. He'll come round some evening next week. He said there was no hurry about signing those papers."

"Oh, I knew there wasn't. Why can't I leave that man alone?" It was a question that asked no answer, but her grandmother almost eagerly gave it one.

"Why, because you love him, Nancy—for the same reason that Doris goes on loving Richard in spite of his indifference and that Jimmy MacDowell continues in misery because of you. It's futile to try to arrange love. It's the one thing you may want to do that you can't."

Nancy smiled slowly, sat down again and put her hands on her grandmother's knees.

"Well, Gran, I'm going to make a mighty effort to arrange some of its manifestations; and perhaps I'm actually going to do something I don't want to." She laughed and stood quickly. "And if it opens the gates to Nirvana for me, I'll let you know. I'll have you and Sally in for a members-only cup of tea."

"You'll have to have cocktails for Sally," was Madame Eaton's unperturbed comment; but she changed hastily to her distance glasses and watched her tall headstrong granddaughter with bewildered eyes as Nancy brusquely sent Mu Lan trotting for her hat and clanged the elevator door behind her.

II

IN LESS than ten minutes—for she took the car nearest the door and drove it herself—Nancy rang the bell of the Temple apartment on Washington Square and, disregarding the hushful attitude of the maid, sent a penetrating "Hoo-hoo!" reverberating through the long drawing-room. It brought a hurrying Doris into the far doorway, a silencing finger on her lips. She had changed into a soft chiffon tea gown which, failing its purpose, made her more wistful than provocative.

"Well, Doris"—Nancy's voice defied partitions—"so both you and Norah have to use the deaf-and-dumb language now, do you? Can't your financial giant endure the sound of a human voice?"

Doris hurried to her entreatingly.

"Oh, Nancy, do be a dear and go home! I was just afraid you were going to do this. But please don't say anything to Richard about the play. I—I—don't want him to know about it. He's all tired out and he really isn't himself and—and ——"

"Well, anything that isn't himself must be an improvement. But you needn't worry. If you like to obey him body and soul, it's none of my affairs. I'm bent on big business. Where is he?"

"Oh, Nancy, I know you're lying. You've somehow got the idea into your head that I wanted to take that part, when—when—well, I just thought it might amuse me while Richard's away, and I'm relieved now that I've made up my mind not to. And Richard's trying to get a little sleep."

"Then it's time he wakened to opportunity." Nancy sat down on the piano bench and reflectively struck some unrelated chords. "The truth is I've some money I want to throw away, and I know of no better medium than Rich and his new scheme. Oh, don't be alarmed. I've forgotten whatever it was you said to me about it. Preston Davis advised me."

She pulled off her hat and began to play. She seldom touched a piano; but when she did, her fingers brought forth something more than music. They released her restless spirit and sounded a certain indefinable defiance. She played now Liszt's transcription of Schumann's Widmung, the first sure swift notes bringing Richard Temple into a curtained doorway, where he stood watching her, a mocking smile on his handsome face. A strange powerful passion for music had always possessed him. He was a tall man, more carelessly brutal than carefully cruel. He had the shoulders of a pugilist, the loins and legs of a sprinter. His heavy blond hair was disheveled and he wore a smoking jacket. He did not look at his wife, who wavered between them, her draperies fluttering, the impersonation of distressed apprehension. Nancy looked up sidewise and nodded to him.

"Hello, Rich! From what Preston Davis tells me, I guess we'll soon have to enlarge your name to Richer."

"Is that why you're playing Widmung—as a dedication to what I remember about the last time you played it for me, or to what I may expect in the future?"

His voice was so definitely suggestive that his wife's apprehension dulled a little from a sharper surprise, but her quick glance found a wholly undisturbed guest who evidently heard nothing of import in his query.

"Neither," she said. "I can't remember all our battles. I'm making a business call. Preston tells me this last madness of yours has a fighting chance for success, and also"—she raised her auburn brows through a long pause—"also that you need a little more capital."

"And, of course, all it needs is a good word from Davis to give you faith in the devil himself."

"It seems to have done so," she admitted.

"I doubt it," he made quick reprisal. "Anything would interest you that gives you a plausible excuse for seeing Davis."

"Oh, please!" broke in Doris, fluttering her hands at them imploringly and trying to lighten the moment by ragged, unamused laughter. "Won't you ever exhaust yourselves of nasty things to say to each other?"

"A-h!" He turned to her with unleashed irritation and struck a derisively enraptured pose. "All ears attend while the second Bernhardt speaks! My wife—the unhesitant embryonic star, the eager applicant for ——"

"—— the unceasing fount of your financial resources," Nancy drowned him out by sheer vocal prowess. "Go and dress. I'll drive you to the station. I want to give you some money to throw away, but I don't want to waste the whole evening doing it."

He stared at her for an instant with narrowing, puzzled eyes; laughed shortly.

"I accept your gracious invitation, because I happen to need what you want to throw away. Otherwise, I should go in a taxi."

"And otherwise, I wouldn't be here," she said, and went on playing; but her fingers changed to Tschaikowsky's Humoresque, though the melody of Widmung drifted back in his challenging barytone while he hastily dressed.

They said nothing more to each other until they were a dozen blocks up Fifth Avenue and were halted by the first red street signal.

Then he said, in a suddenly likable laughing manner, "Well, Nancy, that was an interesting preamble; now what are you going to do with me?"

"I'd like to drive you off the Forty-second Street pier. Why didn't you kiss Doris good-by there at the door?"

"If anyone knows the answer to that, you ought to," he said, a bold satisfaction in the situation outweighing any curiosity about it.

"I do know. It's because you're a born brute. You married Doris for her money—and you got it. And you've somehow hypnotized her into an abject and pathetic

(Continued on Page 157)

Mystery Out
Prices Down

Ford Special $14.95
Also fits Chevrolet, Star, Overland, etc.

NATIONAL BATTERIES

IN NAME FAME PRICE

Learn the Facts about Battery Construction and Save Money

TODAY, storage batteries of one or more types are *appreciable cost items* in the expense of almost every family. The car, the radio, the motor boat all take their constant toll. It is time to buy wisely and well, and the proportion of careful buyers is rapidly increasing.

National Batteries meet this growing demand for more battery service per-cost-dollar. They are the practical expression of a new value resulting from the work of ten years—lower manufacturing costs, lower labor costs, standardization, decentralization of manufacture to save freight and packing—every effort continuously directed toward making *full-performance* batteries at lower cost. Standard in every respect, with no features which serve to complicate construction. Every dollar of their manufacturing costs represents performance and life—battery service.

Compare the National Battery illustrated (the 6 volt 100 ampere hour auto battery) point by point with any other battery. Better still, ask any electrical engineer to check over its design and construction and give you an opinion. Then compare prices. You will know then that in the purchase of National Batteries you get *full performance* at prices which reduce your battery cost item.

Write us for the name of our dealer nearest to you.

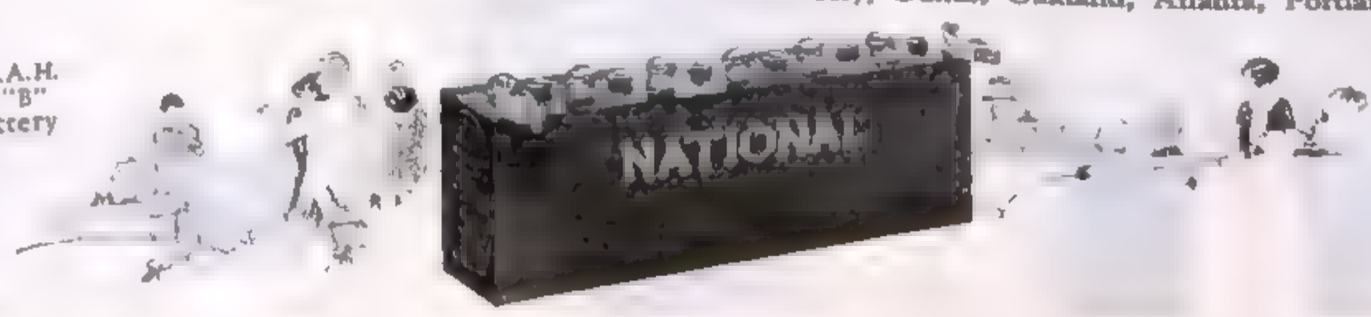
Compare the NATIONAL with the "Average" Battery

NATIONAL Battery	An Average Battery
6 Volt — 11 Plate	6 Volt — 11 Plate
1—Plates used in the National Battery are of Standard Dimension and Design.	1—Plates used in the composite battery are of standard dimension and design.
2—Separators used are first quality Port Orford Cedar.	2—Either wood or rubber insulation is used. (Woods used are Cedar, Cypress, Fir.)
3—Cases of good quality Hard Wood, coated with acid-proof paint or composition, one-piece rubber container.	3—Cases of hard wood or composition, one-piece rubber container.
4—Dimensions of battery 9" long, 7⅜" wide, 8" high.	4—Dimensions of battery 9" long, 7¾" wide, 8" high.
5—Guaranteed life, 18 mos. (12 mo. Ford.)	5—Guaranteed life, 90 days.
6—Price, $14.95.	6—Average price,—$25.75.

Dealers: Write for details about the National Franchise. No freaks or frills—Just sound values and a reputation building proposition.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY CO.

General Office: ST. PAUL, MINN. *Factories:* ST. PAUL, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY
Branches: New York City, Dallas, Oakland, Atlanta, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles



24 volt, 3500 M.A.H. NATIONAL "B" Storage Battery

$5 ONE PRICE anywhere in the U. S. A.

How three marks *now* reveal *the hidden quality of watch cases*

YOU HAVE always had implicit confidence in the two marks—"Solid Gold" and "Sterling" silver, because these two standards of quality have long been protected by U. S. laws.

And now, in a watch case, you can place the same confidence in the mark "Gold Filled." For in order to protect the public against inferior quality, the U. S. Federal Trade Commission recently approved a definite standard for gold filled watch cases.

When, therefore, you buy a watch with the words "Wadsworth Gold Filled" stamped in the case, the hidden quality of the case lies revealed before you. Every case so stamped meets fully the standards approved by the Federal Trade Commission.

You can trust absolutely the marks "Wadsworth Gold Filled," "Wadsworth Solid Gold," or "Wadsworth Sterling." For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government.

And the name Wadsworth in the case further assures you of correct design and of that exactness of fit so essential to the protection of the timekeeping mechanism. For more than thirty-five years Wadsworth Cases have been chosen to dress and protect the movements of leading manufacturers and importers.

Thus the movement your jeweler will recommend may already be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. But for your better protection, ask to see the mark of Wadsworth before you make your purchase.

EVERY "Wadsworth Gold Filled" watch case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The fineness and thickness of gold used fully meets the standard of quality recently approved by the U. S. Federal Trade Commission.

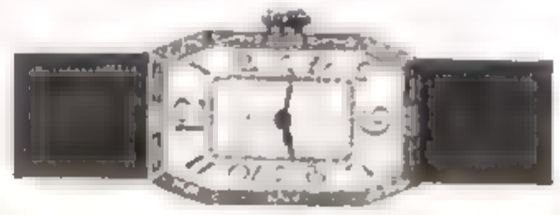
The result is a watch case of moderate price, gold inside and out, but stronger and stiffer than a thin solid gold case of equal price.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure that the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled" is stamped in the case. You can trust this mark as implicitly as you would the mark "Wadsworth Solid Gold" or "Wadsworth Sterling." For the name Wadsworth appears only in watch cases which conform to these three standards of quality approved by the government

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., DAYTON, KY.
Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



(Continued from Page 154)

devotion. You might at least repay her with human decency."

"Oh, listen to the lady in the glass house! Perhaps I might be more eager for your gullible little friend's kisses if your own imperial lips hadn't once favored me."

The roadster, unused to error, leaped forward in high gear, slowed, shuddered, regained its composure and proceeded sedately in the ebbing stream of evening traffic. He leaned suddenly close, bravened by her discomfiture, and took her right arm in tight fingers.

"Why did you play Widmung tonight—why?—if you expected me to remain a clod?"

"Curiosity, perhaps," she said coolly.

"Oh! Well, my memory is as clear as your own evidently is—the fire low the Italians going home, singing, across the park—your hands moving like white shadows over the keys. Oh, 'Thou art my soul, thou art my heart; thou both my joy and sadness art.'" He sang the words swiftly in his soft barytone, breaking off sharply. "At least I've had the satisfaction of knowing you've gained no more than you gave me—in playing me for a pawn."

"Great heavens, Rich," she exclaimed, swept away from her purpose into personalities, so intense was his bitterness, "what a malicious imagination! We were only youngsters in a normal flirtation. I'd no idea that ——"

"No idea? Bah! You've known for every minute of the last ten years that if you bent your little finger I'd creep after you, just as I have tonight."

"N-o; I've known that by nature you have a peculiar faithfulness to the thing you can't have."

"Perhaps that same maxim explains your constancy to the wily Preston?"

She laughed, denying him any added argument to kindle his rancor.

"Rich, if it gives you any satisfaction to believe I'm eating my heart out over Preston, just because I once went to a dance with him instead of with you, why luck to you. It may give you more to know that if ever on earth I've regretted anything, it's that very thing."

There was something bewildering, not belligerent, almost companionable in her voice. Obeying her gesturing glance, he took his hand from her arm, but lingeringly, his fingers leaving a caress. She quickly corrected his impression.

"Because if I'd kept you peaceful for another week or so, Doris might have been saved from you—if Charlotte Evans had got home with all her dear ducats in time to tempt you. Charlotte's always coveted you a bit, I think, and you'd have met your own metal there."

"I met the metal I wanted with Doris, don't worry," he said, complacently crude. "Her money's been wholly acceptable. I've never denied it. And after all, miserable as you like to picture her, she seems to prefer me to—any change."

"Yes, she loves you, poor sacrifice," said Nancy. "Rich, why do you mind if she takes part in this play?" Her voice, unused to petitioning, seemed suddenly tight and unfamiliar. "It can't matter to you. Won't you be a sport and telephone back that you've changed your mind about it?"

"Ah-hah! So this is why the queen is kind!" His derisive laughter took the attention of passing pedestrians. They were again under reign of the green signal, on their left, that patrician of Fifth Avenue buildings, the library, and its garish plebeian neighbor, the ten-cent store, on their right. "But why should your highness stoop to such humiliation in order for Doris to further distinguish herself as a mess? She's balled up everything she's ever tried."

"She's never balled up her record for loyalty and courage and fine friendship. Rich, I really believe she can put it over; these Alverson people insist she's just the person for this particular part, and I'm sure they know their job. Anyhow, she's a right to try it if she wants to. What satisfaction can it possibly give you to be such a despot? It's a mighty small way of playing king."

"Oh, rot! Doris has no mentality, I tell you. I don't deny I'm fed up with her, but she's my wife, and I do have some pride about the damn foolishness she kicks up. Good Lord, didn't she ruin the whole show the last time she tried being a great actress—with proud husband in the front box yearning to kill her? Not again, thank you; sorry as I am not to grovel under your slightest request, as you expected me to."

"Didn't expect you to at all. Don't you suppose I know you better than that? I came fully prepared to bribe you. Isn't it true that you need some more money for this airplane project?"

"We-ell, I don't need it that badly. Where did you get your information? You said from Davis, but I know very well that he couldn't have told you."

"No, of course he didn't," she admitted pleasantly. "I lied about it because I wanted Doris to believe I was really impressed with your financial genius; which lie, I may say, was as nothing compared to the classics I invented after you went out to dress. Rich, I'm not going to let you out this car alive until you give in."

"A-h!" He reached for his cigarettes. "'Paradise enow.'"

"But there'll be no bread or verses; and my singing is very bad."

"You haven't any other bribe to offer?" His voice was as quiet as her own, but effortfully so.

"None to offer; yours to suggest," she said.

For an instant he stared silently at her straight-nosed profile, the long lovely eyelashes, the firm set chin, the curve of her throat a line of beauty. His sensitive, selfish mouth twitched slightly.

"You know as well as I do that I'll do anything on God's earth if I may begin seeing you again the way—the way things were before you threw me over."

She made no pretense of surprise.

"Then I'll stop at the station. We can telephone Doris from the hotel—tell her we ran into Gerda Alverson—I'll be in another booth making that part of it all right—and that she was so emphatic that you've changed your mind. It's got to be settled tonight before Sally and Janet get too active. There's heaps of time before your train."

"There certainly is. Since miracles have been made for me here, I'll change my ticket for one of the early morning trains."

"Very good. Shall we have dinner some place as is, or would you like me to go home and dress?"

"Oh, what a flawless machine you are! Any game that's going is a good game to you; but I have to play it, knowing you hate me."

"I've never hated you less," she said. "Ah, look who comes!"

He laughed.

"Lord, this is good! Blessed, indeed, be Doris, who has made this come to pass."

But nothing could have seemed less good to Nancy Caldwell. The serene green light in the bronze obelisk was the eye of an enemy, trapping her.

"Hello, you two!" called a friendly accosting voice. "Aren't eloping, are you?" And Preston Davis made his way through the stream of pedestrians to the edge of the pavement. He was big and blond and undisturbedly leaving youth behind. The careless way he wore his careful clothes made him a target of envy for all men to the manner aspiring rather than born. He was so sincerely at ease with himself that, though far less handsome, he struck a sharp and favorable contrast to the nerve-driven ambitious man in the car. "You know I've always suspected you two," he went on with unwitting aptness. "Such perfection of enmity as you've outwardly maintained isn't a human manifestation."

Nancy's burr-brown eyes gave him back his straight, bantering gaze.

"You've always told me I'm inhuman, so your argument doesn't hold."

"I'm not so sure, with Rich, here, looking as elated as a cadet out with a millionaire's daughter. Does Doris know you're out?"

"Does she?" said Temple. "Why, this woman dragged me off from right under her eyes! I thought for a while, myself, that I had reason to be elated; but I find it was only an armistice cessation for procuring some shares in my sure-to-succeed proposition."

Davis looked unconcernedly surprised.

"Why, Rich, I thought all your stock was well disposed of."

"It—is," said Temple with obvious satisfaction; "but ——"

"But the cunning thing didn't tell me so," Nancy determinedly took the conversation, "until he'd got well started on a free ride to the station. You don't look haggard with overwork, Preston. From what Gran said, I thought you must be sleeping and eating at your desk these days."

"Well, not exactly; and by the way, Nancy, Jim took that case I was bothering with off my hands, so I'll drop round with those deeds about 8:30 if you like."

"Sorry," said Nancy, flushing a little, at which rare occurrence Davis' manner of mild surprise politely retreated; "but I've another engagement, and Gran's going to the opera. I'll run up to the office and sign the things some morning next week. Good-by."

Never before had she said good-by to this man so gladly. At last the welcome scarlet signal had commanded north-and-south traffic.

"I've never reflected with greater conviction on the law of emotional equilibrium," commented Temple as the roadster swam noiselessly on in the turbulent stream. "I doubt if life could go on just now except that my delight balances your disappointment."

She laughed—her infrequent laugh that always gave one a sense of triumph for having roused it.

"I hate to add to your conceit, Rich; but have you ever known me to do very many things that I didn't want to?"

Again the situation seemed for an instant to baffle him. Eagerness flamed into his gray eyes and burned out their bewilderment.

"That's what stumps me, Nancy; I'll not be putty in your fingers—again. I wonder where your bargain will bring us."

"I wonder, myself," said Nancy, serpentining briskly through the Grand Central traffic jams. "I'm going to park here; I know this policeman. And we'll do our telephoning, to begin the bargain."

III

IT WAS an epochal midnight in Nancy Caldwell's loft. Irregularity was running riot. Mu Lan was out—an extraordinary lateness; gone to welcome a twenty-seventh cousin from Canton whom someone had ransomed in for atmosphere. Usually the loft lived in light, but tonight it was dark except for the dying glow shimmering from the long low fireplace. Madame Eaton was not in her big chair in the alcove as it was her habit to be at that hour, for she liked watching the lighted windows of the park wink out into darkness. She had gone, for informative purposes only, to hear an opera as modern as her granddaughter—something sung in consonants to jazz music about a shopgirl and a plumber.

And most phenomenal of all, Nancy Caldwell sat alone, hands idle, black eyes closed, profiled against the glow of the fire. Her hair, unchained from its customary imprisoning braids and massed about her head with inadequate hairpins, was a glory of disorder. She wore a sleeveless white gown, girdled with amber. Her hair and the amber caught kindred lights from the thinning flames.

She did not move when the elevator clickingly announced the return of her grandmother. That Madame Eaton should appear at all was another violation of routine; she usually went directly to her own apartment on the floor below when she had been out in the evening.

The thud and tap of her ebony cane sounded a definite determination as she crossed the long rug-strewn floor. When she was quite near, Nancy spoke.

"Well, Gran, how was the opera? I supposed you were home an hour ago."

"It was as long as it was terrible," said Madame Eaton briefly. "Nancy, what has been going on here? You look like a disheveled corpse."

She sat down with dignified caution in a chair that swallowed her into its giant softness until it drew her feet a little off the floor, so that with perceptible effort she kept herself erect by a firm anchoring of her cane. Nancy smiled.

"I, too, have been spending a musical evening—with Rich," she said. "Didn't you meet each other at the door?"

"We did," said Madame Eaton; "but from your appearance, I should surmise that you've been spending an evening of—of wrestling."

Seldom, indeed, had Madame Eaton needed to find expression for such a situation. Nancy gravely shook her head in denial.

"N-o, Gran, 'wrestling' is too inclusive; it suggests resistance, and I offered none. It didn't seem hospitable to deny so infrequent a guest the privilege of mussing my hair."

"Nancy! You're revolting! Have you gone quite mad?"

"Why, not at all. I'm bounding along on the highway to happiness that you and Sally recommended, enjoying the remarkable satisfaction that I've missed all these thirty years. Wasn't she pleasingly accurate about my age?"

"Oh, Nancy, I knew when you left this evening that you were possessed of the devil. But how you can have lowered yourself to a—a thing like this is—is—is ——" Her vocabulary failed her.

"—— is very exhausting, Gran, and there's an end to it." Nancy's tone withdrew all companionableness and suggested a frank desire to be left alone. "There's no way that I know of to have kept this disgrace from you, Gran, and it may continue for some little time. You'll simply have to bear up under it, that's all, on the strength of the family loyalty that has been such a strong word in our family annals."

"You mean that you intend to continue in this scandalous fashion with the husband of your best friend?"

"Until he loses interest," said Nancy; adding with frigid nonchalance: "Which he showed no signs of doing this evening. He is indeed a great lover."

"If you are trying to nauseate me into indifference, Nancy, you may as well spare yourself such remarks. For I tell you, Nancy Caldwell, that I'm going to put a stop to this preposterous thing if I have to go to Doris herself in the morning!"

"Oh, no, you won't, Gran," said Nancy, yawning.

"Indeed I will, my child! Don't think because I seldom comment on your reckless, headstrong actions that I'm in the least intimidated by you. Just remember that you inherit that red head of yours from my family. And I certainly am going to take matters into my own hands, regardless of whatever retaliation you will undoubtedly make. For of all the monstrous inconsistencies ever conceived, it's surely this!"

"Surely what, Gran?" asked Nancy, with a bored air of resignation. "I'm afraid you're taking this too seriously."

"Not so seriously as poor little Doris would if she knew she were realizing her absurd ambition by her husband's making love to her closest friend, who must have exercised—and willfully—an unspeakable infatuation over him for almost ten years."

"Gran, I'll admit you're almost a psychic about other people's affairs; but occasionally you miss a vibration or two. In the first place there's nothing in it for Doris but bliss, according to the good old formula. And in the second, there's little of love or even infatuation in Rich's regard for me. It's merely that I once hurt his superb vanity, and his conceit has chafed into what he for the moment considers an undying desire for my companionship."

"Oh, oh!" Madame Eaton's lips moved wordlessly, all serenity shaken from her tired old face. "And I suppose you expect his undying desire to rest content with—mussing your hair, like a love-touched schoolboy?"

Nancy sat erect, her low voice betraying plainly the effort that controlled it.

"It doesn't matter what I expect, Gran. Now will you please go to bed, or do you prefer to remain here alone?"

"Oh, I will go." She rose slowly and unassisted. "But I shan't change my course—in the morning, be sure of that."

"Then just as surely I shall tie you in bed and keep you there."

For a moment her grandmother stared straight before her in a seemingly helpless grip of sheer futility. Then she said in a queer pinched voice, but quietly, "You will have to do just that, my child, coward's method though it would be."

"I am not a coward, grandmother, whatever else I am; and you know it. And it's a nasty trick for you to take advantage of your age to shield your interference in a matter that in no way concerns you."

"You forget, Nancy"—Madame Eaton's voice softened surprisingly to a shy deep tenderness from which the hottest angers often flame—"you forget that you are very dear to me."

"Oh, Gran!" Nancy's voice broke. She reached up her hand and her grandmother took it tightly. In an instant the proud voice came steadily again. "Then be a sport, Gran, and forget all about this. I thought you were safe at the opera or I wouldn't have had him here. It's a weird mess, I know; but if you could have heard Doris' voice about two hours ago when she telephoned me that Rich had happened to meet Gerda Alverson and he was anxious—anxious for her to go ahead with the

(Continued on Page 161)

The ALL of the PIANO

In the painting by Baleztrieri the artist hears Chopin in his studio playing for George Sand, Liszt, Heine and Meyerbeer. Chopin often played for his friend — intimately and generously.

More than Chopin had in his studio you can have in your home

THE studio of Chopin is always thought of as a shrine of music. For on numerous occasions great musicians—Liszt, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer—met there and played from their own compositions.

Now, you can have in your home far more great music and many more great musicians than Chopin had in his studio.

For, instead of a few great artists, you may hear the playing of hundreds. You may hear the music that was known in Chopin's day—plus the masterpieces that have been written in the years between his generation and ours—played on your own piano by the greatest artists of the pianoforte. And you can command these riches whenever you like and as often as you choose.

The secret of this new golden age of music lies in a miraculous invention called the Ampico. Concealed within the case of a fine piano, the Ampico makes the strings of that instrument sing under the touch of such artists as Rachmaninoff, Lhévinne, Ornstein—and hundreds more who make up today's aristocracy of music.

Far more than a player piano

The Ampico goes far beyond the player piano and invests the piano with a soul of a myriad personalities. One moment the keys may dance under the fingers of Levitzki to the measure of a Chopin nocturne. Another moment Rachmaninoff may touch them into chords eloquent of tragedy and heartbreak. Every phrase, every emotional shading, every delicate gradation of volume is heard exactly as the great man played it. And this is living instrumental music, actually produced on your own piano in your own home. To every sense except sight, the master musician is seated before you, playing graciously at your request.

Beautiful music played on a beautiful instrument

Through the Ampico you can hear the kinds of music you like—sonatas, nocturnes, serenades and fantasies; piano arrangements of symphonies and operas; hymns, ballads, and marches; and dance music played by men who are teaching the world what syncopation at its best can be. With an Ampico in your music room you can grow to understand music in a way you never dreamed possible

The AMPICO

Only in these fine pianos—

Only an exquisite instrument can do justice to the gifts the Ampico brings. So it is that the Ampico may be had in only a few makes of pianos—selected for their preeminent quality, for the flawless construction that is the product of generations of fine craftsmanship.

They are: the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, the Knabe, the Fischer, the Haines Bros., the Marshall & Wendell, the Franklin, and in Canada the Willis also. Worthy of note is the significant fact that the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, and the Knabe are three of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

When you play by hand

The patiently perfected construction of these fine pianos has brought about still another distinctive advantage of the Ampico. For the concealed Ampico device that makes the strings vibrate and sing just as they did in the recording laboratory when a great artist played is entirely separate from the piano action. You are offered in the Ampico a beautiful instrument intact for playing by hand. When an artist's recording is not being played, the Ampico mechanism touches neither the strings nor the keys.

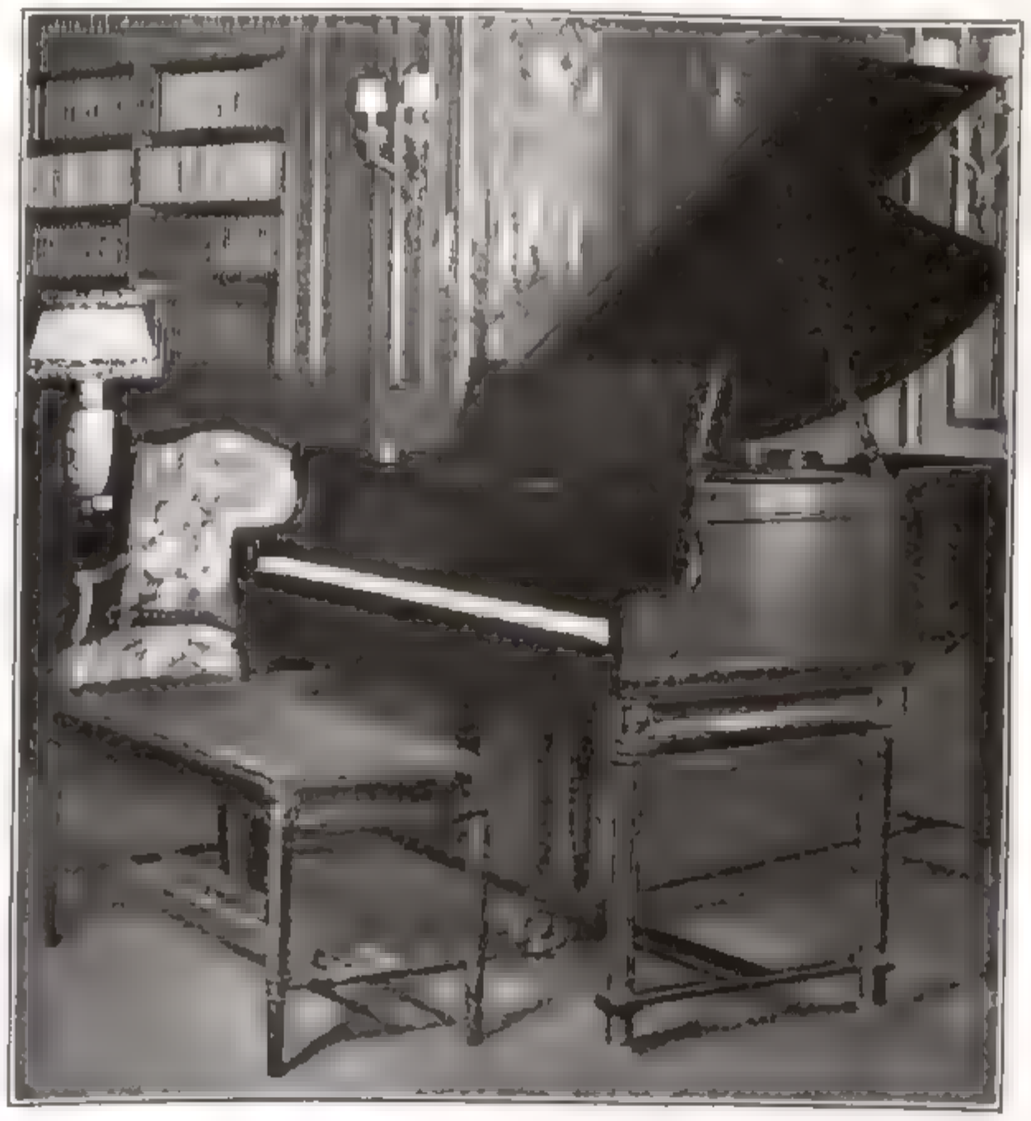
A silent piano or an Ampico?

After you have heard the Ampico you will realize that there is no choice between a silent piano and an Ampico. You will realize, as others are realizing every day, that the Ampico offers you pleasures and advantages beyond price.

The opportunity that still exists to exchange your silent or player piano for an Ampico makes owning an Ampico not something to dream of, but a joy possible of immediate realization.

Hear the Ampico today

The greatest musical experience of your life lies in store for you if you have not yet heard the Ampico. To make sure of hearing it soon, go to a store where any of the pianos mentioned are sold, select an Ampico recording of a favorite composition and ask to hear it played. Upon request you may have a booklet describing the Ampico, its library and its hundreds of famous artists.



Special Exchange Privilege

The silent or player piano you now own will entitle you to an allowance in the purchase of an Ampico. This fact and convenient terms of payment place the joys of Ampico ownership within your reach at once. Foot-power models, $795. Electric models, $985 to $5000. With freight added. Uprights and grands.

Great selections played by great artists, that you may choose from the great Ampico Library

Nocturne—*Chopin*	BRAILOWSKY
Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 3—*Schubert*	CARREÑO
Islamey—*Balakirew*	CHALOFF
Scherzo C Sharp Minor—*Chopin*	GODOWSKY
Sphinx Waltz—*Popy*	GORDON
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8—*Liszt*	LEGINSKA
Staccato Etude—*Rubinstein*	LEVITZKI
On the Wings of Song—*Mendelssohn-Liszt*	LHEVINNE
Minuet—*Mirovitch*	MIROVITCH
Nocturne—*Scriabine*	MOISEIWITSCH
Preludes—*Chopin*	MÜNZ
Humoresque—*Dvořák*	ORNSTEIN
Spinning Song—*Mendelssohn*	RACHMANINOFF
Papillons—*Rosenthal*	ROSENTHAL
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12—*Liszt*	RUBINSTEIN
Prelude—*Debussy*	E. ROBERT SCHMITZ
Fantasie Impromptu—*Chopin*	SCHNITZER
Largo—*Handel*	SUSKIND
Minute Waltz—*Chopin*	BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

Popular Recordings Just Out

Deep In My Heart—*Romberg*	EDGAR FAIRCHILD
Oh, Lady, Be Good!—*Gershwin*	ZEZ CONFREY
Peter Pan—*King-Henderson*	VINCENT LOPEZ
Oh, Mabel—*Fiorito*	FERDIE GROFE
My Best Girl—*Donaldson*	J. MILTON DELCAMP
Blue-Eyed Sally—*Bernard Robinson*	ADAM CARROLL

THE AMPICO CORPORATION
437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Ampico is found exclusively in fine pianos. It is built as an integral and concealed part of the following makes of pianos only. They have been known for generations as instruments of quality:

CHICKERING · MASON & HAMLIN · KNABE
MARSHALL & WENDELL · HAINES BROS. · FISCHER
FRANKLIN *In Canada the* WILLIS *also*

Note that the Chickering, the Mason & Hamlin, and the Knabe are three of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

If Mozart could hear "*The Magic Flute*" on a FADA Neutrodyne

—his trained ear would approve the tonal fidelity to the original in his famous old opera. The peculiar charm of this woodwind instrument is caught in all its purity by the famous Fada Neutrodyne. With equal tonal truth, Fada reproduces the deep rolling bass of the pipe-organ.

The Fada Neutrodyne has the range of the 88-key pianoforte. McCormack's pure tenor, Bori's delicious soprano, create the illusion of standing beside the actual artists when you hear them on a Fada set. Bass and baritone voices are reproduced with equal fidelity. Nor does Fada create those raucous distortions that have kept many discriminating folks from investing in radio.

Fada selectivity is one of its chief charms. Turn the dials to predetermined numbers, and in rolls the very station you want to hear—provided the waves from that station are reaching your neighborhood. Fada also excels in distance and volume. In short, Fada is radio at its very, very best.

There are six models to meet every taste and pocketbook. $75 to $270. Fada is adapted to either dry-cell or storage-battery tubes, and either indoor or outdoor aërial. Hear Fada. It will be a revelation in radio! Buy your Fada now and be ready to hear the world's famous artists whenever they sing or play for you over the radio.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.
1581 JEROME AVENUE NEW YORK

NEUTRODYNE

FADA Radio

(Continued from Page 157)

part —— Well, I felt something of that satisfaction I've been missing, I guess. Of course she thinks I was instrumental in leading him into Gerda, but she has no other suspicions."

"She's only a gullible little rabbit and she isn't worth one atom of your humiliation. I never thought I should live to see the day when you could—could look shamed like this."

Nancy jerked back her hand and withdrew quickly into her bitter levity. "Well, I'm not shamed, Gran; not one bit in the world. Remember that we're almost three generations beyond the days of your girlhood when kisses meant only two things—marriage or disgrace. They've gained popularity and lost power since then; they wash off now in the next day's adventures. If you're determined to play in this game you'll have to abide by the latest rules."

"I supposed," said Madame Eaton grimly, "that there was an age limit to this petting-party prevalency. Is there nothing left to distinguish the dignity of a gentlewoman's love?"

In the silence the crackling of the sleepy fire took on a friendly, comfortable audibility which fled at Nancy's laugh—a hateful sound that lived too long in the big echoing room.

"Hah! Why should I be fastidious about the love I waste on a man who wants me as little as I want the man who loves me? Great heavens, Gran! What shocks you about that? Didn't you just this afternoon tell me the same thing very frankly?" Her voice rose with the release of its reckless words like the increasingly tumultuous breaking of a stubborn dam. "You know well enough that I'd be as contented a clam as even you could wish—with a house in New Jersey bulging with scads of children, commuting twice a week for groceries and a matinée; probably be on a school board—if I could in some way have coerced Preston into marrying me. Why, my Lord, Gran, are you turning into a pillar of salt?"

Madame Eaton did, indeed, seem extravagantly overcome at this merely unmaidenly frankness; she stood rigid as her ebony cane, on whose head the knuckles of her right hand glistened through their thin tight skin.

"Nan-cy!" she whispered; but the aghast little sound recalled her composure. She relaxed visibly. "That is what I cannot understand, my child how you can have honored your love for so many years and now, in the spirit of an absurd prank, permit such—such liberties from a man whom you don't even respect. How can you, Nancy, my—my dear wonderful girl?"

With an impulsive gesture, Nancy stretched her hands up toward the black slender figure.

"Because my skin isn't my soul, Gran dear," she said with rare gentleness.

It brought a little murmur of tenderness from her grandmother. She let her cane fall, limped forward a step, and leaning down, put her face against the glory of soft hair that the low flames lit with beauty. Tears or kisses had never been between them, but Nancy held her close and hungrily for an instant, her voice catching on a tired thread of laughter.

"Pl-ease, may I have my own way—just one more time, Gran?"

"Oh, yes, yes, so far as I'm concerned; but I shall pray God to stop you."

She straightened, and Nancy got her cane.

"Well, it seems to me God ought to be busy thinking up something nice for me, because, after all, I'm doing something at last that I don't exactly want to."

Her grandmother accepted this jest with surprising spirit, but no irreverence.

"Perhaps He is, dear. Perhaps He is; and may He bless you, Nancy. Good night."

They crossed the long room together, saying nothing more, not even another good night. Nancy drew the hangings for the stately limping figure and waited for the click of the elevator door. Then she started to return to the fireplace, but hesitated, wavering in the center of the room, a tall white swaying ghost in the dark quietness. A faint radiance from the lights of the park crept through the alcove windows and she went slowly, like one drawn, to the big chair where her grandmother always sat. It was turned toward the windows, where Madame Eaton had quitted it in the early evening. Nancy put her arms over the back of it and let her hands fall.

They fell on two broad shoulders, were caught in two strong hands. She screamed, hoarsely, from a choked throat; but was quickly unafraid. The intimacy that lived always in her heart for the man who sat there made him known to her instantly, despite the incredibility of his presence.

"Nancy," he said, low and slowly, in a voice shaken by its own control, "now that you've found me here, I beg of you to be—just."

She fought off bewilderment and lost it in a swift shamed fury.

"Oh, how could you, Preston Davis? How could you? What a despicable, cowardly —— Oh, let me go, you sneak, let me go!"

He loosed her hands, stood quickly, faced her and came close, talking desperately against her furious words, neither of them listening, neither hearing. It was a conflict of accusation and defense, of shame and pride, of love and passionate anger. She backed away from him, a swaying white fury; he slowly followed, his head doggedly outthrust—a tall broad blotch of darkness against the light of the windows. She struck against a table, stumbled, and he caught her to him, to be flung aside by an unnatural strength as great as his own. Their mingling voices battled in discord through the soft light of the room. She was nearing the door when he reached out and caught her; again she tore away from him. Finally, flamed by her devouring fury, he grasped her wrists, bent them back against her shoulders and held her to the wall under a fine soft-toned old portrait of her grandmother—a slender girl with curls of burnished bronze.

"You will listen, you tigress!" he muttered, and shook her. "Be still! I tell you, be still!"

She stood suddenly quiet, her face luminous with pallor.

"Now, Nancy, you've to believe this. I had a late dinner over at the Players, and when I came out I saw your lights up here going strong, so I thought I'd run up a minute. Mu Lan ——"

"You had forgotten I had told you I was engaged?" she asked derisively, but in a voice as quiet as his own.

"Not at all. I thought you were merely retaliating because I'd been obliged to say I could not come. Mu Lan was just going out. She said you would return soon. I sat down there to wait for you, thinking you'd come in any minute. I was thoroughly tired and I went to sleep. Damn it, I did, I tell you! And what's more, I didn't wake up until Temple must have been here some little time. That's the truth, I swear it! Then—then ——"

"Then, being a common sneak, you enjoyed a perfect evening."

"Being well trapped, I endured purgatory. What could I do? A pretty mess if I'd crawled out and declared myself! If I'd wakened in hell I'd have believed myself saner. What a thing for you to do, Nancy Caldwell, what a thing to do! If your grandmother hadn't come I'd have lost faith in all human decency and loyalty and honor. I'll admit I went under. You'll have to forgive me that. But, even so, I couldn't humiliate you. And now that I've heard you say you love me—heard you—we'll be married tomorrow afternoon."

Her expression did not change; she did not move under his tight hands.

"Charming; thoroughly noble and Prestonesque. I was waiting for it. But may I sit down to hear the rest of your organized-charity plan? This position is a trifle tiring."

He tightened his tight hold of her helpless wrists.

"Nancy, that sort of stuff is useless—useless, I tell you. We're going to be married tomorrow afternoon, right here, under your grandmother's picture. She's a great old girl and I thank God for her. I'll arrange Temple's funeral when he gets back from Philadelphia. Of all the con——"

"Oh, let me go! I'd rather die of any torture than marry you. Just because I caught you hiding there doesn't make me an object of your mercy."

"I tell you that sort of stuff is futile. You know I love you!"

"Oh, great heaven!" Her laughter shrilled out so sharply that he started a little. "How should I know it—how?"

"Why, Nancy, because it's true. Have I ever looked at any other woman? Haven't I endured your social condescension for years? Have you ever permitted me to talk anything but business to you at dances, dinners—anywhere? I've asked you to go out with me as seldom as I could make myself, for you've always made me mighty well feel that your acceptance was only a gracious return for my interest in your business affairs. You've never treated me as anything except a superior servant. Why, Nancy"—as he drew slowly closer to her she closed her eyes against his nearing gaze—"why, Nancy, I've loved you so long, silently, that I—I don't know how to express it!"

The blood flushed her face so hotly that he felt it warm her cheeks, and he drew back, leaving her lips untouched.

"Nothing could make me believe," she finally said, "that if I hadn't come to that chair and found you, you wouldn't have sneaked out like a housebreaker—and have escaped. Why didn't you rush out to declare this love of yours before Gran came—after Rich left?"

She smiled scornfully, with lips that trembled a little as he hesitated.

"Nancy, I told you you'd have to forgive me for failing my faith in you there for a while. Now I can see where I might have figured out what was back of it all from some of the things he said; but it was simply too much for human understanding, and I ached so to wring his neck——"

"Please! Let's end this sheik scene, Preston. If you keep me here pinned to the wall much longer the situation will grow humorous."

"You shan't stir until you promise me, on the honor of all your red-headed ancestors, that you'll marry me tomorrow."

"Oh, I'll never marry you! Never! Never! Never!"

Her voice suddenly broke from its control like a released spring, each word shrilling out in separate discordance. As the silence cleared itself of the echoing vibrations a new sound possessed it—a sound that instantly established its sovereignty over their own flayed emotions. It came from the elevator door. Someone was moaning, unevenly, heavily; moaning in dire distress.

Together, wordless, they were at the elevator door. The little car refused to answer his summons. It was stuck, as so often it was; but never before had Madame Eaton, with her dignified terror of it, been its victim.

"Oh, dear God," whispered Nancy, "help us! Help us!"

Together, wordless, but hand in hand, they ran for the stairway. At the door on the lower floor the moans were slightly louder; undoubtedly Madame Eaton had crumpled to the floor of the car. The electric button was unavailing.

"It's nearer the other floor," said Davis, and again hand in hand they fled upstairs, Nancy's hair flying like a flame behind her. Again they faced each other blankly, helplessly, before the stubborn oak door that would not open.

"Oh, Preston, get her out!" she said in a hollow voice, and with a choked cry of utter desperation went closely into his arms.

It was only an instant that love left them so, transcended in that planeless realm which touches heaven and is called ecstasy; but it was an infinite instant and could know no ending.

"We must wake Smithson up quick," he began to say, his lips triumphant with the surrender of her trembling ones, "and you telephone your electrician and —— There, there, beloved, it'll be all right."

His prophecy blossomed into prompt fulfillment. The oaken door quietly opened and Madame Eaton stepped cautiously over the sill to the safe solid floor, surveying them serenely.

"Well," she said brightly, "heaven knows I never expected any good to come of this elevator but the wretched thing's done very nicely."

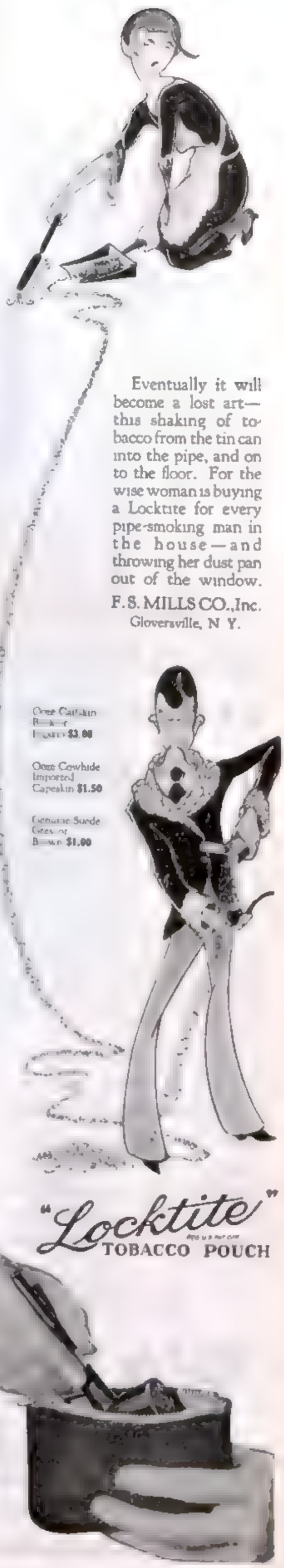
They stared at her, forgetfully embraced.

"Gran! what—what terrible—why——" Nancy's voice lost itself in stammering incoherence.

Madame Eaton raised her cane—a gesture that had silenced Nancy since days of smallest girlhood.

"My child, you continually forget that my hair was as red as your own. I saw Preston sitting in my chair when I was talking to you, and I left how he got there to the Lord; but I determined to have something to do with the way he got out. So I entered whole-heartedly into the beautiful spirit of this eavesdropping evening and I waited in the elevator to see if you would recognize the 'nice thing that God thought up' for you. And when I saw you were blind to it, I tried a little strategy with the stop button and a few good groans. I judge that I was successful."

They went to her, together.


Eventually it will become a lost art—this shaking of tobacco from the tin can into the pipe, and on to the floor. For the wise woman is buying a Locktite for every pipe-smoking man in the house—and throwing her dust pan out of the window.
F. S. MILLS CO., Inc.
Gloversville, N. Y.
Oozt Calfskin
$3.00
Oozt Cowhide
Imported
Capeskin $1.50
Genuine Suede
$1.00
"Locktite"
TOBACCO POUCH

STILLSON* (like Walworth) is a trade mark and registered by its owner—the Walworth Manufacturing Company—in the U. S. Patent Office, in the several states and in foreign countries.

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

As useful as an extra hand, and 10 times as strong

TROUBLE knows it's licked when you walk up to it with a Stillson. Anything that's hard to turn is going to let go. Anything that sticks is going to change its mind.

A Stillson gives you a grip of steel that locks tight as you pull, and that releases without jamming when you want to take a fresh hold.

You will find all kinds of uses for one (or two) of these wrenches—odd jobs round the house that no other tool can do so easily for you. (The 10-inch size is generally the handiest for household use. Hardware dealers sell all sizes of these wrenches, from 6 to 48 inches.)

A HANDY HOUSEHOLD USE

When a glass stopper sticks in a bottle, put a piece of cloth over the stopper, give it an easy turn with a STILLSON—and out it comes.

WALWORTH
STILLSON*
"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

Plants at Boston, and Kewanee, Ill. *Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World*

HOME FOLKS

Continued from Page 5

the wheels of industry, that can lift its discoverers from poverty to millions overnight.

Leeper was quite an important figure amid the surging mobs. Lease hounds pointed him out to prospects as an example of success; he was cultivated by drillers and production men who hoped to get busy on his stuff; and the idlers who always trail ready money furnished Bog a retinue. They found him a dry hole, however.

"He's tighter'n the bark on a tree," they declared in disgust.

"That woman of his don't look like it."

"Oh, well—a guy always falls in some direction."

The big production company men pronounced Bog a tough proposition to trade with. Leeper had a shrewd sense of values, and when he named a price or set a basis of trade it shut off any fat profits.

"He's got his sights a mile high," they reported to headquarters.

So they abandoned efforts to buy his acreage, figuring that it would finally come to them on their own terms if they let him stew a while. Bog waited a few weeks to see whether they would take the bait, and then determined to drill on his own account. Circumstances drove him to the step for his own protection. On one side of the tract of eighty acres he chose for the test was a seven-thousand-barrel well; on the other side a young Jew, who had come to the fields as a peddler, had brought in a gusher with a production of twelve thousand barrels a day, which he promptly sold to one of the Standard subsidiaries. Leeper feared they would drain his oil before he could get down to it, and so the work of drilling was rushed at top speed.

The test proved a duster. Not a sign of oil did he get. He put down another. It also turned out a dry hole. Concluding that the wells offsetting his tract had drained a pool, or there was a fault somewhere, he went far over to another corner of his acreage and drilled.

They got a showing of oil, but shortly after the well came in it began to flow salt water. Within a fortnight the big gushers were all salt, and the production companies were pulling their pipe and tools. The field was ruined.

So was Bog. He was busted—cleaned. His acreage was worthless, all the money he had brought with him was spent, and he owed thirty-seven thousand dollars which it was extremely unlikely he would ever be able to pay. His creditors descended on him in a cloud, stripped him of motor cars and everything else they could seize, and Bog sneaked out of the abandoned town, now almost tenantless, with nine dollars in his pockets and a diamond ring he had managed to hold out.

He went alone. Of course Fay didn't leave Bog because he was broke, but on account of the quarrels they had over the foolish way he handled his business. You know how it is—there are finer things in this world than money, and if a woman can't get love—and Bog acted so mean and ugly at the least little thing she said—well, Fay just couldn't stand such treatment, and she went away with the youthful peddler for a trip to California. Bog made a gallant effort to get back the diamonds and emeralds and the pearl necklace, but it was unavailing.

Once an oil man, always—there is a fascination about the game that grips stronger than gambling. When Bog cast about in his mind for something to do, any other business seemed impossible. He could not settle down to the grind of an office, even were he qualified; he swore he would bump himself off before he ever went back to farming; and no business opportunities offered. There were, however, numerous activities connected with the oil industry that did not require capital, and he carefully weighed the prospects in each.

The promotion field struck him as the most likely, perhaps because it offered the largest returns for the least effort. He had the brains and the experience; the other fellow could put up the money. But how to start? A promoter must have something to capitalize—at least Bog thought so in those days of his fresh innocence.

The requests he had received from his old friends in Larrup to be taken in on the ground floor recurred to him. He still owned a suitcase of leases. True enough, they seemed worthless as things stood, but one could never tell whether the field might not come back, like many another. Besides, did they know in Larrup that the field was played out?

He hocked his diamond, put on his best clothes, and returned to his native town. There he engaged a suite of rooms at the Alamo Hotel and proceeded to cultivate the right people.

His reception lacked some of the earlier enthusiasm, for they had heard about salt water in Leeper's oil field and knew that the big companies had withdrawn from it. Still, it might not be a total loss, and Bog appeared to be flush and full of hope. So they waited a while, watching him.

When he thought the time ripe Leeper broached his proposition to a sporting merchant and obtained a sympathetic hearing. The merchant put it up to a group of friends, among whom was a banker. The latter made careful inquiries and what he discovered prompted him at first to quash the whole business. Then he had another thought on it, and suggested to Bog certain changes in the plan of operation. Bog eagerly approved them and they went ahead and organized a company.

Instead of going after oil, the company went after speculators. It was nothing but a promotion scheme to sell dead acreage. All over the continent people were sinking their savings in worthless oil stocks, and Leeper's company reached out for some of this restless money. At that, they had more real value behind their stock than nine-tenths of the promoters then operating.

Bog put in his leases at a high value and received payment in stock. They also elected him president of the company, an honor of which he was at first very proud because of the newspaper publicity he obtained. But as time went on he became dubious. The banker soon became the leading spirit of the organization, although not an officer in it; and the more he saw of the trend of their operations the worse the prospect looked to Bog. He sold his stock, then resigned. The sporting merchant succeeded him as president, giving up a lucrative business to attend to it; and Leeper faded out of the picture.

When the concern blew up and the postal authorities stepped in, Bog could not be located. As a matter of fact they made no special effort to find him, inasmuch as the company's operations had been technically within the law as long as he was president. But prison faced the sporting merchant. One day he went duck shooting and never came back. They had to use dynamite to recover his body from the lake.

Curiously enough, Sam Leeper would have nothing to do with this enterprise. His brother gave him the opportunity, but it was just as it had been in their boyhood days when Bog saw golden chances for them in cotton—Sam merely said no, he wouldn't choose to; and let it go at that. Shortly after Bog sold out and flitted, Sam married Paulula Cunningham, bought an interest in the largest dry-goods store in town, and moved into Larrup. He would not part with the farm, although several tempting offers were made to him, but put a good tenant on the place and drove out three times a week to see that things were going all right.

The years passed and Bog had the usual ups and downs of the oil speculator. He wandered from Texas to Arkansas, from Arkansas to Wyoming, from Wyoming to Canada, from Canada to Louisiana, then back to Texas and Oklahoma. One day he would be flush, sporting diamonds and rolling around in a high-powered car. He would say to himself that he had struck his stride at last, and would show up some of the big fellers before he got through. Then the crash would come, and he would head for a new field, sometimes in a Pullman car and in comfort, sometimes riding a freight with other drifters. There were times when he made easy thousands as a lease hound, the money coming so fast on top of a strike that he and his assistant had to stuff it into a wastebasket to keep up with the raging maniacs who clamored to buy leases. At others he worked on the Kelly with a drill crew at five and six dollars a day, often in water and mud, sometimes in a drought so severe that the air reeled from the heat waves. Once he secured a job with a production company, and the prospect of working up to a responsible position looked

(Continued on Page 165)

Who can tell by the looks how silk will wear? Accept satin you do not know and you take chances—you may soon need to have your coat relined. Inferior silks can be camouflaged by compounds of tin to give them lustre and weight.

Skinner's Satins are of full-size *pure-dye* silk, not made full-size by "weighting." That is the reason they have had the confidence of all first class tailors and clothing manufacturers for three-quarters of a century.

In purchasing a coat or suit ready-to-wear, look for the Skinner label shown below. In ordering from a tailor, ask for Skinner's Satin and

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's cloaks, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Established 1848

Skinner's Satin

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA · MILLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

SELZ GOOD SHOES MORE REAL VALUE

SIXTY-FIRST FULL PAGE ADVERTISEMENT ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1925 SELZ

THE smart exclusive style and heavy rich quality that young men want in shoes doesn't always fit young pocketbooks. Selz take care of both; fine leathers, stylish lasts, long wear and low cost — $6 to $10.

The custom built looks are there but the high cost isn't

STYLE B-250

THE Varsity model by Selz tan Cavalon calf uppers Goodyear Welt sole rubber heels Styled to conform with the smart and comfortable clothing fashion for Spring

You'll see it—Selz shoes advertised in your local papers—by good merchants

SELZ ORGANIZATION PITTSBURGH CHICAGO — SHOEMAKERS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

Continued from Page 162

very bright, but the climb was too slow for Bog and he threw it up to go after quicker money.

His general trend was downward, despite the fact that he was a hustler and worked hard. And always his methods grew worse. After ten years of the oil game there was not an angle of it he did not know, not a shift he wasn't ready to adopt so long as it did not take him outside of the law. The slim, upstanding, handsome youngster grew into a gross, hard-faced man with a genial camaraderie of manner that fooled nobody except the hopelessly innocent.

From time to time he made appeals to Sam. At first they took the form of investment schemes and offered Sam golden opportunities to make twenty to one on his money, but when Sam mildly declined these overtures, and to Bog's later importunities returned a newspaper clipping to the effect that "another reason why we have been slow in climbing the ladder of fame is that so many of our friends have let us in on the ground floor," Bog switched to the straight touch. He asked for a loan of a thousand. Sam sent him fifty dollars and expressed a pious hope that he would employ it conservatively.

This so hurt Bog's pride that he blew up and swore he would throw the money in Sam's face and never ask him for another cent if he had to starve to death. However, he found a use for the fifty. And three months later he was back again for the same amount.

It was a gradual and easy slide from fifty to ten; the time came when Bog wrote to beg for five dollars. His letters degenerated into whines, and after a while Sam ceased even to answer them.

Meanwhile Bog heard of Sam indirectly. He and Paulula had a son; next, they had a daughter. Sam's mercantile business was prospering. He took over a defunct lumber yard. About the time that got on a paying basis, the flour mill struck the rocks, and Sam acquired the property for next to nothing. Then one day somebody sent Bog a copy of the Booster, and there on the front page was a picture of our leading citizen, Samuel Witherspoon Leeper, who had been elected to the presidency of the First State Bank of Larrup at the annual meeting.

"How the Sam Hill does he get away with it?" exclaimed Bog in amazement as he stared at his brother's bovine expression. "I've got twice his brains. It's luck—that's what it is—that and religion. Sam goes to church and gets up on his hind legs and sings, and so the bank—shucks, they make me sick!"

An accident while working with a drill crew narrowed Bog's opportunities for employment. Bog was no brake-weight—he was a hard, fast worker, but inclined to be careless—and one day he became more than usually careless as they were pulling pipe. A length struck him, crushing his leg. When he got out of hospital he had a limp from which he never recovered.

The future now loomed black. Jobs requiring responsibility had long since been closed to Bog, and he could no longer earn his keep as a roughneck. In these desperate straits he took up with a woman lease hound who had made a fortune by shrewd trading. She was a big, buxom, tight-lipped sister of about fifty years, with a ready, hard smile brightened by two gold teeth, and she was old enough to be Bog's mother. But she had the money and admired Bog, and he married her.

From that time he led the life of a parish dog. Mrs. Leeper entertained no illusions about her husband. She regarded him as an intelligent, likable, untrustworthy good-for-nothing, who might yet be of some use if directed with a firm hand, and she had it. After a few futile attempts he gave up trying to assert himself. Then he gave up trying to fool her and settled down to fetch and carry and be the handy man of the team.

She was liberal toward him at the outset, but discovering that Bog occasionally got teed up on corn liquor, she shut off his pocket money. Also, he displayed an odd capacity for making mistakes in a crisis, so she was obliged to hire a man to assist her. This step broke Bog's spirit. For a brief moment he considered running away and starting all over again, but after all he had a comfortable place to live, good meals, and most of his petty wants supplied. So he stayed. But now he had to beg for a few dollars at a time—then a quarter. They were so painful of extraction that he finally took to panhandling acquaintances, until everybody regarded him as a pest. He had reached the depths.

However, now and again his wife would send Bog out as a scout when a new field came in. He had no authority to spend any money or make any commitments, his mission being limited to sizing up the situation and wiring her a report. If the prospect looked bright she would join him and start a lease business, for she had now reached the point of handling only stuff that had been proved up. This required capital and sound judgment, and Mrs. Leeper had both. Bog enjoyed these trips and never lost hope that some fine day he would make a killing on his own account.

One day in early summer, while winding up some business in Houston, Mrs. Leeper read in a newspaper of a strike in Larrup County. She laughed to herself, deliberated a moment, then sent for Bog.

"Where is the Clear Fork of the Blanco?" she demanded.

"'Bout ten miles from my home town."

"Grab a train and go there."

"I got to get me a new suit then," he protested.

"What for? That suit's plenty good enough. It looks fine."

"Yeh, of course—anything is good enough for me. You don't care a damn if your husband does look like a bum. But I ain't going back where people know me, and my folks amount to something. No, ma'am, I ain't going back there looking like a drifter."

"All righty," said the lady good-humoredly. "Here's forty dollars, baby. Go and get yourself a new suit. But catch that early train, mind."

Bog took the money and some more she gave him for traveling expenses, and started out. But on the way to the store he began to think over the possibilities. Forty dollars was more than he had had at one time for his own use in three years. He could do something with forty dollars! Bog decided the suit he had on would do, if he had it pressed and cut the frayed edges of the trousers with a scissors. Consequently he boarded the train for Larrup a few hours later with his suit in the same condition, a bottle of corn liquor on his hip, and thirty-two dollars above expense money in his pocket.

He did not engage a berth—Mrs. Leeper had pronounced ideas of economy and they did not embrace the pampering of a dependent husband. Consequently he did not see Fay, who had the drawing-room of the Pullman, until he entered the diner for supper. And there she was, at table with a portly man of mature years.

"She'll assay a hundred thousand dollars on the hoof, right now," he murmured, and tried to efface himself. But Fay spotted him at once and crooked a finger in beckoning. Very reluctantly and shamefacedly, Bog got up and went over to her table.

"Lan's sakes, Bog," she exclaimed, "what's come over you?"

"Nothing's come over me. Why?"

"Why, you look so old, Bog! And fat!"

He knew that she meant he looked seedy, too, but he could think of no retort except "Well, you sure enough don't." And then he stood and glared at her. The situation delighted Fay.

"What're you doing now?"

"I been out in the fields," he said sullenly.

"Married?"

"No. That is—why—yes, of course."

She laughed and began again on her food.

"Well, glad to have seen you," she said gayly, and that was all.

Bog turned and walked back to his seat, raging. As he went he heard Fay's companion ask, "Who on earth is that fellow?"

"Oh, somebody I used to know."

"What's his name?"

"It used to be Bog. But I guess it's Mud now." And the big man chuckled.

Bog grew scarlet. Why hadn't he bought that new suit? Also, he might have shaved and slicked up a little. He glanced down at his hands, and for the first time in months realized that they were rough and ingrained with dirt; and he remembered that it was while getting a manicure that he had met Fay. A manicure! He hadn't had one in five years.

The train was late next morning, and it was nearly noon before they pulled into Larrup. Bog was dubious of this return to his birthplace, of the attention he would attract, of the sharp eyes that would note every detail of his dress and manner, and translate it into terms of his condition. It was one thing to go back as the Boy Millionaire, but what would be their attitude

May Breath Free

Mail Coupon Below

What a Story

Women could tell about men's breath

How millions now avoid the grave offense of bad breath

You carry a sweet breath with you this new way

NO man would knowingly offend with bad breath. But nine out of ten do, unconsciously, at one time or another.

Yet but few realize that fact. You never know when your own breath is bad. Only those with whom you come in contact do, and no one ever tells you.

Smoking causes bad breath. So do stomach disorders. Certain foods and drinks are constant offenders. Or it may be food decaying between the teeth, or an unnoticed gum disorder.

* * * *

Now there is new, scientific protection. Millions are turning to it, for it affords absolute immunity in an amazingly simple manner.

The name is May Breath, an antiseptic mouth wash *in tablet form*. Not a mere perfume that merely cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier.

Dissolve a single tablet in your mouth. Your breath is instantly purified.

Every odor, whether from mouth or stomach, is combated; your breath made sweet and pure.

In your pocket

May Breath is packed in thin enameled boxes. Carry a box with you always . . . . you never know when you'll need one.

Never pay a social call, never go to a dance or theatre, never risk close contact with others without being sure your breath will not offend.

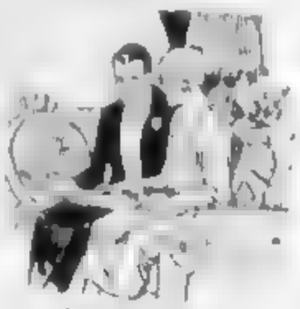
That's simply good manners. Bad breath used to be unavoidable. Today, as everyone knows, it's become unpardonable.

A box free

We will gladly send you a box free. May Breath, we know, will delight you. Tear out the coupon now and mail it.

Your charm
Is destroyed if the breath offends. A May Breath avoids that risk

In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends . . . sure sweet breath.



Spring odors
One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

15c and 25c

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

Good for a Regular Size Box

Fill in your name, then mail to address below for a Regular Size box of May Breath free.

Name

Address

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto
Only one box to a family

toward a busted lease hound? A town which had time to spot a new salesman off the 9:07 and mentally register every feature of his dress and manner would pounce on Bog Leeper at the depot platform and have him dissected before he reached the Kandy Kitchen.

"Gee, I hate to face it," he muttered as the engineer whistled for the crossing.

But every apprehension vanished when he descended the car steps. There was a mob at the depot, and it was not a mob of home folks. In place of the placid county seat he had known, where everybody had time to stop to exchange neighborly greetings and gossip, he found a roaring, churning oil town. Strangers from the four corners of the earth overran the slow-moving citizens in the streets and in the square, jammed the hotel lobbies and eating houses, turned the bank and the drug stores and real-estate offices into exchanges, and churned the dust of the Clear Fork road into a cloud by day and a stream of flame by night. Nobody gave Bog a glance.

This was a relief, yet he felt oddly disappointed, too. Some sentiment, deep down, resented the presence of these interlopers, who brusquely took possession where he felt he had well-defined, conceded rights. Even the landlady of the Alamo could hardly find a moment to welcome him back, and when he asked for a room she threw up her hands and hooted in derision. However, for old time's sake and six dollars a day she did manage to secure him a bed at her sister's house, and after leaving his suitcase there Bog got a shave at Jim's place and issued forth on business.

First he must find out the exact location of the discovery well. He felt exultant over the prospects. If ever there was a field that offered him a chance, this was the one. He knew every foot of this old county, and his wide acquaintance would stand him in good stead. Maybe he'd best drop in at the Red Front Drug Store and spy out the lay of things before going anywhere.

As he was passing the First State Bank, glancing vainly among the throngs of men and women for a familiar face, a big shining sedan drew up at the curb and a man stepped out. It was Sam. He turned to help a woman from the car—Paulula. A sort of panic seized upon Bog. He couldn't face them. He would have sneaked away, but they had already seen him and he had to turn back.

"Hello, Bog!" cried Sam, shaking him heartily by the hand.

There was nothing lacking in Paulula's greeting, either. Yet he flushed to the roots of his hair and could not find a word to say. An abysmal gulf separated them. It was his own brother and his old sweetheart, but Bog felt shyer with the pair than he would with any stranger.

And Sam? He was almost as embarrassed. A glance was sufficient to tell him Bog's story, and his face betrayed distress, but for the life of him he could not voice anything. He merely clung to his brother's hand and looked anywhere but at him.

"Well, how's everything?" he asked lamely.

"Fine," said Bog.

"Just got in?"

"Yeh. But I got to leave again tonight."

"Oh, surely you're coming to us!" exclaimed Paulula. "You'll want to see the children, and Sam—you're his only brother—why, you might have let us know you were coming, Bog!"

"Yes, ma'am, but it was so sudden. I—she—I ——"

"Is your wife with you?" inquired Sam.

"No, she couldn't come. But maybe she'll be along if this field ——"

And then somebody interrupted and claimed Mr. Leeper's attention. He was wanted inside the bank. Yes, important—very. He turned back to Bog and said, "Say, this is sure-enough bad luck. Paulula and I have got to catch that two o'clock train for the East and we won't be back here for a month. Why didn't you let us know? We won't see anything of you, it looks like."

"But, Sam, he simply must come out and see the children before they go. You go on and finish up at the bank, while I drive him out."

"No, thank you, ma'am," replied Bog hurriedly. "I just can't make it today. Thank you all the same. I got a lot of things to do, and if they ain't done right now it'll be too late. I'm awful sorry—maybe some other time ——"

"Well, this is a mix-up!" exclaimed Sam. Then he shook Bog's hand again, looked him in the eye a moment, looked hastily away, and mumbling something about "If there's anything I can do for you—come back and see me again—maybe we can work out something for the future—anything I can possibly do ——" suffered himself to be drawn inside the bank, where they were waiting for him to clean up various items before his departure.

"I got to be moving. Good-by," Bog said.

Paulula's eyes were full of pity, and as Bog walked rapidly away her gaze followed him.

"They've changed," he was muttering, his thoughts in a whirl. "They look different. They are different," he added. "Why, they don't even talk the same!"

It was true. A casual acquaintance of his early years would never have recognized Sam Leeper in the carefully groomed business man who had stepped out of the sedan. It wasn't that Sam was all swelled up resentful as he felt, Bog had to admit Sam hadn't tried to high-tone him. He talked to a fellow man to man—yet there was something—an indefinable barrier now separated Sam from people of Bog's class. He had a sort of—Bog could not describe it, but he had seen and felt it in successful men he had contacted during the heyday of his prosperity. It was a quiet assurance, a certain poise of manner—almost an air of authority.

And anybody could see that Sam was the big cheese in this burg. That guy back there at the bank had done everything but dust his shoes.

And Paulula! What had happened to her? Once or twice in his wanderings Bog had seen really well-bred women at close range and they had exactly the same simplicity of manner—that straight way of looking at a fellow, that friendly frankness of speech. Yet nobody ever tried to get fresh with them. Well, Paulula had all that. She was just the same fine, warm-hearted woman she had always been, but she somehow looked different and acted different. As he hurried across the square Bog could hardly believe he had ever kissed her, had ever whispered in her ear. She was miles and miles above him now—he recognized that. In fact, she made him feel like a bum.

He wasn't much of an analyst, but he knew in a vague way that the character showing in every line of Paulula's comely, placid face was a thing of slow growth, of many years of right living and unselfishness. And then he thought of his own wife—she of the gold teeth and meat-ax face! And Fay—that hussy!

As for Paulula, she gazed after Bog and marveled.

Could this cheap, seedy derelict ever have been the frank, laughing boy she had loved in her girlhood? Her thoughts flew to Sam and their years together, their home and their children, and she was filled with a great gratitude.

"But he must do something for Bog when he gets back," she determined. "Poor old Bog! I wonder what the trouble is!"

That was precisely what Bog wanted to know of Mountain Lion Twohig in the Red Front Drug Store.

"Looks like everything's broke wrong for me," he declared gloomily as he stood staring through the window at the milling crowds in the square. "And look at ol' Sam—got rich by just keepin' alive!"

"Well, I don't know about that. Sam ain't as smart as you are, Bog—I always did say you had twice his brains—but he's worked awful hard, Sam has. Once he takes hold, he don't let go. Just keeps pluggin' along all the time, and that's a hard game to beat."

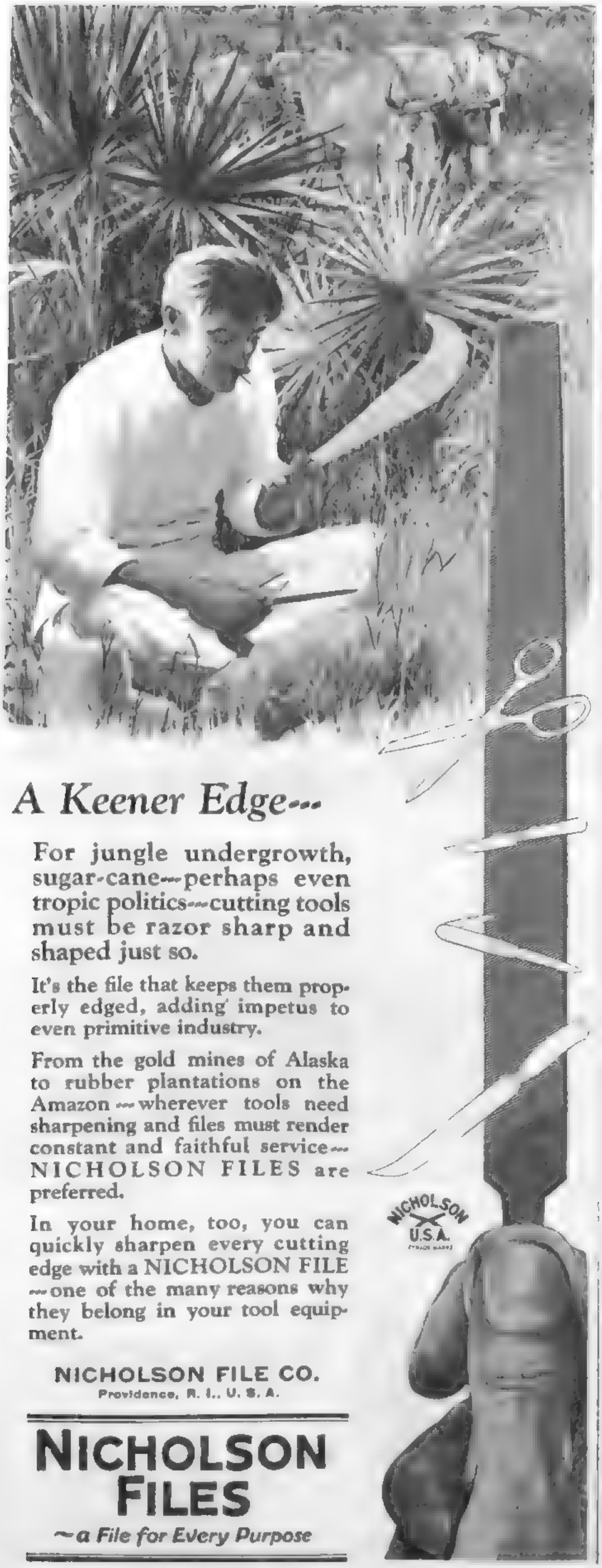
"Worked? Ain't I worked? I bet I've worked harder than any three men in this town put together. You don't know what I been up against, Mount. It's luck, that's all. This oil boom'll make Sam a millionaire, too."

"Two or three times, I reckon," the druggist admitted. "But you got to remember he was rich before anybody ever thought of oil round here. Sam owns a lot of good stuff, what with farm lands and three stores and the bank and money lent out."

"All right," said Bog. "Then what about it? You admit yourself he hasn't got as many brains as I've got. So if it ain't luck, what is it?"

Mount scratched his head

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "If you want to grow you've got to get your roots down somewhere. And you never did, Bog." (Continued on Page 169)



A Keener Edge---

For jungle undergrowth, sugar-cane---perhaps even tropic politics---cutting tools must be razor sharp and shaped just so.

It's the file that keeps them properly edged, adding impetus to even primitive industry.

From the gold mines of Alaska to rubber plantations on the Amazon---wherever tools need sharpening and files must render constant and faithful service---NICHOLSON FILES are preferred.

In your home, too, you can quickly sharpen every cutting edge with a NICHOLSON FILE---one of the many reasons why they belong in your tool equipment.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON FILES
---a File for Every Purpose

Keystone Standard Watch, 10 size. Thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss gold-filled case, in white or green. Other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices.

$25

"Whee! What did they *do* with all the daylight they saved?"

When a man arrives home late—looks his Keystone Standard Watch squarely in the face and hands—and finds it is 2.21 A. M., he is apt to get a distinct and severe shock. (Why they wait until 2.21 for this casual, chronological consultation nobody knows.)

But anyway, early or late, the Keystone Standard is always on the job—a fine, man's watch, a splendid, thin, well-made time-piece. Metal dial with raised numerals and cased in the celebrated **Jas. Boss** Gold-Filled Case, in white or green.

Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not have it, write us direct and give us his name. Made in America. Write for descriptive booklet

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., *Established 1853* New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

WAFFLE IRON

$9.00

In Canada—$12.00

This graceful, practical Waffle Iron is a perfect example of the STAR-Rite idea. The iron has a highly polished all nickel finish, exclusive non-heating carrying handle and lid-lifter—complete with cord and plug. The aluminum grids are full breakfast-plate size, and sharply die-cut—a feature seldom found on waffle irons—which prevents sticking. Let us send you a tested recipe for making delicious omelets on your STAR-Rite Waffle Iron. Just write us

The STAR-Rite ELECTRIC HOME HELPERS

STAR-Rite is a name that identifies a line of Electrical Necessities characterized by pleasing appearance, very sturdy construction and exceptionally high value.

They typify that devotion to the ideal of "quality first" which has always distinguished the product of the conscientious New England manufacturer.

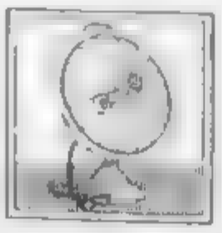
The STAR-Rite ideal of quality permits nothing but the best—the STAR-Rite standard of value insures enduring service at moderate prices.

Steadfast adherence to these twin ideals of quality and value has made the name STAR-Rite a national synonym for reliable, reasonably-priced electric home equipment.

Other Members of the STAR-Rite Family

Grill	$9.00
Marcel Waves	2.00— 4.50
Hair Driers	12.50
Curling Irons	2.50— 3.50
Household Motors	15.00
Fans	5.95—15.00

DEALERS: Write for STAR-Rite's attractive dealer proposition.



Model "C" Heater

$7.50

In Canada, $8.75

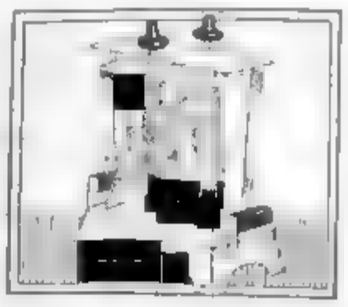
14-inch pure copper heat bowl. Just the thing to take the chill out of the early mornings and later afternoons of spring. Other heaters $5.00 and $6.50

Reversible Toaster

$5.00

In Canada—$6.75

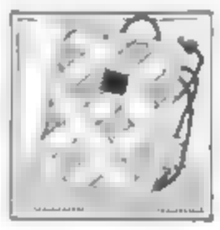
All nickel hi-speed toaster which toasts two full size pieces of bread at one time. Non-heating handles permit turning toast without burning the hands. The SUPREME toaster value



Heating Pad, $7.50

In Canada—$9.00

Three heat control switch, all wool plaid cover in choice of three color combinations, or in solid tan. Single heat pad $5.00. Three heat Aristocrat model, $10.00—large over-size pad in soft old rose color



For sale wherever reliable electrical equipment is sold.

If your dealer doesn't carry STAR-Rite write us for full information.

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO., 700 MAIN ST., TORRINGTON, CONN.

Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 166)

At this moment a flivver dashed into the square from the direction of the Clear Fork. The driver yelled something to an acquaintance. It seemed to electrify the crowd.

Bog could see a wave of excitement sweep over the mass of humanity like a wind over a field of grain.

"What's up?" he yelled, throwing open the door.

"New gusher!" panted a man who was running to the nearest exchange. "She's seven thousand bar'ls and she's runnin' wild!"

"Where is it?"

But the man had gone. Bog tagged another. Was it true?

"Sure, it's genuwine. That scout who just come in brought the news, and he's reliable. This'll prove up a lot more territory—all that stuff beyond the branch."

And he, too, dashed off. The square was now in a pandemonium. Nobody seemed to recognize acquaintances, nobody had time to stop. Men were running in all directions, bawling inquiries or simply babbling what they had heard. They fought to get into the exchanges, and there were whirlpools around every curb lease hound who had stuff to sell.

"Say, I got to get me a flivver!" cried Bog desperately, seizing hold of a loping citizen he knew.

The man did not recognize him. His eyes were glittering, his mouth was open, and he was panting.

"Seven thousand bar'ls and ——"

"Say, where can I hire me a flivver, Reb?"

"And I own a quarter section not half a mile —— Say, leave me go! Hear?"

"Where is this gusher, anyhow, Reb?"

"On Clem Williams' farm. Right back of his barn, too."

Bog let go of his arm as though it were a hot poker. For a moment the square reeled around him and black specks danced before his eyes. Then he shook himself and started back toward the Red Front. He felt weak; he wanted to crawl off somewhere and think this thing out; right now his brain was numb.

The Red Front was empty, and he collapsed into Mount's cane-bottomed chair. So Clem Williams had brought in a gusher—seven thousand barrels a day!

"And I sold him that land for forty dollars an acre!" he muttered. "Here I've been chasing a fortune all over the continent for twelve years—and all the time it was right in my own back yard!"

THE SPORTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

will find conditions improved in the business end. I argued all night to persuade the California Athletic Club to offer a purse of $10,000 for a headline fight between the great Peter Jackson and myself, and the battle with John L. brought $25,000, an unheard of figure. Jack McAuliffe defended his lightweight title against English Jimmy Carroll for something like $5000, and Ike Weir, the Spider, and Billy Murphy, of Australia, fought it out for the championship for a $3500 purse.

Many times there were not even such inducements offered. The same Jack McAuliffe, a wonderful man, had to slip away to a shack to take on Jem Carney. They didn't get any money at all, the winner taking a small side bet; and Sullivan and Kilrain had to find some island even to pitch a ring, where they battled for honor, and not a prize in sight.

Compare such conditions with the million-dollar, well-dressed house that watched Dempsey beat the frail Frenchman, the winner pocketing $300,000, the loser two-thirds of that big sum; while a bout between Dempsey and Firpo, a foreigner who knew the rudiments of neither English nor boxing, brought over $1,000,000, a liberal percentage of which went to the loser.

As I have sat in Rickard's huge bowl seating 90,000, I have wondered if present-day fighters realize how soft things are for them—fighting a mere twelve rounds or less when we used to battle sometimes as many as seventy, and the loser now drawing down eight times as much as the victor got for winning the world's championship thirty-two years ago. Then the loser got not a nickel; in fact, was in the hole, having to make good his side bet.

Old Ways and New

Right here we have, to my mind, one of the greatest differences between the old age and the new, also one of the greatest evils—this refusal to take the sporting chance!

Most of the fighters today will not even enter a ring in which the winner gets all or almost all. They wrangle and haggle and stall until they are assured a fortune, even if they lose. No wonder so many fights are tame, when all a man has to do to win such fortunes is to be fairly tough, then go into the ring and cover himself up, wrap his arms around his head, clinch, hold on, and cuff a bit, and so weather a few rounds.

The fighter now does not love the game for the game's sake. He does not have the proper pride, such, for instance, as was shown by the original Jack Dempsey, whose courage and skill were called in question by Jack Keenan, a prominent lightweight, one day in San Francisco. It wasn't Dutch courage, either, but real pluck and pride in themselves that made those men jump into a hack, retire to the sand-lots, and there, with six people present, and not a nickel in sight, fight to a finish, and one the holder of the middleweight, the other a contender for the lightweight crown! Now it would take two years to get two such men into the ring, and then only for a few rounds, fought for an enormous sum.

By all this I do not mean to imply that brawls started in saloons are desirable. I am not in favor of mix-ups either at the bar or in the gutter. The prime object of boxing is not revenge or satisfaction of hate, but skill. Still, such incidents show that the men of old had a proper pride in their manhood, their ability; and money, though always important, was a secondary consideration. I may here be accused—and justly—of dickering for money myself and refusing to take off my coat and take on any and all comers on occasion. However, I was by practice rather controlled and avoided such places as a rule; which makes me think—I did have one row in a saloon, but only one; and a strange and not very creditable affair it turned out to be.

A Quarrelsome Nuisance

Some years ago an old-time boxer named McGlade kept a café in Cleveland, not a saloon exactly, but a first-class restaurant with an adjoining bar. He was a wonderfully preserved man and a most interesting character, and I had always admired him; and when playing in Cleveland I used to drop around at least once during my stay to shake his hand and chat over old times.

On one visit—it was during the time I held the title—he got up a little supper for me and invited as guests a few friends from among the actors playing on the same vaudeville bill. The affair was held in a room over the bar.

While upstairs with the group we heard some disturbance downstairs, but paid little attention, as it seemed at first merely like the noise of a blusterer making a nuisance of himself. But we found out afterward that it was more like real trouble than we thought. It seems that a football player, a big husky chap, and pretty well known, had thrown a few drinks into his big carcass and was aching for a fight. He issued one of those general invitations to everyone in the room, but all were back-stepping it except one smaller fellow, who wore a white felt hat—a sort of tin-horn or hick gambler—who rather fancied himself as a boxer.

Before the little man in the white hat had taken up the challenge, however, the bartender, with a wink at the bystanders, remarked to the trouble-maker: "Jim Corbett is upstairs. Stick around a while, and you can take him on, if ye're wantin' a fight that bad."

"Bring on the ——" [I won't give details here] said the noisy one. "He never could fight anyway."

This seemed to amuse the rest of the crowd, all but the little fellow in the white hat who had just screwed his nerve up to the point of taking on the football player. Now he felt all his courage oozing away.

"Gee!" he muttered to a friend. "I'd better keep my trap shut. That fellow would take on Corbett. He'd murder me!" Of all this, of course, I was told later.

TEETOR
Perfect Circle
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PISTON RINGS

Patented March 29, 1910 - May 2, 1922

The slot-and-groove combination is fully covered by PERFECT CIRCLE patents—no other ring can have this combination. The continuous groove makes it possible to scientifically locate the slots in PERFECT CIRCLES, so that the cylinder wall never is scraped dry, and yet excessive oil consumption and oil-pumping are avoided. Always enough oil on the cylinder walls—never too much.

Almost Every Car Needs

PERFECT CIRCLES

MILLIONS of cars in service today use too much oil. They foul plugs and valves and eat holes in the pocketbooks of their owners.

That is why the automotive industry gave such cordial welcome to PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* piston rings, which now are standard equipment in more than 100 motor cars and trucks.

You can stop excessive oil consumption in your car—just as leading car manufacturers are stopping it—by installing one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring on each piston. They seldom fail to give 1000 or more miles to the gallon of oil and they increase the life of your cylinder walls through proper lubrication.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings are sold and installed by progressive car dealers and repairmen everywhere. Insist on them for *your* car.

PRICE 60c EACH
Up to and including 4 inches in diameter
(One to a Piston)

DEALERS and GARAGEMEN: A valuable book of piston ring information, useful every day, will be mailed you on request. Write for it.

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating
Piston Rings

INDIANA PISTON RING COMPANY, HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA, U. S. A.
J. H. TEETOR, *President* C. N. TEETOR, *Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.*

Yes! this is it –

The liquid floor covering that everyone is talking about – *applied with a brush*

Easiest to clean - Resists hardest wear

for any floor : WOOD OR CEMENT INSIDE OR OUTSIDE

KOVERFLOR is entirely different from anything you've ever used.

It beautifies and protects all floors, creating a fresh, wholesome surface—tile-like in appearance—which is easily cleaned with a mop. It resists the most rugged wear and tear and is impervious to water, weather, oil and grease.

It prevents the elements of decay from attacking the flooring material. If your cement floors dust, Koverflor will stop it. It will also enhance their beauty and add to their value.

Koverflor is supplied in solid colors for any floor—wood or cement—inside or outside. Ideal for the porch. Also for cellars, garages, factories, stores, industrial and commercial buildings, steamships, yachts, boats, etc. Particularly effective for *old* floors.

Economical. Easily applied with a brush—just like paint. Hardware and paint dealers sell it. If unable to obtain it conveniently, we will supply it direct.

For a practical booklet on Koverflor, clip the coupon.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS—443 Fourth Ave., New York
San Francisco, Grand Rapids, London, Eng.
STANDARD VARNISH CO. *of Illinois*—2600 Federal Street, Chicago
Licensee and Western Manufacturer

KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK

FREE for the asking—

This booklet explains what this remarkable product is and does. Clip this coupon and mail to our nearest office. SEP 1

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

CHECK here if you want us to include information about other famous Standard Varnish Works products.

SATINETTE ENAMEL —the china-like enamel ☐

ELASTICA VARNISHES —specific varnishes for all purposes ☐

KWICKWORK AUTO ENAMEL —Apply today—Drive tomorrow ☐

Meanwhile, the abuse on the part of the big boy kept up for some time. Finally we finished our supper upstairs, my friends filed out, and I came down with McGlade, intending to pass through the bar to the street and so make my way to the hotel.

As soon as I entered I saw the crowd standing there looking rather funny—sort of half scared and yet eager, you know, the way harmless people do when they expect to be treated to a free scrap. Still, I didn't expect trouble then, not knowing anything of what had gone on before. I just thought that it was a strange way to act, but that these people must be pretty green to think I was one of those brawling champions who like to intimidate whole roomfuls of people, when I was nothing of the sort.

But the bartender, who saw a chance to have some fun with the fellow, called out to me, "Here's a guy wants to meet you, Mr. Corbett"—with the emphasis on the "meet." So I went up to the bar, facing the man who had caused all the trouble, and innocently held out my hand. I could see that he had been drinking a little and looked surly, but I wasn't at all prepared for what was to follow.

With a sneer he said, "You're Corbett, are you? You never could lick anybody"; and butting me with his shoulder as I stood off guard—he was pretty strong—he shot me up against the wall.

I felt foolish, of course, with all that crowd looking on, but I figured that the fellow was just feeling a little too good, also that he was some friend of McGlade's and was probably all right when he was sober. So I pulled myself together and looked at McGlade. "Friend of yours?" I asked.

McGlade glanced at me significantly.

"No," he replied slowly, "he's no friend of mine."

The Saving Sense of Humor

I did not, of course, know at the time that the fellow had often been in the place, making himself conspicuous and disagreeable, once or twice actually knocking a man cold. But I did know that McGlade was trying to tip me off that he didn't care what I did to the fellow.

Actually I grew cold all over then, so little did I relish the prospect. I had always hated such mix-ups, and feared the publicity. There were one or two newspapermen present, and such things would be sure to get into the papers. And while I had always tried to live as an orderly citizen, the reputation I had for that wouldn't help me any. People would not figure I had been resenting an insult, but would ask, "What was he doing in that place, anyway? He was probably pickled"; and I would be set down as a nasty-dispositioned bully. Thinking of these chances I really got a bad case of cold feet, such as I never had had in the ring.

So I said to the chap, trying to smooth things over, "What's the matter? Feeling sort of playful tonight, aren't you?" And in saying it I was almost as playful as I had accused him of being.

But again he got surly and sneered, "You're a big stiff!" and repeated, "You never could lick anybody!"

And still I tried to calm him down, but he kept butting me with his shoulder and there was strength behind it, for he had not taken enough to weaken himself, just sufficient to make him pugnacious and, if anything, stronger.

"You don't want to go around getting into rows," I continued, ignoring the butts. "Why, I know you don't mean anything by it. Here"—and I put my hand on his shoulder, friendly enough—"take a lemon and seltzer, and brace up."

It all sounds kind of foolish to repeat, but all I was trying to do was to avoid a real row. Meanwhile, I was not any too well pleased with myself, or with the appearance I made, for while all the people still stood spellbound, and figured that pretty soon I would show the man up, I felt that they were already beginning to wonder why I stood for so much. It certainly didn't add to their respect for me or to my prestige.

There was only one thing to relieve the situation—my sense of humor, which I usually have, even at critical times. This was appealed to somehow by the sight of the cocky little fellow in the white hat, whom I now observed for the first time. He had a peculiar pitying expression on his face—I did not know why, but found out afterward—also a look of relief that he hadn't taken on this terrible fellow who was bulldozing the champion.

So matters continued and I was trying to think of some excuse to make a decent getaway, my assailant abusing me and pushing me around, when suddenly he called me a name worse than any that had gone before.

At once I grew mad all over, but managed to keep my temper. I had on a big ulster, buttoned tight and preventing any full play of my arms. I slowly unbuttoned it, not threateningly but as if I were too warm, and threw it on the bar, then faced him, still looking amiable enough, and not as if I planned any change in my attitude.

For a second he stopped his roughing and I measured him. He was, as I said, big and husky, but the problem was not so much one of licking him as of felling him with one blow and so avoiding a rough and tumble in which, even if victorious, I might look very foolish—mopping up a sudsy floor with a stranger, or else rolling all over it if I failed to knock him out and he clinched.

Now a fair tap—with force behind it, of course—on the jaw when relaxed, will have twice the effect that it does on a jaw when set. It may even put the man out without any serious injury.

So I waited until he unloosened another epithet, and just as he was bawling me out I unloosed something myself—no epithet, but a short quick punch. He dropped forward—on his hands and knees—and when a man drops like that most of the fight has gone out of him. But it wasn't quite all gone from him.

For, as I was saying to the bartender, "Isn't he a fine fellow, going around looking for trouble when he doesn't know the first thing about defending himself?" this big boy clutched at my legs, and tried to climb up my body. Of course, I had my eye on him all the time, and as soon as he had managed to pull himself to his feet I hit him another light little tap on the chin—when a man is so far gone it doesn't take much to finish him—and he crumpled up and dropped, his head on the foot rail. Two of his friends picked him up and carried him out to the street.

At this, the little fellow in the white hat set up a roar.

"Why," he said to his friend, "I have been standing this fellow's abuse all the evening. He had me thinking he could lick Jim Corbett; and Corbett gives him a little slap and he falls on his face!"

He didn't know that what he called a little slap had force behind it and had been scientifically applied; and he was heartbroken to think of the opportunity he had missed.

Back for More

After this, the people in the room came crowding around, shaking my hand, and asking me so many questions that I was prevented from leaving for some time. It was probably three-quarters of an hour. Anyway, just as I was preparing to go, who should come in the door but the big boy again, all brushed clean, and slicked up, having had a quick Turkish bath.

I was worried again; there seemed to be no prospect of avoiding that row. I should have gotten away from the too friendly crowd. The affair now would be sure to get into the papers, for the fellow must mean trouble, coming back like that.

And he looked very serious as he walked over to me and said, "Mr. Corbett, I want to speak to you."

Watching him like a lynx, I walked with him to the end of the bar. He thrust out his hand, palm upward now, and exclaimed, "I want to apologize. You gave me what I deserved." Then he paused, looking meaningly around at the crowd. "But I don't want you to think I can't fight, Mr. Corbett, for I can lick anybody in this —— place but you."

"What!" roars the little fellow in the white hat, as he recalled the little slap, and at once he wades into the big boy.

And there followed the most terrific rough and tumble, all over the place. It was all we could do to separate them, they were locked in each other's grip like two bulldogs.

That was the only public fray I was ever mixed up in except one, and that by proxy, for I was not present. Poor old Peter Jackson was involved, when a shell of himself, and it was too bad, too, for he was usually quiet and civil, even gentlemanly. But that old sixty-one-round fight with me, which had been declared "no contest," sometimes rankled in his mind, and this night—it was in some saloon or other in

Continued on Page 172

Send coupon for 10-day test

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—*simply clouded with a film coat*

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them . . . yet never reveal them—*or know they have them!*

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth *absolutely without reason.*

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clear teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations *and hides the natural color and luster of your teeth.*

Many former methods failed to combat that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you took, your teeth remained "off color", dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What it is—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, of health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the million breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that same film that hides your pretty teeth is too the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods

Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. A new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

Make this test

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—*quickly.*

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why not follow new methods which the world's leading dental authorities urge?

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to **Pepsodent** REG U.S. PAT. OFF. 1/14

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 577, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

Only one tube to a family

(Continued from Page 170

San Francisco—an argument over the old bout was started, and Peter resented something a bystander said that implied I was Peter's superior. Not quite himself that night, Peter came back with something that was worse, when another friend of mine—I wouldn't have had him do it for the world—stretched this once great and glorious fighter out on the floor—with one blow too. Strange to say, the one that delivered the blow had never had a boxing glove on in his life. It should not have happened—particularly since it was Peter's last fight and not long afterward he passed away, from consumption, in a hospital in Australia.

No, I haven't much use for saloons, and though I have always been in favor of temperance or moderation rather than of abstinence, I am glad that the saloon has gone. But in spite of these incidents, and my own conduct as illustrated in the story, I rather like those old fighters who would fight at the drop of the hat. While a little too pugnacious sometimes, they are more to be respected than the modern "scrappers" who won't fight under any circumstances unless they hear the chink of the coin. And there is something rather fine, too, about the man who has enough confidence in his skill and ability and courage to enter a fight where the winner takes all. They don't do that today, the sporting chance that makes any sport worth while has been so largely eliminated.

Poor Sport

Perhaps it is conditions of the world now, and not the fighters themselves that are to blame. For everything seems to have been more or less commercialized in every walk of life. But it is sad to see, for it means that much of the picturesqueness, the color, as some of my playwright friends would say, has gone. Gone, too, are the old fighters with personality; and there are few, if any, to take their place. And rough and blustering swaggerers as those old boys often were, and full of faults, they were human, not mere machines going through more or less—chiefly less—skillful motions for the sake of the dough. For all the big audiences nowadays, the stage is poorer that the old giants have made their exits.

Another drawback to progress is the presence of three judges in the ring, thus distributing the blame for unfair decisions. One man alone should have the responsibility of declaring the winner. With three, he always has a perfect alibi, can shift the blame; and, should there be an inclination to fixing a fight, there is more chance for such crookedness, I think, under the present arrangement.

Still more serious is the leniency shown by the boxing commission toward boxers. They do not make fighters open up. This is an expression that all who have attended a bout and who have seen a fighter come out from his corner, immediately wrap his arms around his head, stall and go in his shell, from the very start, will understand. It is a proper course to take, and shows headwork, if a fighter is in trouble or hurt and is trying to weather a round. Too few boxers understand the art then. But to go in one's shell when one is fresh, to be afraid to try one's skill and equipment of blows then, is to defeat the purpose of boxing. Further, the boxer who acts in this way prevents a willing opponent from making a fight of it. If he is tough and can stand a little punishment he knows he can weather the few rounds of the limited bouts permitted these days by sticking in his shell, and stalling and clinching at every opportunity. No science is shown—in fact, more would be displayed in running away, as that might take some fancy footwork. None of the spectators can learn anything of the art, and do not get either action or a run for their money; they just see one of those petting parties that are so popular, they say, and which can be witnessed in a parlor or an automobile without paying good money for the sight.

Such practice is really so common that people hailed the Firpo-Dempsey bout as one of the wonder fights of history. Here they saw that action that they always want and which is so unusual to witness nowadays that they figured they were seeing something marvelous. Such spirited bouts were the rule in the old days. Fighters would have been ashamed not to mix it, and referees saw to it that they did; and the newer officials might take a leaf out of the old book to good advantage.

Perhaps the real reason for the evil and the loss in fighting spirit and skill is that fighters do not serve the right apprenticeship. It is the same as in other trades. Many a fighter who is tough and sturdy can, after a year or so of fighting in which he has learned but little, pose as a contender for some championship. They do not go through the grueling grind of many-round and finish fights; and many champions dodge stiff return matches whenever they can.

James J. Corbett in His Box at the Yankee Stadium Watching the Third Game of the World's Series

Another cause, too, is the lack of good boxing instructors. Thirty and more years ago there were many skilled teachers. Why the ranks have been so depleted I don't know, and I have often wondered about it. Is it because the majority of people no longer care for the art of self-defense—that is, of themselves—and prefer to pay to see people practice it, from nice seats and at a safe distance? Come to think of it, one does not see so many fistic settlements of arguments on the street these days. A man usually accepts an insult or a blow, or else tells it to the judge. Even the old gang fights of boys are practically a thing of the past. A good thing, too; I have never myself indulged in indiscriminate rowing, nor do I like to see others constantly looking for trouble. Still, it might be a good thing if the men who follow golf should devote just a little of their time to learning how to defend themselves, as so many who called themselves gentlemen used to do in the nineties. It would keep them fit at fifty, and I do not believe it would make them much more blood-thirsty and dangerous. You couldn't call Theodore Roosevelt exactly that, or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who loved to put on the gloves, or that prince of gentlemen, Maurice Barrymore.

Football Accidents

And, speaking of brutality, there is not so much in the game as many think; certainly not more than football has for me, though in that sport one does not aim directly to hurt the opposing players—that is, as a rule. Anyone who has witnessed many games will make that exception. And people who flock to these games, stand for its roughness. Why, at the last I attended I saw an old gentleman, who was the picture of what a dear old gentleman should be, and a girl who would make any man look twice, and both shouted themselves hoarse when a member of the rival team was carried with a broken ankle off the field. And they would have been insulted had you given them tickets to see a bout.

Now it is true that many fighters are killers, as they say, and quite savage in action; but it isn't that they delight in hurting a man. There's a job on hand, and they want to make a quick finish of it. And usually these very men when out of the ring are kindly enough. It is perhaps the onlookers who have the real lust for blood, but most of those who are accustomed to the ring are more interested in the science and skill. I know that I in my fights took no delight in inflicting damage. I did what I had to, but my head was working all the time—planning what I would do, watching my man, trying this trick and that, as much almost as in a game of checkers or chess. I wasn't just a wild Irishman heaving a brick or brandishing a bloody shillalah. Quickness of hand, of eye, of foot, science and strategy were what I was thinking of, excepting in rare instances when I lost my temper; and I couldn't afford to do that often, though I did once—when I fought Charlie Mitchell.

I was tempted to on another occasion—this time in a bout with my sparring partner when a crowd was watching us spar. He was a big burly fellow; and the funny part of the whole incident is that he had always been a devoted friend of mine.

Friends Again

Even in sparring for practice, one occasionally gets a clip that hurts, and he got one from me that morning. He had often had them before, but now for the first time in his life he suddenly lost his temper.

He grabbed me, tried to kick me and then throw me down; in short, to engage in a rough and tumble like those informal but bloody bouts the lumbermen like to stage up in Canada.

At first I couldn't understand it, thought he was just playing a trick, was off his feed or else had gone loco.

But no! There was fire in his eye. He meant business. Quickly I managed to secure an inside hold, held out both his arms and prevented him from kneeing me, then whispered in his ear so that the amazed spectators couldn't hear, "Come, what's the matter? Pull yourself together." But all he did was to let out a roar like a wounded lion, wrench himself away, and in doing that he tried to elbow me in the eye.

I was helpless. I didn't want to hurt him, yet he had turned a friendly sparring bout into a fierce and foul fight, and I was in danger. I was tired, too, from trying to offset this bigger man's wrestling and throwing. And his rage, it seemed, had added another hundred to his two-twenty pounds. But I had to lick him. There was no other way out, unless I wanted to be licked instead. At once I saw my opportunity. Having hold of one of his arms, I quickly rushed him off balance, shot him against the wall, held him there with my forearm jammed against his chin, and yelled, "Do you want to be friends or to fight?"

At this a villainous look came into the eyes of the usually kindly man. Brady jumped between us, but I yelled, "Keep out of this!" And the crowd stood around, petrified. Then I jumped back and as he lunged at me, swinging wild haymakers, I danced and ducked out of his way, then hit him on the chin. He went down, pretty groggy. Then up he came, roaring. I knocked him down again, this time almost out. He was helpless.

Seeing him so, I seized him, pulled him to his feet, shook him, and still holding both his arms, told him, "I don't want these people to go out, thinking I've been ill-treating you and that you hate me. Apologize to me, quick. Did I ever hurt you willingly or insult you? Come, I want you to square me now."

The tears now came into his eyes, he put his arms around me and said, "Jim, I'm just a plain damn fool."

After that, if anything, we were even better friends.

But the point I am trying to make is that the fighter does not necessarily feel like some man-eating lion, wanting to kill his man.

Why, in that professional bout with Dominick McCaffrey, in Brooklyn, years ago, when I hit Dominick three or four times in the third and he lolled there helpless, with his back to me, over the ropes, and the crowd yelled—the old crowd again—"Go for him!" and "Knock his head off"—do you think I could do that? No, nor any other decent fighter. I simply told the referee, "I refuse to hit this man;" and the fight was over.

And thousands of times men have asked helpless antagonists to quit, as did old Fitz when he fought Jack Dempsey—the original Jack—in New Orleans, along about 1891. Fitz had him licked, poor old Jack, who was nothing but a light-middleweight—practically a welterweight—fighting a heavy, and Bob kept asking him to quit. From where I sat near the ring I could tell by the motions of his lips that he was pleading with the other; but Jack would simply shake his head stubbornly and bore in again to take his punishment.

No, the real brutality is not usually in the heart of the fighter, but in the audience. And the referee should be wise, cool and keen-witted, and also able to stand the jeers of a sometimes hostile crowd, and so stop fighters when one man is through, or else his second should throw up the sponge.

But, however you read these things, of one thing I am sure—the percentage of brutality attached to it cannot offset the benefits—the manliness, skill and courage developed by the sport.

Among the questions I have been asked most often to answer are—How do the fighters of yesterday and today compare? How would you rank them?

A large order, but I will try it. But please remember that in these judgments I am speaking of the various men when each was at his prime.

In baseball, Hans Wagner stayed in the line-up long after he had slowed up. Those who saw him in later years cannot realize him for the wonder he was. Those that watched Jeffries fight Jack Johnson never saw the real Jeff. And the last I myself saw of Bob Fitzsimmons, he was shambling up a country road, after a fight with a fourth-rater, his eyes as big as those hind wheels on the old high bicycles, and as nicely colored as a piece of raw liver. He was really an old, old man.

We should begin, I suppose, with the little fellows, and there promptly comes to mind the featherweights, Terry McGovern and George Dixon—Little Chocolate, as we used to call him—who began as bantamweights, but who attained their real fame when fighting in the former class.

Exciting Moments

Terry was a clean-built little fighter, sort of a smaller edition of the present Jack Dempsey. Though not scientific, he was so aggressive that he could beat a highly scientific man. Perhaps the best battle he ever fought was with Frank Erne, who, it must be admitted, was at a disadvantage in making the weight. Erne was a lightweight, and in reducing to the poundage required for this bout—128, I think it was—naturally weakened himself a trifle; but he had all his old-time skill that night—and he was one of our best.

However, his skill helped him but little. Try as he would, he could not keep out of McGovern's way. Terry was on top of him from the tap of the gong until the finish. Erne simply could not make him miss. He would try to clinch with Terry, but he could not hold him. Try to jump back—the little whirlwind was all over him; to sidestep, Terry slam-banged him against the ropes.

At last in this most thrilling of encounters Erne found there was nothing to do but throw science to the winds and slug toe-to-toe. And when he did this he lasted only two more rounds.

George Dixon, too—Little Chocolate—possessed all the qualities a fighter should have—intelligence, gameness, speed and hitting ability. Moreover, he had a truly wonderful left. But again Terry would not be denied. It is hard to beat a man who combines such quickness with such continual motion and slugging ability. Often, though not always, this combination will offset great science. But then, Terry had the needed qualities in an exceptional degree.

At once I hear the cry go up, "Young Corbett beat him. And he did it twice!" Here is one of the things you just can't explain logically. Terry should have shaded him, but he didn't. Undoubtedly the two defeats chalked up against him were due

(Continued on Page 177)

SUBSTANCE · FORM · AND · COLOR

The largest single order of Portland Cement ever placed was for Atlas

WHEN the United States Government bought the cement for the Panama Canal—over 8,000,000 barrels—Atlas was selected for two reasons. First, the substance, the quality of the product. Daily tests were made by the Government over an eight year period *and not a single barrel of Atlas was rejected.*

The second reason was the substance, the dependability, of the Atlas organization. Atlas had demonstrated this dependability not only by its size, though size is some indication of merit. But also through Atlas improvements in manufacture, notably the rotary kiln, there had been established a high standard for Portland Cement, quantity production had been made possible, and Portland Cement had become the cheapest of all manufactured products—three most desirable qualities in a material so essential as Atlas.

To concrete's substance, to its adaptability to meet requirements of form and shape, now is added color, not by external and fading coloring matter, but inherent in concrete itself. This makes concrete the complete architectural medium, possessing every essential of the perfect building material. And Atlas Portland Cement, obtainable either in its normal gray or in a pure white color, has been selected as the medium through which this new color development should be accomplished—a still further indication of the many reasons why Atlas is called "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

Between the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor—the handling material dealer—who brings Atlas to the public cheaper than by any other method. Any architect, contractor or prospective user is invited to write the Company regarding the possibilities of concrete made with Atlas.

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT Company

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM INDEPENDENCE, KANS.

PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES DAYTON OMAHA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Atlas Portland Cement

Atlas White Portland Cement

More people ride on Goodyear
Tires than on any other kind

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Will balloons stand the gaff?

They will if they're made of SUPERTWIST *—and Goodyears are*

Despite the swift popularity of balloon tires, many people are still a little doubtful about them.

They concede their extra comfort and good appearance, but question if balloons will stand hard usage.

No such question need disturb the motorist who is thinking about Goodyear balloon tires.

For by force of a new material, a remarkable cord fabric called SUPERTWIST, Goodyear anticipated and answered this question long before offering its balloon tires to the public.

SUPERTWIST did not just happen.

Its special adaptability to the balloon tire is by no means the result of fortunate chance.

No; SUPERTWIST is the outcome of deliberate and expert design, of a long and intelligent search, in Goodyear's own fabric mills, for a new material to meet the new needs of the low-pressure flexible-sidewall tire.

The superiority of SUPERTWIST lies in its greater elasticity.

It far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

A tire carcass made of it absorbs impact over a much wider area, and thus is afforded greater protection against stone bruise and like injury.

In other words, it stands the gaff.

You want the advantages of SUPERTWIST in the tires you buy.

They spell the difference between doubtful and profoundly satisfactory service.

So marked is this difference, Goodyear now puts SUPERTWIST into all its cord tires—both balloon and standard sizes.

Being an exclusive Goodyear development, SUPERTWIST is used in Goodyear Tires only.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

Douglas Fir

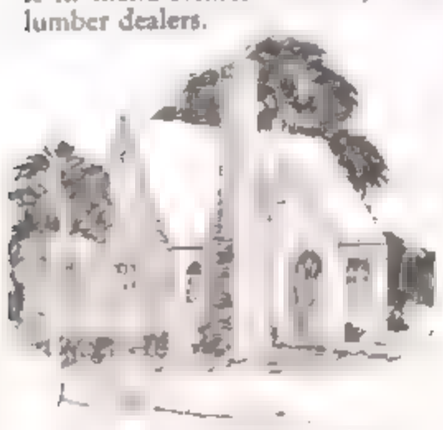
Increasing production of Douglas Fir in the Long-Bell manufacturing plants at Longview, Wash., is making possible wide distribution of this Long-Bell product in all fir-consuming sections of the country. The Long-Bell trade-mark on Douglas Fir lumber and timbers is the builder's assurance of lumber dependability and uniform quality. Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir lumber is sold by retail lumber dealers. Look for the trade-mark on the end of the piece.

Southern Pine

Long-Bell production of Southern Pine is the largest in the industry. For many years this Long-Bell product has been known to the trade and to the user as a lumber of unsurpassed quality. Careful manufacture and prompt service to the dealer are policies that have brought it a nation-wide reputation. For actual building economy, for permanence, Long-Bell trade-marked Southern Pine lumber and timbers are consistently dependable.

Durable Floors

Floors must stand hard usage. Long-Bell trade-marked oak flooring gives the sort of *permanence and beauty* desired by careful home builders. Maximum floor value is built into it in manufacture. Sold by retail lumber dealers.



Small Home Plans

The Long-Bell Plan Service contains many beautiful and practical small home plans. This service is distributed to retail lumber dealers, and they will gladly show you elevations and floor plans—a valuable aid in making your own plans for building.

Just a Dwelling?
—or a home investment!

A man usually builds a home in keeping with his finances. That is the part of wisdom, to set a reasonable limit of cost, and keep within it.

Often, however, a home-builder seeks to make his expenditures buy maximum floor space at the expense of permanence. Construction is cheapened so that a larger house may be built. Cheaper materials are used as a "saving" to apply on other purchases.

What a home-builder really wants is *maximum home value*. He actually wants to pay for a home that is economically built, yet of such a construction standard that it will maintain its value as a home through many years—*a satisfactory combination of economy and permanence!*

Any good architect or contractor will build a home economically without sacrificing permanence. He will use good materials. He will follow sound construction methods. He will put maximum home value into a dwelling.

Long-Bell trade-marked lumber is used by such builders because of its dependability. Safeguards in the manufacture of this lumber give it maximum building value. The Long-Bell trade-mark on the end of the piece is assurance of uniform quality.

Your lumber dealer will gladly aid you in the important matter of selecting lumber and building materials. Ask him for Long-Bell trade-marked lumber products.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BUILDING *Lumbermen Since 1875* KANSAS CITY, MO.

LONG-BELL
Trade-Marked LUMBER

Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers; Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, Piling; Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers; Oak Flooring; California White Pine Lumber; Sash and Doors.

K N O W T H E L U M B E R Y O U B U Y

(Continued from Page 172)

to what they call the Indian sign. Many a champion, for that matter, has his hoodoo. This hoodoo can be beaten by men the champion defeats, yet the champion goes down before him. A licks B, C, D, and E, way down to Z; the rest defeat Z, then Z rises up and gives A a good lacing. How often that happens in big-league baseball, the tail-ender thrashing the leader to the tune of four straight!

Now Rothwell—better known as Young Corbett—had this same Indian sign on the otherwise Terrible Terry. Young Corbett always got his goat; in one battle by insulting him the minute they met in the ring, in the other by leaving his dressing room before Terry was ready in his, pounding on the latter's door, as he went by, and shouting, "Come out, McGovern, and take your licking!"

And all through the fight he flicked his opponent on the raw. Terry saw red and was beaten even before they began to fight. For when you let your opponent get your goat you are usually lost. Away goes your judgment of distance; your footwork, your aim and timing are bad. However, it must not be thought that Young Corbett was mediocre; he was a powerful hitter and, had he taken better care of himself, would have stood out as one of our greatest.

The Line-Up of the Feathers

In spite of Young Corbett's natural ability, however, and the two defeats administered by him to McGovern, Terry should top him in the featherweight list.

That later champion of the class, Johnny Kilbane, was clever at his best, with considerable speed, but he never could have kept out of McGovern's way.

As for Johnny Dundee, who has been in the spotlight so much these past fifteen years, he was a game fighter and always gave the public a run for its money, but he lacked in hitting. And one who lacked in hitting would never have had much chance with either McGovern, Corbett or Little Chocolate.

There was one other man, who fought twenty-five years ago, that might have defeated all three—that is, with a little luck. He could hit as hard as Terry, was of the same type, but I think not quite so rugged. I refer to Billy Murphy, of Australia.

So, for feathers, the ranking should be, I think, roughly about in this order:

1. ————
2. Terry McGovern.
3. George Dixon—Jim Driscoll.
4. Rothwell [Young Corbett].
5. Billy Murphy [of Australia].
6. Johnny Kilbane.
7. Abe Atell—Johnny Dundee.

The first space is not filled.

I have a candidate for it that will surprise you; therefore I left naming him until the very last, though he should have come first. For he was not only the greatest featherweight, but, considering his weight and inches, the greatest fighter of any class in any year since the eighties—Young Griffo.

This is not merely one individual's opinion. It is the belief of thousands whose memories go back over the years. You will not go very far wrong in writing in his name on that first dotted line.

It is strange, too, but sometimes in calling the roll of the good men of the last fifty years one forgets him for a moment. Why, I do not know. Then all of a sudden you exclaim, "By Jove, I forgot! He was the man—the best of 'em all."

And suddenly he looms up clear out of the past, overtopping all the others, making these mighty men seem dwarfs by his side—that is, in fighting ability, for he himself was a little fellow in size, but oh, such a mighty little fellow!

I have met a number of great men in all walks of life, and to me a proof of their comparative merit is the way they stand out in the memory after so long a time. Perhaps it is what my artist friends call perspective, though I don't know much about art. Anyway, this mysterious way in which Young Griffo comes back again and again, tapping you on the shoulder every time you try to rank others ahead of him, is to me a proof of his greatness.

Griffo, or Arthur Griffiths, as he was christened, was from Australia, a country that furnished in the old days more great fighters in proportion to its population than any other land. If you call to mind Robert Fitzsimmons, Peter Jackson, George Dawson, Billy Murphy, this same Young Griffo, Frank Slavin, and many others it would take too long to mention, you will not think this an absurd claim.

When he first entered an American ring, Griffo was ridiculed, but soon the laugh was on the other side. For how he could fight! He was not a beauty to look at—until the gong rang. Then you would rub your eyes.

Still his very build helped him. Short and compact in body, he had a heavyweight's neck, head and shoulders, sort of tapering down to his feet. His style combined the best of a more modern school with something of the tactics of old Jem Mace, who, by the way, came decades before Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, and was a better boxer than either. After Mace, for a while, boxing declined, slugging prevailing, until in the early nineties the art looked up again.

Now one of Jem's best tricks was ducking and riding the blows—that is, swinging his head to left or right with his opponent's blows so that he was not hit full force. Griffo carried these tricks to even greater perfection. I spent years of study and application at the art, and have been credited with some skill, but I never could equal Young Griffo. Of course, a heavyweight with a long rangy back has not the natural advantage for these tricks possessed by a short-coupled man, but even allowing for that handicap, he was my superior. Where the modern heavy, who pays little attention to such things, ducks, say five or ten per cent of the blows aimed at him, I trained myself thus to escape say twenty per cent, but Young Griffo could avoid altogether or so that they merely shaved him, fully fifty per cent. That will give you some little idea of the marvel he was. He did not show flashy footwork, perhaps, but then, he didn't need to. He could stand on a dime and duck or ride half the blows the cleverest man could start for him. Now there is one method that will beat such tactics—a rally of right and left uppercuts, but few boxers understand this, and, anyway, Young Griffo was clever enough to stand off even such an offense.

Young Griffo's Career

And he could hit hard enough for all practical purposes. By this I mean to imply that no really clever scientific man hits, as a rule, as hard as a slugger. This is not due to inability. The clever man deliberately makes of himself a fast-moving target, and, being continuously on the move, does not set himself to deliver his own blows as does the slower-moving slugger. He hits, on the move, short quick punches with enough dynamite in them to wear down his man. Later, when he has his opponent groggy, then he can set himself with all the deliberateness he wants, to put over the knock-out blow.

Such was Young Griffo's style. He would duck and ride the blows, making the other man look positively ridiculous, meanwhile tiring his man out and ultimately wearing him down until he would be an easy victim; and he would so show up any featherweight of today.

But Young Griffo had one fault, not in boxing equipment but of judgment outside the ring. It was the only thing that kept this cleverest of all fighters from becoming champion after he reached these shores. He loved the bright lights far too well. Not long after his first appearances here, in which he excited so much admiration, he refused to train properly, and grew careless. He was soon forced to fight out of the feather and in the lightweight class—not because of natural growth or development, but by sheer fat! And soon he started fast to decline.

A tragedy, yea, but too common among fighters. Too often they write their own epitaph: "He defeated himself!"

A Look at the Lightweights

But to turn to the lightweights: There was a sweet bunch of them scrapping their way through, in the nineties and in the new century up to 1907—Jack McAuliffe, Frank Erne, George Dawson, of Australia; and George, better known as Elbows, McFadden; the two Kids, Lavigne and McPartland; Dal Hawkins, English Jimmy Carroll, and little black Joe Gans. And since that last-named year we have had Jimmy Britt and Ad Wolgast, then, to name just those of first-class, Ritchie and Welsh, and finally your own Benny Leonard.

Now all had their points, but many their weaknesses, too, which in some cases prevented their being ranked quite at the top.

For instance, Kid McPartland, who was clever and fast, was not a real scrapper, just a showy boxer; and on the other hand, Dal Hawkins, who packed the heaviest punch of any that ever fought in the lightweight class—a statement that goes also for the present generation—showed no judgment at all in the ring.

English Jimmy Carroll could fight and was game, but he was defeated by Jack McAuliffe in forty rounds when both were in their prime. And Erne, a marvel for science, has his black mark—a defeat by a feather, which cannot be explained away entirely by his making the weight.

"Hey, Maggie, Run Up Stairs! It's One of Them Special Deliveries!"

Among the more modern men, Freddie Welsh, like McPartland, was fast and clever, but spent too much time in merely cuffing his man; and Jimmy Britt, though one of the most intelligent of all boxers, as a hitter was never deadly enough. Willie Ritchie was too open, though he was noted for his courage; and as for Ad Wolgast, a veritable sponge for punishment and a man of superb stamina, he never picked up more than the first rudiments of science in his years in the ring. And, going back to Elbows McFadden, a capable and great fighter, he never showed quite enough to be hailed the champion of champions, as one calls the long roll.

Ruling these out, then, from consideration for the very first place, Dawson, McAuliffe, Leonard, Lavigne and Joe Gans alone are left.

Dawson would be a wonderful candidate in a finish fight, but since under present laws only short bouts are permitted, he must be waved out. In ten to fifteen rounds he would surely be outpointed by Leonard today.

Gans and McAuliffe were, I should say, about on a par; the former, a fast, aggressive and extremely courageous fighter, and Jack, one of the craftiest, hardest-hitting and quickest of foot that ever stepped into a ring.

What a personality McAuliffe was! Inspiring awe when in the ring, for one never knew what he would do next, and compelling admiration when on parade—he was such a picture, the perfect Beau Brummell of the nineties with that high hat and cutaway, and his gentlemanly—as they used to put it—predilection for the ponies and wine. This last affection he carried a bit too far, though, sometimes choosing as one of his seconds, in important fights, a champagne bottle! And this sort of second has a big advantage over the usual choice—it can stay in the ring all the time, and can be consulted quite as frequently in the intermissions.

High Place for Lavigne

How much this sort of thing hurt him I don't know. He stayed pretty well at the top during the years he fought, but on the whole, I should be inclined to think Lavigne shaded him, partly on the count of condition, more because Lavigne possessed in such an amazing degree all the qualities that go to make up the fighter. He was as aggressive and quick as any—marvelously so for one of his short stocky build—quite as game as Wolgast or Battling Nelson, and far cooler than most. And he could stand more punishment than any little man I have seen—as much as a big heavyweight, in fact, which is considerable of a tribute, don't you think, when one remembers Sharkey and Jeff? He never fought a better battle than the memorable thirteen-round fray with the famous Joe Walcott. Though the latter was a welterweight who could take on heavies, the Kid carried the fight to him all the way.

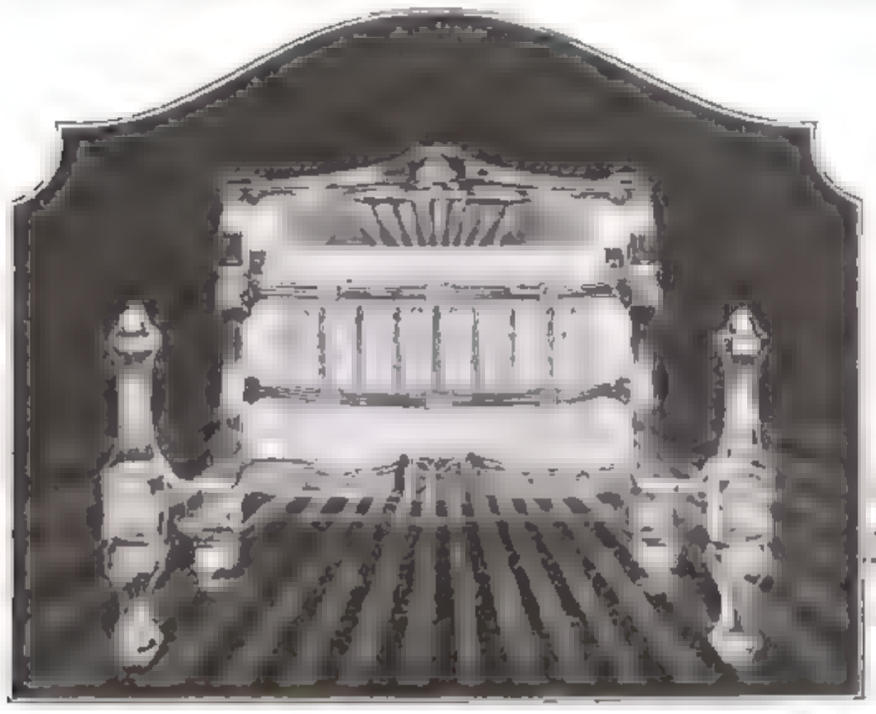
So, all things considered, Lavigne should come first, unless it be the present holder of the title, as some insist. To see how they compare, let's study Benny for a moment and look over his record, analyze some of his battles before we match him with Lavigne and McAuliffe in these mythical battles between present champions and those of long ago.

When he first came out of the amateur class, he did, I must admit, impress me at once. He showed speed of hand and foot and a fighting brain. He was still a little amateurish, though, showing his nervousness by forgetting every once in a while to clench his hands—hit too often with the open glove, merely slapping his man. And he was fidgety and a little too anxious to hit and get away, and his legs appeared not flexible, but too tense—all faults natural to a man when first fighting as a pro.

After that debut I saw him on a number of occasions, and he was improving by leaps and bounds. Up, up he went until he fought Freddie Welsh the last time and gained the championship. And I said to myself, "Here is one great lightweight. He shows more class than any fighter I have seen in many years. Of all, he comes nearest to filling my eye."

A few years ago I saw his first fight with Lew Tendler, and I was disappointed but not surprised to see the champion's bad showing. I say "not surprised," for Lew was a southpaw—a left-hander. And these are always hard, even for a clever man, to diagnose. Right foot, right hand out—the

THE MOST HEAT FOR THE LEAST MONEY



No. 29

Heater illustrated is No. 29 with andirons. Eight glowers. Equipped with self-lighter. Finish, oxidized brass. Price, east of the Mississippi,

$43.00

Instant Heat Means Constant Comfort This Time of Year

MARCH comes in like a lamb—and goes out like one—for the home equipped with Welsbach Radiant Heat. However cold the weather outside, however sudden the changes in temperature, comfortable warmth is always within immediate reach with this unequalled form of auxiliary heat at hand. At a twist of its self-lighter, clay glowers ignite to red hot radiance and flood your room with high-powered, penetrating warmth and bright, open-fire glow. Chill and dampness vanish like magic in the charmed circle of its radiant warmth.

The instantaneous response and high heating efficiency of Welsbach Radiant Heat, and its trouble-free, odorless, economical operation explain its ever-increasing popularity. More people every day are coming to realize that it is the only sensible method of getting the warmth that comfort demands through changeable spring weather when a furnace fire is a troublesome extravagance. Its splendid usefulness helping out the furnace in icy midwinter, too, is causing thousands to wonder how they ever got along without it.

Welsbach Radiant Heaters are specially equipped to give long-lasting service, as well as quick, generous warmth. Features like a wire screen protecting the burner opening from lint and dust, and rust-proof burner caps —exclusive with Welsbach—are of the utmost importance to satisfactory operation of a gas heater. In every detail of materials and workmanship, Welsbach Heaters can be depended upon to give you, year after year, the full heating value of every foot of gas consumed.

Nine exclusive features are nine reasons for the exceptional efficiency and service of Welsbach Radiant Heaters—nine reasons why you should insist upon the Welsbach name if you want the most heat for the least money.

See your dealer or gas company about the model best suited to your individual needs. Prices $8 to $94.50, east of the Mississippi

WELSBACH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER CITY, *New Jersey*

Member American Gas Association

Welsbach

SELF-LIGHTING

RADIANT HEATERS

awkwardness of it throws a man off unless he has fought other left-handers before.

And Tendler, a slam-bang, hard-hitting fighter, had a world of confidence and was also dead game. The referee declared the bout a draw, following the usual custom, when the fight is at all close, of favoring the champion. But I would have given the decision to Tendler that night, for he won the majority of rounds on points and twice had Leonard so groggy that he was almost out. However, I was pleased at the way Benny fought toward the finish, and remarked to a friend who was disappointed in the fight, "Wait for the return match. If Leonard is as good as I think he is, he will show up differently then." You see, I knew Tendler wouldn't change either style or tactics, and I believed Leonard was keen enough to change his and also to have learned how to beat his rival next time. In fact, I had noticed that during the last two periods of this first fight he was doing that very thing—solving Lew's style, carrying the fight to him, and frequently beating him to the punch.

Toward the end he was using straight lefts on his man—and a southpaw is always easy for a straight left followed by a quick right. Also he was frequently feinting Tendler out of position, and was confusing him by varying his attack, suddenly slugging when least expected, or starting little rallies of quick punches that rattled off Tendler's body in a swift tattoo.

Well, Benny had solved Tendler very thoroughly the next time they met. He did all the things, showed all the stuff he had displayed in the last two rounds of the first fight—and more. All the way through he had his opponent practically tied up in knots, and deservedly earned the decision which he now won.

So I like almost all of Leonard, who is one of the very worthiest of champions. About him I am doubtful of only one thing—his ability to go the distance. Probably he can; or could have when at his best; it has just been his luck that he has had no chance to show his heart and stamina over a long route.

And right there, I think, you have one of the reasons why fighters are less sturdy today, as a class. Leonard has been fighting twelve-round and shorter bouts most of the time since he eased into the picture; and it is so with most fighters under our present laws. The old twenty-five-round and finish fights not only took more out of a man, but put more into him—of sturdiness and toughness and were a sure test of a man's stamina and last-ditch courage.

That test is psychological as well as physical. If a man is smart, knows all the tricks, and is matched with one of his weight, he is sure he can weather a limited number of rounds, barring an accident. But when he shakes hands with a tough antagonist whom he must fight to the finish or the end of a long twenty-five rounds, he is not so sure of himself. And confidence is so much of the game, the lack of it a big handicap. And many a man has had the best of it and badly outpointed his man for the first twelve or fifteen rounds of a long fight, and then been knocked out by a sturdier though less skilful, opponent.

And there is a great difference in the make-up of men who are apparently equal in ability and who seem, even to the experts, to be very fairly matched. As the long battle goes on, some lose heart as they tire, others become but the more determined. It is then that a man's full resources are tried. If he has a varied assortment he can use generalship, relax when he sees the chance, and gather back some of the strength he has spent. He can change his style, his tactics, according to what the situation demands—now block and duck to save his legs, again dance and side-step to save his arms, thus sparing himself or at least his strength. A lot of strategy or sheer bluff now is needed. A man must never let his opponent know that he isn't fresh. At the tap of the gong, each time, no matter how weary he is, he must go right after the other, and put him on the defensive—this even when he would give his right arm to crawl away into some hole and fall asleep. By this very faked aggressiveness you take some of the nerve out of the other fellow, who says to himself, "Why, this fellow is fresh and I am all in!" And, too, by putting him on the defensive you force him to keep away and you yourself can rest a bit, since you are not expending much energy even though you are after him, just feinting and fiddling and making a show of it.

Now a man may have the greatest skill and yet possess neither the endurance nor the heart for all these things. The uncertainty is sometimes horrible, and the fighter without the needed quality is in a bad way.

Leonard truly looks as good as any of the eight fighters I have mentioned before, although he has never fought anyone who is quite their equal, nor has he gone the long route. With him, this is the only uncertain quantity, for he is an artist if there ever was one.

As for the others, it is hard to rank them, but I will attempt it as the round ends; again, as I said, not with the melancholy favoritism of an old-timer dwelling on the good old days, for I would be the first to welcome the new lad who could show more than any of the old boys of the past. The judgments are made simply from the experience of hundreds of battles participated in or studied carefully. And remember, the fact that one man beats another does not necessarily show the former the superior. Many a champion has been caught when slipping or a shell of himself, like little Joe Gans, who was shot through with tuberculosis when Nelson beat him; and at that, to turn the trick it took forty long cruel rounds.

Anyway, accept it for what it is worth. Here is my roll of honor:

1. Kid Lavigne (or Benny Leonard. If he can go the route, he should rank with No. 1.
2. Jack McAuliffe—Joe Gans
3. Frank Erne—George [Elbows] McFadden.
4. Jimmy Carroll [of England]—Willie Ritchie.
5. Freddy Welsh.
6. Ad Wolgast—Jimmy Britt.
7. Battling Nelson—Dal Hawkins.
8. Lew Tendler.
9. Kid McPartland—Packey McFarland

George Dawson [of Australia] should rank No. 2 if finish fights only are considered.

And now for the heavier men, who are in some ways even more interesting, if only for the fact that, as the old proverb says, "A good big man can beat a good little man any day." That is, almost always; there was Walcott, for exception.

But there is the tap of the gong!

Between rounds, perhaps I can relive some of the famous old fights—to picture them as clearly the next period, for you.

Castle Mountain, Canadian Rockies

"THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BEST"

"This Is Station WEAF"

Music-loving America tunes in with high appreciation to concerts from WEAF, New York.

Through the air direct to you, and over telephone wires to allied re-broadcasting stations, the famous artists of WEAF entertain perhaps the greatest army of listeners commanded by any broadcasting station in the world.

WEAF concerts are a delight you love to share with others. The Superspeaker will reproduce them loud, clear and accurate, to the absolute limit of your receiving equipment.

Real Music!

A GREAT artist "on the air," a modern Radio Receiver in your home, and The Jewett Superspeaker —what a wonderful evening for you, your family and your friends!

But be sure it's a Superspeaker!

Large enough to reproduce the whole massed harmony of a great brass band.

"Compare It; You'll Buy!"

JEWETT RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CO.
5684 TWELFTH STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The
Superspeaker

Trademark Registered

Santa Fe Railway
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Pittsburgh
Union Carbide Co
Atlas Portland Cement
E. I. DuPont de Nemours
National Biscuit Co
Eastman Kodak Co
Calumet Baking Powder Company, Chicago
Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago
Brooklyn Edison Co
Pressed Steel Car Co.
Parke, Davis & Co
Pere Marquette R. R.
Portland, Oregonian
Wagner Electric Corp.
City of Baltimore
Union Tr., Cincinnati
Commerce Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo
St. Louis Post Dispatch
Internat'l Shoe Co.
The Public National Bank of New York
Producers Lumber Co., Tulsa, Oklahoma
North'n Pacific R. R.
O & G Shoe Stores
Pittsburgh Gear and Mach Co, Pittsburgh
Notre Dame Univ.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company
A. G. Spalding Bros.
American Life Insurance Co
Hurley Davidson Co.
Ill Power & Light Co.
The Indianapolis Nws.
Indianapolis Water Co., Indianapolis
Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company
New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company
Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Stores
Davis Dry Goods Co.
The Chicago Radio Laboratories Company
Federal Loan Bank of Chicago, Illinois
Otis Elev Company
Brown'g Hos Mills
Georgia-Carolina Oil Company
Acme System Coder of Peoria, Illinois
Amer. Tar Prod. Co.
Amer Steel Foundries
Art Institute of Chgo.
Amer. State Bk., Chgo.
Acme Lumber Co.
Bd of Educat'n, Chgo.
Standard Produce Co. of Charlottesville
Adams Hardware Co., Bennington, Vermont
McGovern Granite Co. of Barre, Vt
Albemarle
Bradley Knitting Co
Roxanna Petrol Co.
Carnation Milk Co.
The Flagler System
Westinghouse Co
H. J. Heinz Co
Metro Picture Corp
United Artists Corp
Pocahontas Coal Company
Missouri State Life Insurance Company
S. S. Kresge Company
Smith Brothers Co.
Adams, Massachu'ts
Bowman Dairy Co.
Salvation Army, N. Y
Consumers Oil Co
Chicago Bridge and Iron Works, Chicago
Peerless Motor Car Co
Detroit Steel Co
Vacuum Oil Co
Detroit Edison Co
Detroit, Michigan
Broad St. Natl Bk.
Union Bank of Chgo.
Delaware Trust Co
Hupp Motor Car Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Times
Packard Motor Car Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Edison Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Steel Products Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Steel & Wire Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Vapor Stove Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Lubricator Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Gear & Machine Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Creamery Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Electric Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Rex Products Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Seamless Steel Tube Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Graphite Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Forging Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Aluminum & Brass Corp
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Motor Car Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Rex Products Co
Detroit, Mich
Detroit Times

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 9)

hold our house safe against all the inroads of the doubtful present, the positively threatening future—against cheap nails and ill-seasoned lumber and cement that disintegrated in the first cold: I had heard the workmen with picks and iron bars cursing the mortar in which the stones had been set: it was as hard as the stone itself

Parallel with all this my private dismay at so much cost continued like the famous small admonitory voice of conscience. But the forces opposing it were growing daily stronger—pride was now in operation together with my greatly increased realization of the significance of my house. To me! From the first I had been aware of its immaterial but strong influence, but later it had come to dominate my thought and writing. I had, not very long ago, written stories laid in Geneva and Italy and Cuba, once I had begun the biography of Alfieri; but now I'd never again go out of a traditional America for a subject. I had lost all interest in Europe, in travel; I would never, if it could be anyway avoided, travel again. I'd go to Richmond, certainly, to Charleston, and perhaps to New Orleans—in the interest of a novel to be called The Tea Rose—but I wouldn't, in those cities, be departing from the mood, the earth, of the Dower House.

In retrospect I could trace the course of this through the stories I had laid back of the present in America: The Three Black Pennys and Tubal Cain and The Dark Fleece, Java Head and The Magnetic West—which wasn't a story—the Early Americans and then Balisand. The Tea Rose would be the New Orleans of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A deep and persistent habit of spirit and scene. A scene and spirit contemporaneous with the Dower House. I couldn't honestly remember showing, in the significant years of childhood, any sharp interest in the past of America. I had written The Lay Anthony before I came to West Chester to live; Mountain Blood was finished before the change could be impressed on me; and then the dark Howat Penny, the early blast furnaces of Pennsylvania.

It would seem, then, that the Dower House was the actual author of my books and success; more than this—I firmly believe that it kept me alive. It became my background and gave me my being. Except for the periods of ingratitude that overtook me in the fall, rebellions against the inevitable, it rested me; the only place which had accomplished that difficult if perhaps unimportant end. When I walked into the Dower House the clamor in my head practically, comparatively, stopped; I'd sit in the front room, before the blackened cave of the fireplace, and the accumulated decades of stillness would touch, envelop, calm, me; after a little, if it were late afternoon, I would recover from the three thousand words written that day. When I was away, in the dark crises of mental dread which added nothing to the pleasure of existence, merely to think of the long stone façade set so squarely against its hill was to find an enormous relief.

With my mind full of this I had watched Dorothy seated on the floor and drawing over milk-white legs the sheerest of stockings—what different women, with that same movement in that same room, had put on what different stockings, thick and homemade! What different men, in the dimmest morning, had hurried into stout breeches there! Farmers and the wives of farmers with the generations of their children . . . and now, in their place, were a childless writer and his wife. But the older lives and days had laid their beneficent tyranny on the present, and I was to continue to the finish of my books in the traditions of their house.

It was soon after my return from the West that I first realized the sensations of a proprietorship in the soil: I had walked down the hill from West Chester and, in place of keeping on to the lower entrance of

A Bar of Sunlight

Pleasant because it is pure

THE more often you use a product the more important are its purity and palatability. The reasons are obvious.

Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate (bicarbonate of soda) is a highly purified, clean, snow-white powder. It is entirely free from impurities which impart the bitter, alkaline taste to ordinary bicarbonate of soda. It will not irritate the most sensitive stomach.

You will prefer Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda, not only because it is pure and pleasant to take, but because of its high medicinal value.

Here is a product for your medicine cabinet that will have your physician's approval, for he himself uses and recommends Squibb Products because of their purity. In the higher development of chemistry, as applied to medical service, Squibb has taken an important part for more than sixty years.

Insist on Squibb Household Products for your medicine cabinet. . . . Squibb's Castor Oil (Tasteless), Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil (palatable—vitamin tested), Squibb's Epsom Salt Special (bitterless, palatable), Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Your druggist has them.

SQUIBB

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, *Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858*

What is Culture?

Perfect manners? Education? Poise? Finished taste in dress?

All play a part. Yet there is another quality you instinctively look for in people of genuine refinement—perhaps one might call it the gift of hospitality.

Go into their homes and somehow every detail that could possibly contribute to your pleasure and comfort seems to have been provided.

They are not rich homes always, but always they are thoughtful homes. And in such homes you will almost invariably find our product. For A. P. W. Satin Tissue Toilet Paper, with its exquisite texture and pure wood pulp content, insures that perfect standard of quality which gentlefolk insist upon in all the personal accessories.

Four rolls of A P W Satin Tissue are a year's supply

A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

The rolls of Toilet Paper listed below are now identified by the A P W checker doll wrapper

A P W Satin Tissue
Orange—Crom Cot
—Bob White and
Oshtwon toilet paper

Send for a Rag Doll

A P W Paper
wanted

Get a Doll's House Free

INSTANT RELIEF FROM TIRED, ACHING FEET AND ANKLES

15 years experience in the manufac-
braces. Elastic and light weight.
arches and
Positive Relief for Corns, Callouses, Bunions
Eliminates use of metal plates and leather straps. Worn by men, women and children with any style shoes and no larger size required.

NON-SKID ARCH SUPPORT

Made in pink or black to fit every foot. Guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. Thousands in use. Endorsed by physicians.

State size of shoe when ordering. With large pad $2.00 pair, regular pad $1.50, without pad $1.00. If your druggist, chiropodist or dealer

THE OHIO TRUSS CO.
Founded 1893
Dept. L Cincinnati, Ohio

Send for FREE BOOK

Specialty salesmen wanted for the trade

my lawn, I went up the short steep rough ascent of land that I was planning for an apple orchard. I stopped, for some forgotten reason, midway of the path just perceptible through the weeds; and suddenly I said to myself that I was on my own place. This slope, the weeds, the earth, were mine; it was my ground. I stamped a foot into the earth, and it seemed to me that a sense of security, of power, of affection, came up through my shoes in response.

I looked about with a new gaze, a fresh attention: the rain had cut a deep gully on the right . . . the hill would have to be differently drained. Some upper limbs in the maple trees must be cut out. Pride filled me. It was exactly as though, like the maples, but of another fiber, I had roots in the ground. Now it would be more useless than ever to long, in October, for a complete freedom—the intangible roots of a love and a responsibility, made infinitely stronger by realization, bound me to some acres of land and a house.

The land foremost: I had not expected that. Then I understood that the Dower House might be destroyed, but the ground never. Undesirable surroundings couldn't debase it, for the town would never reach beyond it in my life, the orchard on the town side would protect me there, and across the road was the perpetual open fairway of a golf course.

Yes, the house might be burned, but another roof, not necessarily of hand-drawn cypress shingles, could be laid across the blackened walls.

Then, as well, I had a clearer perception of the word patriotism; I saw it in its instinctive, its beginning and best, sense. The love of land was purely local, it came from long attachment to a locality, to a field, no matter how obdurate, to a line of trees against the sky, a spring in a hollow. When men fought against civil tyranny or invasion it was to preserve the integrity of their image of those associations and of a separate spot. And, when villages and farms and provinces were gathered into great governments, men's feelings for a definite place became widespread and diluted and inexact: their patriotism was symbolized by a flag

A Doorway

It was at that time, I have no doubt, I wrote, in a paper on Chicago, that people in the high dark traps of city tenements must lose all their sense of the reality, of any good, in a country. They scarcely ever, except in electrically lighted parks of cheap mechanical entertainment, in the swift passage of machines over roads paved and black like the streets of the cities, saw the land. And what they did see wasn't theirs; more than that, they didn't want it. Their ideas, their ideals, had changed. I wasn't, here, complaining, attempting the vain assertion that there must be a return to the country; the motion was almost wholly in the opposite direction; I was simply interested in the fact that patriotism was becoming an artificial quality, a word surrendered to the politicians.

There were so many people now in America to whom its past meant nothing; the present and future naturally were their sole concern; it was the business of the past to hold itself in the eyes and hearts of the present; and when it failed to do that neither books nor instruction could keep it important or alive. The tradition, the feeling, the affection, must be carried in an unextinguished spark. The melancholy truth was that a land of freedom and justice, for which all the oppressed of the earth would gloriously fight, didn't in America exist. Whoever came here with that optimistic conviction, burning beforehand with gratitude, lost it soon. He endured a great deal for a long or short period, and then proceeded to make the United States over in his own image. The trouble was that there were so many and such diverse images.

Against that the Dower House still maintained inviolate its memories; and, with my feet on its soil, I felt that strength of continuity, of attachment to something beautifully tangible, tangibly beautiful. It was the only absolute security in my imperfect grasp of the material world. I forget what followed, or if I spoke to Dorothy about the realization that had so suddenly possessed me; I must have walked on into the house, preserving for a little at least my emotion. It sank, of course: when I next went up the path from the highway I would have been entirely oblivious of the fact that the ground was mine. Life at that elevation would soon become too rare to endure. But the recognition that I was a proprietor in the earth of Pennsylvania became part of me to color what I thought and wrote

I began to wonder who would live in the Dower House after us; I could think of no one in our immediate families who could be certain of coming to West Chester for life. But whoever it was through all his years there he would be conscious of us; he would be, in a special but very valid sense, our legatee. Old people would say to him, I remember your house when Joseph Hergesheimer lived there. The writer, I mean. The old are very explicit, afraid of being misunderstood. And the aged speaker would, I hope, in the manner of dwellers in the past, express in his voice the conviction that things had been better then. I could still hear him:

I can recollect, as plain as yesterday, when he pulled the house down; it was nineteen twenty one or two, about there. And he was particular. Nobody today is as particular as he was. Harry Farra did it, and he had a carpenter named Sam. You wouldn't see a carpenter like that today either. It was in the fall of the year.

And whoever then owned the house that had been mine would listen half impatient and half interested, precisely as I now listened to tales of what had once happened on my ground.

I had become, too, one with the stories of my countryside; the years I had lived in Chester County had remade me into its substance. I was a peculiar but native figure, my successes and my lapses were on its tongues, local tongues sharp and unsparing and affectionate. West Chester watched me, as I grew older and grayer, come into the town in the morning and disappear into the simple and charming doorway of the building where I wrote. It had watched me walk from the Dower House and then ride, driven by Dorothy, then by Masterson, who was also native; and I could tell that it was commenting on my taste for baggy knickerbockers—once it had been laid before me that trousers, in my case, would be more dignified—condemning me for working on Sunday when the air was full of church bells and the need of an example.

Sixteen years before, directly after my marriage in a house crowded with people politely doubtful of the wisdom of my presence there, we had left West Chester for Europe, principally Italy; and when I returned, finally to live in the Dower House, I could see no change in the town. It was apparently just as it had been left: it seemed to me that I was the same as when I had gone. I knew, academically, that I was getting older: but I couldn't realize that precisely that, where I was concerned, was happening. I felt I was younger than other men of my own age, that time for the accomplishment of all my hopes lay before me in a scarcely touched store of inexhaustible years.

Some gray hair, shortly, made its appearance, but I regarded it as a thing—in me, in me—without significance. It was only last summer that I finally grasped the fact that I was not, after all, to escape from a universal human fatality: Mr. Miller was cutting my hair; he had pinned a crisp white covering, printed with little knots of flowers pale from many washings, tightly about my neck, and I had become absorbed in thought. I hardly heard the sharp smooth clicking of the scissors, the bottles of tonics and mirror before me were lost sight of—when suddenly he stepped back. I sharply recovered my sense of location, and saw on the sprigged muslin spread over me drifts of dead gray and white hair.

It didn't seem possible it was mine, that that was what already had occurred to the colorful brown of my youth. I said to him, Mr. Miller, that can't be my hair! But he assured me that it was. I looked critically into his mirror, and what I saw there, in a fleet clarity of vision, surprised and appalled me: I had paid something for the writing, in approximately ten years, of perhaps seventeen books and countless papers and stories. My mind went back to my first years in the Dower House and to a different, an actually young, man. We were

(Continued on Page 185)

a million a day

YOU cannot force men to smoke any certain kind of cigars. They choose by preference

If White Owl were not the most remarkable VALUE in the market, "a million a day" would not continue, year after year.

On the other hand, if the demand were not so tremendous, White Owl value could not be what it is—for it is only through great volume that our tiny profit per cigar reaches reasonable proportions

2 *for* 15¢

Package of 10 *for* 75¢

White Owl

A GENERAL CIGAR CO. NATIONAL BRAND

Try to visualize a million. During a World Series game it seems as if all the world must have crowded into the stands, yet, only sixty or seventy thousand are there . . . and what is such paltry number in comparison with a million?

Try to visualize a million. . . . A chain of a million cigars would stretch out across the country for nearly eighty miles.

Try to visualize a million . . . it staggers the imagination!

Easy for you to carry a day's supply—no danger of running short of your favorite smoke when pressed for time, no waste, and the special foil lining keeps them fresh and in fine condition. The handy package is the special foil lining keeps them fresh and in fine condition. The handy package is White Owl

Buy the new ha
made for the conv
smokers. No dange
your favorite smoke
package in your pock
keeps the cigars in
days or break—th
Ask for this ca

White Owl distribut
Frequent automobile d
retailers insures fresh,

Try to visualize a
almost impossible; and
day," that is too great
mind to grasp. . . .
mean more than all o
which have ever been ma
population of the entir
sphere.

Greater value because o
is true of cigars just as it
It is undeniably true th
value can be given for the
money by a manufacture
products in any such stupe
a million a day.

Try to visualize a million.
picture hundreds—or even
a million is almost too great

Try to visualize a million
are only a score of cities in
that number a million or mo

Try to visualize a million
does not record any instanc
when people were gathered
sight . . . no amphitheatre is
to hold such a number

Try to visualize a million
to capacity the Yale Bowl holds
—less than a tenth of a million.

Never a danger of running sh
favorite cigars with a handy pack
pocket—the special foil lining kee
excellent condition, almost the
though they were in a humidor
They don't get dry and break
fresh and as full-flavored as when
the factory—it is the common sens
buy your cigars.

So popular have White Owls bec
we have to make more than a millio
to meet the demand for them—more
million!

Three thousand growers of tobacco con-
tribute their leaf to us that we may meet the
daily demand of American smokers for this
remarkable cigar—the greatest value,
for the money, you can buy.

Try to visualize a million. . . . History does not record any instance when one million people were gathered within eyesight . . . no amphitheatre is large enough to hold such a number

Try to visualize a million. . . . Crowded to capacity the Yale Bowl holds only 85,000—less than a tenth of a million.

Try to visualize a million
a World Series

Try to visualize a million. . . . We can picture hundreds—or even thousands—but a million is almost too great to imagine.

Try to visualize a million. . . . There are only a score of cities in all the world that number a million or more inhabitants

Try to visualize a million . . . it is almost impossible; and as for "a million a day," that is too great a number for the . . . in a year it would
than all of the automobiles
been made more than the
Western Hemi-

huge production
of automobiles
at much greater
same amount of
rer who sells his
endous number as

We can
on. . . . There
in all the world
more inhabitants
on. . . . History
stance when one
ed with
gh

on. . . . Crowded
holds only 85,000
illion.
on. . . During
ems as if all the
into th
s,
altry number in
?
A chain
it stag-
y's supply—no
he special foil
breaking, no
fine condition.
ying by the
ay

ed.
ra-
for

We can
on. . . . There
in all the world
more inhabitants
on. . . . History
stance when one
ed with
gh

on. . . . Crowded
holds only 85,000
illion.
on. . . During
ems as if all the
into th
s,
altry number in
?
A chain
it stag-
y's supply—no
he special foil
breaking, no
fine condition.
ying by the
ay

ed.
ra-
for

Interwoven

THE MOST USED
OF ALL MEN'S SOCKS

BECAUSE THEY
WEAR BEST

By the largest manufacturer of men's hosiery

(Continued from Page 182)

all young then, Dorothy and Hazleton Mirkil and John, John Hemphill, and I.

Hazleton, who would have then, as often as not, been living with us, was beginning the practice of law in the city. This was before the more informal Clarence, and I remember how Dorothy would get up in the iron dark of winter mornings—it couldn't have been much after six o'clock—to make Hazleton's coffee. She'd light a lamp and, carrying it, wrapped hastily in whatever was warmest, disappear downstairs. Soon I'd have to wake him; as I stirred him into consciousness an eye of the utmost malignancy would appear above the blankets, and then, to a bitter monosyllable, muffled and unintelligible, it would be drawn back out of sight. He wouldn't begin to get up yet, and, when Dorothy called a warning from below, I'd have to force him out of bed.

On Sunday, when this wasn't necessary, he would appear very late in the morning, small, exactly dressed and morose, and stand in front of the open fire, regarding with complete disfavor anyone who might have casually called. He was such a precise individual that, as early as those years, it was clear he would be successful. Once, characteristically, he brought us a new and very involved can opener. It was primarily a can opener, but there were many other utilities attached to it. We went at once to the kitchen, the three of us, and Hazleton formally opened a can; after that he exposed the implement's added capabilities. Secretly Dorothy soon returned to an older and less patented variety. We kept it for Hazleton—he, too, washed the dishes and helped prepare dinner—until, finally, he broke it . . . not entirely by accident I am persuaded.

He had rigid but movable ideas about small things, and he was very experimental with tooth pastes and shaving creams and sticks and powders. That, of course, was before the war, by three or four years; and John Hemphill was not long out of his university, a dark boy with stiffly brushed hair and a new mustache. He went to a great many parties and represented society in its special polite aspect to us.

He, too, was a lawyer, and sometime, then, he went into offices with Hazelton. They were alike but different—it was later they were called the Fossil and the Crab—John would take with him into town, in his green baize legal bag, the admirable lunch prepared for him and wrapped in paper by his mother; but no force on earth, I was convinced, could have induced a sandwich into Hazelton's brief case.

They began the practice of law together, but, at the first appropriate moment, the half glass door to their rooms was locked with the notice that they had gone to war. The war had come both gradually and suddenly to Chester County: there had been, before the United States was actually involved, rumors of local internal menace, and Company I was kept in uniformed readiness. In the spring, in May, on warm evenings, the young volunteers, each with a girl, would stroll down High Street, past the Dower House into the gathering blossom-scented dusk. Often they would sit on the lower bank of my lawn, where there was a rapid clear stream in the deep gutter, and mint, a blue haze of violets, and we'd hear drifting voices, the faint tone of the girl, the excited masculine assurances of the boy. There was drilling across the road on the golf course; the harsh clipped commands and bursts of angry impatience would come across the green to our porch. Chester County, West Chester, were peculiarly, in an older sense, American; the heritage of the soil, of the long establishment in Pennsylvania, was articulate and undiluted by later arrival, and the town was bright with flags and ringing with bugles. How long ago it seemed! Only last week there was a memorial service on the street in front of the building where I was writing, volleys of firing and the bugle.

The bugle calls and gunfire were like the echoes from a past incredibly, dramatically, romantic. It might have been one of the operas to which, then, Hazelton went without missing a performance. They made up, for him, precisely the harmony which life lacked. Correct from the bows on his pumps to the crisp airy trifle of his tie, to the continental flavor of his collapsible opera hat, he would frequent a box of the Opera Club and lose a not too seductive reality in the lyrical rhapsodies of Louise. He came to know every individual performance and performer minutely; and, in his customary place before the open fire—whether it was lighted or not—he would bring to the Dower House the gossip of singers and composers and songs. However, the war brought that to an end.

Hazelton went into the air service and was dispatched to Florida; John became an infantryman and went, immediately upon his marriage, to Chattanooga. They came back, temporarily, in the uniforms of junior officers, but their careless and charming youth had gone. The tranquillity of the Dower House was interrupted. The whole security and fiber of social existence was disrupted, emotions were as visible and unsteady as the waving flags. A disintegration of personal fidelities, of familiar obligations, set in. There was a pressure of hysteria under the most common place acts.

Patriots! The heatless days in the week drove the old men, for the first time in its history, out of the West Chester Club, and gathered us close around one of our fireplaces. I went to New York, in a wartime employment supposed to be fitted to my special capabilities and wrote papers which, above every other wish, I want never to see again. A period, an occupation, it seemed to me, wholly useless; and when I had acknowledged the draft in an undertaker's office off Sixth Avenue I returned to the Dower House. John had gone to France, with the Forty-seventh Infantry, and was fighting continuously, and Hazelton had been kept suspended in the air over the peninsula of Florida.

The pressure, the danger to the United States, lessened, without checking the social disintegration; but the first, the old, domestic period of our life was finished. I had, after so much doubt, succeeded! That was, in itself, a happy and reassuring fact. My books had multiplied, it seemed—the labor and anxiety instantly forgotten—overnight; and we were discussing, exactly as a little later we discussed the remote rebuilding of the Dower House, the eventual possibility of an automobile.

It came while I was away, and at once—the only accident she had in thousands of miles driving—Dorothy crumpled a rear mud guard on the stable door and wept. I drove, too, but not for long—I was fast and inattentive, a precarious combination. Backing, I lifted an impressive Lancaster County chicken house from its concrete foundations; and, at that crash of glass and flying of demented hens, I surrendered for life the seat of driver.

This was a circuitous narrative; always it appeared, returning to the point of its departure . . . in the past. But that was the way it recurred to me, not in the order and progress of a story, but as my memory was captured and held less by chronological happenings than by emotions. As I sat down each morning to write, a rush of such memories would clamor to be heard, to be lingered over and recorded. Yet out of them, for me, a concrete picture emerged—the procession of events that resulted in the rebuilding of its older aspects into the Dower House. That culmination, as I had made clear, was not the result of a logical determination, of a foreknowledge of what I'd do. I wasn't like that. No, the years went so quickly, so much seemed to come upon me unexpected, suddenly, as though from around a corner, that it all flowed inexplicably together. It was more surprising than consciously deserved or waited for.

I didn't particularly, the truth was, admire my own character; I should not—except for the ability to work—have chosen it. I liked calmness and I wasn't calm; I liked fidelity and, except to my writing, I wasn't conspicuous for it; I liked hardness of body, a condition I hadn't the perseverance to keep; I liked, for myself in vain, a distinguished resolution in bearing and mind. But, because of these contradictions, a not unfortunate result at least gave me the qualities I admired to deal in. Lacking them, paying dearly for their absence, they seemed even more real, more desirable to me, than ever; and I was stirred by them, I could write about them, they went into my books: they made Richard Bale and Tao Yuen and composed the blood of the Pennys; John Woolfolk, in his forty-foot ketch, navigated the hurricanes of Southern waters. I'd rather have done that than written any of my books. Well, perhaps not; but almost. Whatever was in me, in money and gained knowledge and in preferences, I was as well putting into the Dower House. I was repaying it for what it had given me, securing for it its own and proper and lasting fame. It might well be that it would hold my memory, the impression of my existence, long after my books had been forgotten, ceased to be read. I didn't, in the saving conceit which, rightly and wrongly, keeps humanity to its unasked engagement, altogether believe this. A book or two, I thought, or perhaps only a short story or paper, would survive to help the Dower House in identifying me. A page or so of manuscript, yellow and very brittle, the ink faded, might be kept in one of the drawers. Certainly I wouldn't know, the critics who thought that my writing was no more than the ink and paper it incommoded, and those who were more courageous, couldn't guess. That wasn't our concern:

But no one could help supporting, wholly agreeing with, what I was doing for my house. Its beauty and utility would be obvious as long as stone stood on stone, as long as the colony, the beginnings of Pennsylvania, were remembered. It would be a memento of a time, before me, when women were a part of their dwellings and men of their fields, of a healthy and unrealized hardship. The town was reaching out, down the hill, toward the Dower House now; but the tide of raw brick and ornamentally cut stone and plate glass would never, if the faintest trace of county pride remained, obliterate it. It would remain to show men, deafened by what they had gained, a simplicity of quiet forever lost.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Puget Sound, Washington

They Stay New!

Because—

They are woven in one piece

They have no seam to rip

They have no lining to wrinkle or get displaced

They slide easily under the collar

They keep their shape.

Plain colors, stripes and novelties

65 cents to $1.50 each

Look for the name in the neckband

CHENEY TIES

All silk or silk mixtures

Four-in-hands and Bats

CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Ave. at 18th St., New York

LE PAGE'S *mends for keeps*

COMPARED to the value of the article mended, the cost of the glue you use is practically nothing. Then while you are about it, why not use the best glue—LePage's? Have the satisfaction of knowing that the article is mended *for keeps* and that it won't come apart in a little while and have to be mended over again. Insist on LePage's.

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH CASEMENTS

With All Their Beauty They Cost No More Than Wood Windows

TODAY you can enjoy the beauty, the greater light, the better ventilation, as well as the many other conveniences of English Casements *at no greater cost than that of wood windows.* That's why you see so many homes completely equipped with steel windows.

It's simply a matter of progressiveness in American home building. Greater beauty and greater usefulness have been built into Fenestra Steel Windows—at a low cost—in exactly the same way that other building materials have been improved and costs reduced.

This is largely because Fenestra men are steel sash specialists. They have made thousands of beautiful steel windows for homes, apartments, schools and public buildings, and many more thousands of practical and sturdy windowalls for industrial buildings of every type. By serving architects, engineers contractors and building owners everywhere—Fenestra methods have created the largest steel window organization in the world.

Fenestra Basement Windows

If you've ever seen a Fenestra basement with its extra light, extra ventilation, extra "all around" usefulness, you'll want one under your new home. Think, too, of having steel windows that are more secure against fire and intruders, and that last as long as the building.

Fenestra Garage Windows

There's always danger from gases in the garage. And frequently you'll want more light when you're working on the car. Fenestra Utility Windows minimize the danger by providing better ventilation and their larger area of glass lets in an astonishing amount of daylight.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
A-2240 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
For Canada: Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd.
160 River St., Toronto

Fenestra

for homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

REMAKING THE RAILROAD MAPS

(Continued from Page 27)

doughty antagonist in the St. Louis-San Francisco, already a sizable system of some 6000 miles and likely to be considerably enlarged within the very near future. The Frisco, as it is generally known, has achieved a rather remarkable comeback. Cast off by Ripley in his radical reorganization of the Santa Fe nearly thirty years ago, it long was regarded as something of a Cinderella among railroads. Four years ago a real railroader came to it—an old Santa Fe operator by the name of Kurn. This last autumn he astonished the railroad world and even some of his own stockholders by putting the road on a dividend basis.

Kurn coveted the International and Great Northern—for many years past a notoriously unsuccessful property, but of real strategic location and possessing a short direct route to the important gateway of Laredo on the Mexican border. This was one of the few cases where the Interstate Commerce Commission has said no. It looked into the thing impartially and ruled that the I. & G. N. was fundamentally as well as historically a part of the old Iron Mountain and Texas and Pacific system, and this is how the Missouri Pacific eventually gets it, even though by indirect process.

The president of the Frisco is far more apt to add the scalp of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas—generally known as the Katy—to his belt before he is done. And with a direct line into Chicago—either the Alton or the Chicago and Eastern Illinois—with perhaps the Orient to carry him into the rich productive hills of Northern Mexico, he is apt to find himself in a strong position, and without a road of overpowering mileage and a host of duplicate and unprofitable side lines. Of this question of excess mileage, more in a moment. For the present, still consider the consolidations as they are in progress—informally, but certainly.

One other important step already has been accomplished in the West—the definite acquisition of the El Paso and Southwestern by the Southern Pacific on the first day of November last. This property, extending from an obscure junction point with the Rock Island in New Mexico through the international border at El Paso and thence along it to Douglas, Arizona, and up to Tucson, was originally built by Phelps-Dodge interests as an industrial servant to their copper mines in Southern Arizona. The E. P. & S. W. carried ore north and east from the mine heads, fuel south and west from Northern New Mexico to the power houses—balanced traffic, no empty-car movements, an ideal railroad condition. No wonder that the little road prospered and presently became the pride of the entire Southwest. It erected a magnificant passenger station in Tucson and announced its intention of some day continuing on through to the Pacific Coast. Upon that promise, even though somewhat vaguely given, many towns built high hopes indeed.

Southern Pacific and Rock Island

These were shattered by the announcement last fall that the little El Paso road was about to be taken over by the big Southern Pacific. Tucson and San Diego and Los Angeles waxed wroth in consequence. How about that sacred fetish of competition that the Transportation Act had promised to preserve? They began saying some rather tart things.

The Interstate Commerce Commission came in upon the situation as a pourer of oil upon troubled waters. It gave its approval of the merger, but said that it had so done because the territory was too thin to support another competitive railroad. Better far, it argued, that the Southern Pacific should be given enough traffic to make itself into a high-grade road than that two low-grade lines should have to be struggling eternally for a traffic which was hardly more than a good meal for either one of them.

This was good economics, for in the last analysis no public utility is ever really competitive. Whether it is good politics or not remains to be seen. But the S. P. already has the smaller road and "El Paso and Southwestern" is rapidly being painted off the equipment. The next logical step for the Southern Pacific is the acquisition of the Rock Island, which would bring it into Chicago—the real railroad hub of all this land—on its own tracks, and finally, after many years of endeavor, into a strong competitive position with the Santa Fe. For since 1888 the Santa Fe has boasted of being the only road with its own rails all the way from Chicago to California.

Informal overtures already have been made to the Rock Island that it be taken over by the powerful Western line on a basis of 4 per cent upon its common stock. Four per cent! Four per cent upon common stock is not considered these piping days as a particularly peppy return upon railroad shares—at least so I have heard it intimated in the halls of Congress at times within the past decade—and the Rock Island is the third road which recently has experienced the regeneration of a new and an extremely good management. Despite much superfluous trackage, and a bad financial record extending over a period of years, it has begun to make a showing for itself. And some of its stockholders are beginning to think that a guaranty of 4 per cent is not the highest price that might be offered for it

Eventually the Rock Island may, and probably will, become a part of Southern Pacific just as the big Chicago and North Western may yet become part of the even bigger Union Pacific, and the so-called Hill roads—the Burlington, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific—a huge single system of our Northwest, even though a somewhat illogical one perhaps. The Interstate Commerce Commission realizes this. It has suggested that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the only other occupant of much of that northern country beyond the Twin Cities, should be balanced with its competitor by another line added to it, preferably the Northern Pacific. This surely is logical. But in practical achievement it is extremely difficult. Those half hidden but highly powerful lines of finance and of tradition of which I hinted at the very beginning of this article stand in very definite opposition to it.

Now turn from West to East.

The Situation in the East

About a year ago the first important consolidation that has really been attempted in Eastern territory within the past decade came to the light. It provided for what, for lack of a better name, is called the greater Nickel Plate system. Two capable young men, brothers, from Cleveland, Ohio, loomed dramatically into the national spotlight as railroad operators. Their name is Van Sweringen and they had achieved a deal of success as real-estate speculators in their home town. In the development of a new suburb they had found it necessary to acquire a right of way for a high-speed electric line down into the heart of the city. The route of the Nickel Plate Railroad made an ideal location for their rapid-transit railway. With a little financial maneuvering the Van Sweringens obtained the Nickel Plate for themselves and began their career as railroad operators.

The early history of the Nickel Plate is a curious one indeed. It was first built in the days when to create a parallel, or strike, railroad was to accomplish what was then regarded as smart strategy—good business, if you please. The ill-fated West Shore, paralleling the rich main line of the New York Central through its own chief state, was about the first of these strikes. The Nickel Plate, running for many, many miles close beside the tracks of the even richer Lake Shore—also a Vanderbilt property and the continuation of the New York Central from Buffalo to Chicago—was another.

But the state of Ohio was canny when it granted the Nickel Plate its charter. It inserted within that document certain ineradicable clauses under which it was expressly provided that the Nickel Plate should never be absorbed or controlled by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.

Yet, alas for human fallibility! The West Shore failed, fell into the hands of the New York Central, hook, bait and sinker, and lost its identity and its name forever. Not such good business, after all! The Nickel Plate surrendered to the Lake Shore—yet the peculiar conditions of its charter stuck, and stuck fast. Even in fairly recent larger mergers it never has been brought into the

(Continued on Page 188

There's more style, snap and satisfaction in these colorful Super Quality Paris than you'd expect for your dollar

Super Quality
$1

Only those men who have never seen Super Quality Paris still think there is no style in garters. The Super Quality Paris in single and double grips are the finest garters ever made—see them at your dealer's.

Super Quality $1 ~ *Others as low as* 25c

A. STEIN & COMPANY

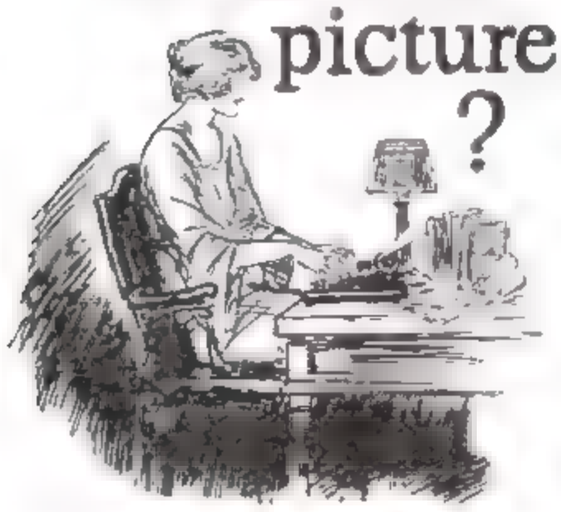
CHICAGO NEW YORK TORONTO

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

What's wrong with this picture?



OUR young lady is writing her social correspondence on Corona. Is this good etiquette?

Lillian Eichler, author of the "Book of Etiquette," after telling how she wrote this famous book entirely with Corona, says: "My 'Book of Etiquette' encourages the use of the typewriter for social correspondence."

* * * *

It is a breach of etiquette to allow letters to go unanswered for weeks, but a busy man or woman finds plenty of excuses for postponing the tiresome task. With Corona at your elbow, letter-writing acquires a new interest, and that is why many people of social prominence use Corona for all their correspondence. Coronatyping is easier, faster and more legible than handwriting.

The new Corona Four, with standard single-shift keyboard, costs only $60. Easy terms if desired. Look for Corona in your phone book, or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 117 Main Street, Groton, N. Y.

CORONA

BRIEF-O'GRIP

The Bag of a Thousand Uses.

The Perfect Sample Case

Dimensions	Price
16" long 11" high 6" wide	17 50
18" " 12" " 7"	18.50
20" " 13" " 8" "	19 50

Max Dann Company, Inc.
88 98 St. Francis St

Graffco PICTURE HANGERS
"THE NAIL WON'T FALL OUT"

Graffco Glass Pushpins

GRAFF-UNDERWOOD CO.
18 Beacon St., Somerville, Mass.

graffco

ADDING MACHINES 1/3 PRICE

SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS

RELIABLE ADDING MACHINE CORP. Dept. 92
168 W. Washington Street CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 186)

huge New York Central family. That there is a community of interest between it and the larger road many believe. This was clearly shown in the Cleveland passenger station, where the Nickel Plate and the New York Central were the only two large roads to come into the plan for the creation of an elaborate new terminal there. The Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio have refused to join in that scheme.

The official name of the Nickel Plate is the New York, Chicago and St. Louis, though it never reached New York nor, until very recently, St. Louis. For many years it was content to be a short direct line between Buffalo and Chicago. Without many curves or grades, and without encumbering side lines or branches of any sort whatsoever, it was an easy road to operate. This fact, combined with that that the Van Sweringens brought needed capital to the property, enabled them to make an extremely good record with it; to place themselves in a strong position for making the Nickel Plate the backbone of a huge Eastern system. As a preliminary to their larger plans, the former Lake Erie and Western—another Cinderella of the Vanderbilt family—this time was taken over from the New York Central, and the independent Clover Leaf route, running from Toledo down to St. Louis, was also acquired two or three years ago.

Within the twelvemonth the larger plan of the Van Sweringens was first disclosed. This time some really important lines were to be added to the property—chief among them, the Chesapeake and Ohio, reaching from Chicago, Louisville, Columbus and Cincinnati, down to the Atlantic Seaboard at Newport News, Virginia. This gave the Van Sweringens tidewater connection of the best possible sort.

The acquisition of the Hocking Valley, from Columbus to Toledo, tied the Chesapeake and Ohio in well with their parent line. After which came a scheme for a far more dramatic step—the merging of the historic Erie into the property along with the Pere Marquette.

The Line-Up of the Future

That this merger fell into line anywhere with the tentative plans set down both by Professor Ripley and the Interstate Commerce Commission no one has maintained for a moment. The proposed Nickel Plate merger is not a railroad system, but rather an aggregation. In other words, lines have been chosen for it for their strategic and traffic worth rather than because of any desire to serve a large portion of territory evenly or conscientiously. This in business is logical and consistent. It is good business. No man is anxious to add unprofitable properties to his holdings. But it is not the purport or the idea of the Transportation Act, which aims first of all to provide the entire nation with a group of well-balanced competitive railroads capable of rendering the largest service to every far corner of the land.

The Van Sweringen system as now planned represents the compromise between idealism and practicability that we are apt to find almost everywhere in case the nation-wide consolidation of our roads ever actually does come fully into effect. For it is by no means a certainty that this thing, in largest measure, will actually come to pass in this decade or the next.

The effect of the announcement of the Van Sweringens' full plans was to force the other railroads of the Eastern territory—north of the Ohio and east of Chicago and St. Louis—into a consideration of the entire merger problem as it might affect them. Some of the roads had already been doing a deal of thinking along this line. The New York Central for some time past had coveted the rich little Central Railroad of New Jersey, ostensibly and logically in order to connect with a line it had long held from the shores of Lake Erie into and through the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. So doing, it would possess a route from New York to Chicago not only many miles shorter than its present main line through Albany and Buffalo but comparable with the shortest routes of its competitors.

Really, it wanted the Jersey Central for other reasons—chiefly to keep the Baltimore and Ohio from owning its own tracks into the harbor side of New York, and incidentally to hamper and harass its greatest rival, the Pennsylvania. Forty years ago the historic Baltimore and Ohio sought to extend its lines east from its home town of Baltimore to both Philadelphia and New York. It achieved Philadelphia, but failed to get into New York, even though entrance rights were finally arranged for its trains over the lines of the Reading and of the Jersey Central.

In the proposed rearrangement and consolidation of lines the Baltimore and Ohio has sought to rectify this weakness in its structure. Possession of the Reading and the Central Railroad of New Jersey properties would not only give it the great Eastern terminal that it desires, and that it really should have, but also valuable cut-off lines to the West, both through Allentown and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to Martinsburg, West Virginia, and across Northern Pennsylvania, almost along the precise route that the late A. H. Smith, the gifted and far-visioned president of New York Central, had laid down for his line prior to his tragic death last spring.

Here were sharply opposing factors. Yet even before his passing, Smith had shown a willingness to compromise the issue. The New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio were not so far apart after all in their strategy. Daniel Willard, the president of the latter road, has no little fame as a real arbitrator and diplomat. A conference was arranged between him, P. E. Crowley, Mr. Smith's successor, the Van Sweringens and Samuel Rea, the president of the Pennsylvania.

In all this situation, what was the position of the Pennsylvania? For a long time it was one of dignified aloofness. The Pennsylvania had done its real consolidating a good many years before, when things were easier. Very wisely, it had foreseen the economic conditions of today. For nearly half a century it has been in a tremendously strong strategic position, with its great main lines reaching from New York and Philadelphia through Pittsburgh to Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis—a dozen minor gateways as well. It had its strong lines into Baltimore and Washington and more than twenty years ago it came into the great gateway city of Buffalo. More recently it thrust its own line into Detroit. It is the chief owner of the Norfolk and Western, a coal hauler of vast traffic. At one time it was also the owner of control of the Baltimore and Ohio, but the Sherman Act forced it out of this last position.

How about the Pennsylvania?

In the hotly competitive Eastern territory whose limits I have just laid down, there are, roughly speaking, some 55,000 route miles of rail lines. The Pennsylvania, outside of the Norfolk and Western, possesses already more than 12,000 of these.

"Therefore," said some of its competitors, "if we set up four great competitive systems in Eastern territory, the Pennsylvania already has its fair share. Let us build up the three other lines to an equal point with it."

How to Cut the Cake

To help do this the plan was brought forward that to the Baltimore and Ohio should be allocated the Western Maryland, the Monon and the Wabash, as well as some lesser lines—about 9000 or 10,000 miles in all. The Van Sweringen properties would have about 16,000 miles. The New York Central, including the Michigan Central and the Big Four, already has about 12,000.

The problem that still stood was how to cut the cake of the remaining lines, for up to the present moment we have given but little consideration to the important anthracite group. The original consolidation plans of the I. C. C. provided for five, not four, groups in Eastern territory; the first three of these the New York Central, the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio. With the Erie was to go the Lackawanna and some lesser roads. The fifth group was to consist primarily of the Nickel Plate and the Lehigh Valley. It was this last arrangement that the Van Sweringens and their backers have calmly shattered, and the fat is in the fire.

The hard-coal roads are, for the most part, rich, aristocratic; in their own way, well satisfied. Most of them would very much prefer not to be consolidated at all. To be let alone is their desire. Yet one of the group—the Erie, in its mileage the largest of all—already has fallen into the meshes. And a scheme has been put forward by the executives of the larger of the roads of trunk-line territory for the allocation of the rest. The Reading and Jersey Central, as we have just seen, are to go to the Baltimore and Ohio. It is now proposed to give the Lackawanna to the enlarged Nickel Plate-Erie combination and the Lehigh Valley to the New York Central. The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, although not of the anthracite group, is a rather powerful little road. It is now proposed that this be dismembered, the northern half to be given to the New York Central, the southern sixty miles to the Baltimore and Ohio for the completion of its short through route across Northern Pennsylvania.

The first glimmerings of this proposal, which are now leaking out, are arousing the ire of Western New York, which feels that to give the Lehigh Valley to the New York Central would be to make the strong still stronger, the weak even weaker. The projected dismemberment of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh is causing alarm. The El Paso and Southwestern situation is being repeated. The feeling of such powerful Western New York cities as Rochester and Buffalo is that the B. R. & P. should go in its entirety to the Baltimore and Ohio, and either the Lehigh Valley or the Lackawanna to the Pennsylvania. In other words, the two largest cities in the state of New York, outside of the metropolis itself, are going to demand that if a four-system situation is created in Eastern territory, they are to have a fair chance at each of the four systems. If there is anything in this competitive situation, they are going to demand it for themselves. The fate of some of the New England cities which have been denied all rail competition is clearly before their eyes.

Similarly, Philadelphia is not having a very happy time over the possibility of the loss of the identity of the Reading system. In fact, the Baltimore and Ohio already has agreed in the case of its taking over the property to maintain it in name and fact as a separate railroad. And the distinguished president of the Baltimore and Ohio, Mr. Willard, is quoted as saying that the Philadelphia opposition to his enlarged system is Broad Street propaganda.

The New England Roads

In the meantime Broad Street—the Pennsylvania—has awakened from its position of status quo and has begun to assert itself most vigorously. Quite naturally, it is opposed to the taking over of the Reading and Jersey Central by its old-time competitor, the Baltimore and Ohio. It wants the principle that it is proposed to establish in New England—the so-called open door—carried at least as far west as the city of Philadelphia.

This open-door theory deserves a word of explanation. The railroads of New England present a rather difficult problem of their own. For nearly two decades past only two of them—and both comparatively small—have made money. The two chief roads of the district, the New Haven and the Boston and Maine, have been notorious in their losses. With the New Haven there has been breathed much financial scandal, although not within very recent years. The Boston and Maine, like the heroine of ancient melodrama, has been virtuous but terribly poor. Both of these systems have been weighted down with a vast proportion of unprofitable branch lines. Only recently has any real attempt been made either to abandon or render profitable these side lines.

In a vague casting about for rich guardians for these poverty-stricken New England spinsters, it was first suggested that the lines of the northern part of the section—the Boston and Maine, the Maine Central, the Rutland and the Bangor and Aroostook—be given to the New York Central, which for a quarter of a century past has operated the rich old Boston and Albany across Massachusetts and into the heart of Boston. Similarly, the New Haven would be given to the Pennsylvania, with which it enjoys traffic relationships all the time growing closer.

The New York Central was silent on the suggestion, although it is generally understood that it was receptive. It is an ambitious property and all the while seeking to enlarge itself

The Pennsylvania refused to take over the New Haven, at that moment at any rate. Whereupon a distinguished expert of the Interstate Commerce Commission proposed to give it to the Baltimore and Ohio, apparently on the theory that some road other than the New York Central would have to take it. But Mr. Willard was quite

(Continued on Page 191)

The Price of POWER

A CRANK CASE FILLING OF HAVOLINE

Make of Car	Capacity of Crank Case in Quarts	Economy	Make of Car	Capacity of Crank Case in Quarts	Power
Auburn	6	$1.65	Jordan 6	6	$1.65
Buick 6	5½	1.52	Lincoln	10	2.75
Buick 4	6	1.65	Marmon	12	3.30
Cadillac	7	1.93	Maxwell	4	1.10
Case	6	1.65	Moon	5	1.38
Chandler	8	2.20	Nash	8	2.20
Chevrolet	4	1.10	Oakland	4	1.10
Cleveland	6	1.65	Oldsmobile	6	1.65
Chrysler	6	1.65	Overland	6	1.65
Dodge	5	1.38	Packard	6	1.65
Dort	4	1.10	Paige	8	2.20
Durant	5	1.38	Peerless	8	2.20
Essex 4	5	1.38	Pierce Arr. 33	10½	2.89
Essex 6	4	1.10	Reo	7	1.93
Ford	4	1.10	Rickenbacker	7	1.93
Franklin	5	1.38	Star	4	1.10
Gray	4	1.10	Studebaker	6	1.65
Haynes	7	1.93	Stutz 4	12	3.30
Hudson	7	1.93	Velie	5	1.38
Hupmobile	4	1.10	Wills S. C.	8	2.20
Jewett	6	1.65	Willys-Knight	6	1.65

Havoline by the single quart sells for 30c. The price list above is based on special rates for crank case service for a limited period only. Prices are higher in western states and Canada. On the coast 35c. per single quart and $1.20 per gallon for crank case fillings.

During March and April you can buy a crankcaseful of *power oil* at special rates from any Havoline dealer equipped to give crank case service.

The price of power is a crank case filling of Havoline. A fresh oil to replace the dirty, diluted oil; the right grade instead of too heavy or too light a grade; a fine 30c oil instead of a cheap oil—and you have power.

Power you can feel and use! The Wasson Motor Check by practical tests of all sorts of cars has discovered the power value of oil.

In all the technical talk about oil and oiling systems, viscosity, color and what not, this one clear voice stands out—the Havoline voice—*judge oil by the power it develops in your own car and by no other thing.*

Buy it by the crank case. Not a quart now and then. Not a cheap oil. But a refill of Havoline, at a price that saves you money.

Any Havoline dealer will select the right oil for your car. He has the record of thousands of Motor Check tests to guide him.

You will know him by the Havoline Red Spot sign and by the price list illustrated here.

If the name of your car does not appear on the price list, ask your Havoline dealer for special crank case filling prices.

Photograph shows Wasson Motor Check demonstration of oil-power at Providence, R. I. Thousands of such tests everywhere have proved the power of Havoline.

HAVOLINE
—the power oil
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY

If your dealer cannot supply you, mail us coupon filled in as indicated. We will ship you a five-gallon or one-gallon can of this power oil, transportation charges collect. And with every five-gallon can our exclusive Easy-Tip Rack at the combination price shown below.

Attach check or money order with coupon; or shipment will be made C. O. D.

Indian Refining Company, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Five-gallon can, with new Easy-Tip Rack for convenience in pouring. Special combination price —$5.50. West of the Rockies $7.00. Canadian prices upon request.

Handy one-gallon can—a crank case filling for Fords, Chevrolets, Maxwells, etc.—$1.15. West of the Rockies $1.40. Canadian prices upon request.

Indian Refining Company, Inc.
Lawrenceville, Ill.

Enclosed find (check) (money order) $ .... for which ship correct grade Havoline as follows:

☐ Five-gallon can with Easy-Tip Rack

☐ One-gallon can (state number of cans wanted)

Name of car .. .. Year.....

Name .....

Address .. ..

City.....State.....

My dealer's Name . ...

We ask for this information so that we can make arrangements to supply you hereafter through your regular dealer.

Oil is more than Oil—*it is power*

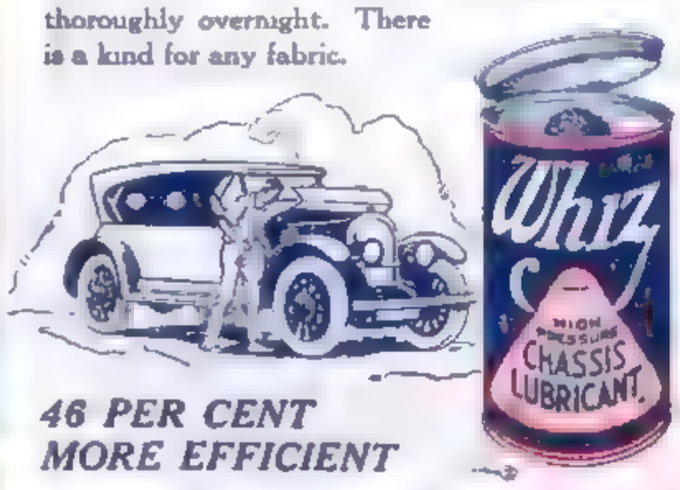
Confidence Is The Keynote!

STOP THE LEAK!

Leaking radiators result in heated engines, loss of power, knocking caused by pre-ignition and may cause seizure of pistons, scored cylinders, warped valves and cracked cylinders and water-jackets. When your radiator or water-jacket leaks, get a can of *Whiz* Radiator Stop Leak from the nearest garage, supply or hardware store – pour it into your radiator and the leak will be permanently repaired almost instantly. Better yet – carry a can for emergency use.

MAKES OLD TOPS LOOK NEW

Whiz Auto Top Dressing not only makes old tops look new but waterproofs them and adds years to their usefulness – preserves them against wear and weather. It is easily applied and dries thoroughly overnight. There is a kind for any fabric.



46 PER CENT MORE EFFICIENT

Whiz High Pressure Chassis Lubricant is the most efficient lubricant made for all high pressure connections, compression cups, axles, ball and roller bearings, differential joints, steering gears, etc. It lubricates to the last drop and will not harden nor clog grease holes and grooves. Plunger can refills gun quickly and easily without soiling hands.

Sold in Cans or from Drums

MAKES GEARS MAKE GOOD

Regardless of weather or working conditions, *Whiz* Gear Grease does its work silently and efficiently. It follows the gears, never retarding their freedom of change, always forming a filmy cushion between the metal parts, preventing wear and noise

Good Gears Deserve Good Grease

Whiz Leadership

Whiz

98 QUALITY PRODUCTS

Sold Everywhere – Ask Your Dealer

(Continued from Page 188)

as coy as Mr. Rea about taking an overlordship over the state of Connecticut, while New England showed very plainly that it did not relish having control of its chief railroad wrested from the academic city of New Haven and transferred either to Philadelphia or Baltimore.

As a compromise, it was suggested that all the New England roads, including the Boston and Albany, be regarded as a separate unit; a sort of exaggerated terminal, if you please, offering equal facilities to each and every trunk-line road that it touched, either along the Hudson River or in Canada. This is the theory of the open door as applied to the railroads of New England. It undoubtedly will come into effect some day, with the possible division of the congested territory into two terminal districts, one north and one south which would insure at least a modicum of rail transport competition to Boston and some other of the larger industrial centers.

The Limits of Personal Management

It is this open door that the president of the Pennsylvania would like to see carried up to his home town, even though it deprives New York of one of the systems of the four-system combination. Whether the open door, as he interprets it, would include a warm welcome into the heart of Philadelphia for the New York Central over the rails of the Lehigh Valley is not so certain. It might, however, if the Pennsylvania were to be given, say, the Lackawanna, with which it has good interchange facilities, as a direct route from New York to Syracuse, to Rochester and to Buffalo, as a fine rounding out of its system. But the Pennsylvania would far prefer the Lehigh Valley to the Lackawanna. The Valley has just as good interchange facilities and is in many ways in a better strategic position. Twenty years ago the Pennsylvania had obtained virtual control of it, but because of the popular feeling against railroad consolidations in that day it was unable to take over the property at that time.

Here then, as briefly as it can be stated, is the nation-wide picture of railroad consolidation as it stands at this moment. Each day, each hour, the problem grows more complex. Time-honored rivalries, individual jealousies are cropping out to hinder vastly its solution. Communities, finding that the much-vaunted consolidation plan is not only not bringing them better competitive facilities but may actually remove those which they have enjoyed, are becoming aroused. More and more hurdles constantly are being placed before it.

Another factor comes into the situation, greatly to complicate it.

The question is being raised and argued as to how big a property one man—or one group of men, no matter how able they may be—can operate successfully. Opinions differ. But the fact remains that within the past decade or so two great systems, the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific, have seen fit to decentralize themselves more or less completely. The distinguished president of the Illinois Central told me last spring that he kept out on the line twenty days of each month, and by such incessant and terrible traveling he was able to do 72,000 miles a year, which meant, in the case of his own system, that he covered each mile of line on an average of eight times.

Yet Markham is known as one of the most industrious of our railroad presidents. And it is known, too, that one of the glaring faults of our rail operation in the past has been the lack of inspection and intensive supervision by others with power to decide upon important local questions. With these things in view, one is tempted to a belief at times that our roads should be further separated rather than consolidated.

As a bait toward consolidation certain obvious advantages, such as the joint use of cars and terminals, are urged. But these can be accomplished without actual rail consolidation. Here is not the urgent reason for radical change.

And now another important thing.

We have an example before us—Great Britain, which three years ago consolidated her fifty-four separate railways into four reasonably large systems. In thirty-six months the United Kingdom has begun to have a fair opportunity to test the benefits—or the defects—of consolidation. So far the benefits have not been conspicuous. Mr. T. C. Powell, a vice president of the Erie, who recently has been making an inspection of the workings of consolidation over there, writes to the Railway Age here, saying:

"It is very evident that the railway consolidation plans have not turned out as well as the government anticipated. In the first place there has not only been a demoralization of the forces, but the fact that the groupings of the English railways move competition to the background has established a condition in the minds of the employes and the staff of each of the consolidated groups that always results from monopoly, and the reaction from this is now shown in the adverse criticisms published in the newspapers.

"Apparently every effort to reduce expenses by reducing train service met with opposition, and the very purpose of the consolidations has therefore failed to such an extent that while I was in England there was an official statement from the railway side to the effect that so far from there being an immediate reduction in the expenses, such a result could not be looked for for years. By this they probably meant they could not dispense with a great many men on their pay rolls except by converting them into pensioners, and, of course, the pensions would cost a great deal of money."

Sir Henry Thornton's Views

"Again, there has been delay in adopting common standards in each of the consolidations probably because each group wants to continue the long-established colors and other designations upon which the individuality of each road has been built up."

A practical railroader who has had a very large experience in operating both in England and in the United States is Sir Henry W. Thornton, now at the head of the Canadian National system. He says:

"Personally, I question from an administrative point of view the wisdom of enlarging any of the great railway systems of the United States, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, because I doubt the ability of any railway president efficiently and effectively to administer any larger mileage than that of the railways I have mentioned, having in mind the density of traffic. Railway consolidation in the United States, in my judgment, should extend merely to the mopping up of smaller lines in the immediate territory of each large trunk line where the welfare of the community will be served by so doing, and I deprecate the formation of systems so large as to pass beyond the administrative scope of the head of the system."

This expresses, in a few words, a very large thought. Unquestionably this Canadian railroader has forecast the very thing that is come to pass—a gradual and logical mopping up of lines rather than any more sweeping and radical attempts at nation-wide consolidation by prearranged plan.

Nor is the hope of economy so often given by enthusiastic proponents of national consolidation so bright as it was at one time. The big railroaders are now standing from under all promises of large savings to be accomplished. They have had their own scouts in England. And they do not propose, in case that further consolidation is accomplished here in any high degree, to accept responsibility for any failure to gain huge economies by it.

Their chief lawyer—Mr. A. P. Thom, counsel for the American Railway Association—speaking the other day before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, made this clear. He said that expert opinion among our railroaders now felt that the idea of economies to result from consolidation could be greatly exaggerated. Perhaps in some departments savings could be effected, but, in Mr. Thom's opinion, comparatively little could be done to reduce the labor cost of management. To which he might have added in all truth that the supervision cost of our railroads eventually will be raised rather than lowered, and this without reference to consolidation. Today the roads are as a rule considerably understaffed, which ought to be something of a consolation to many and many an officer of a minor railroad who at this very moment is wondering what is to become of his head in the new order of things.

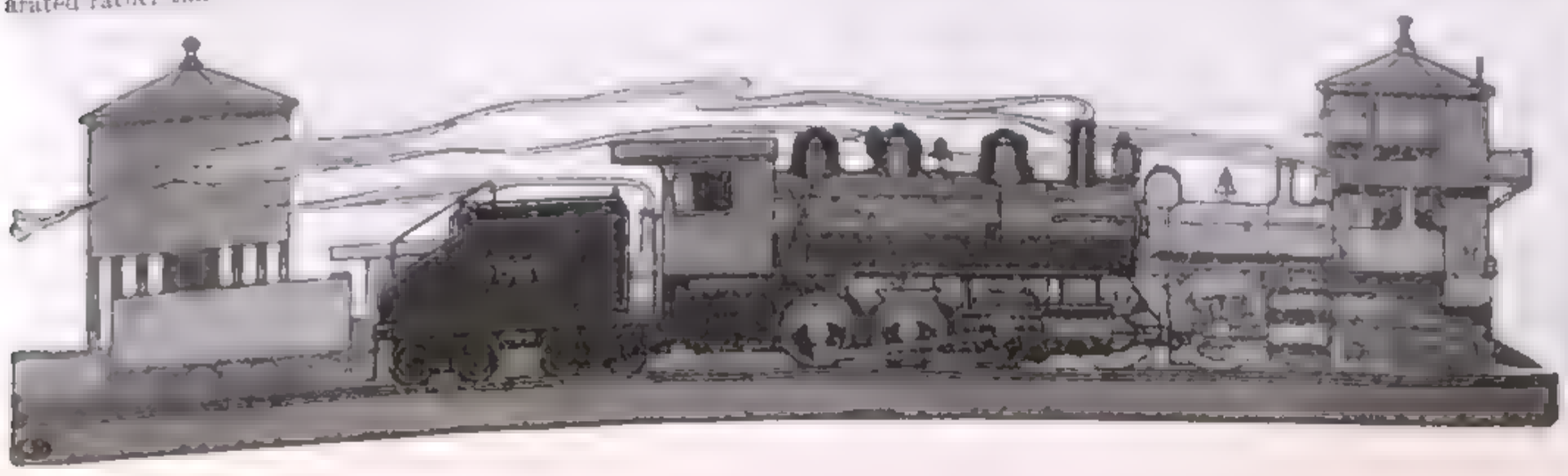
No Work for Dabblers

That further railroad consolidation, to a very considerable extent, will come here in the United States seems now to be established beyond a shadow of a doubt. Legislation to that end will soon pass in Congress. And even if no additional mergers were to be provided for, legislation is needed to provide for that which has recently been accomplished. The joining of the El Paso and Southwestern to the Southern Pacific, although made as closely as present statutes permit, is not so well-knit as was the purpose of the framers of the Transportation Act. It represents as close an operating merger as can now be provided, but no corporate consolidation.

What many farsighted railroad experts are seeking at this moment to do is to wipe out the vast number of separate railroad corporations that now go toward the making of a single large system. A property like the Pennsylvania or the New York Central will consist of from 125 to 150 separate railroad corporations. The holding of annual meetings for all these companies is no small chore. With three minutes allotted to the holding of each annual meeting of its subsidiary corporations, it takes the Illinois Central a long business day to get through with the minutiæ of the thing. The expense of the thing is not a matter of guesswork.

When the Pennsylvania not so very long ago completely absorbed—from an operating point of view—the Vandalia, the Grand Rapids and Indiana, the Cumberland Valley and some other properties which it long had owned but had operated as separate units, it found itself quite unable to merge the corporate existence of these companies; and up to the present time it has been forced to continue them separately, even though at a considerable expense.

That these things will be worked out no one who is in touch with the situation now doubts. And further rail consolidation, along the lines which have just been indicated, will come to pass—as much as will come logically. But not to the extent that some of the dabblers with paste pot and shears and general railroad map have indicated. In other words, the whole matter becomes one of evolution—and common sense—rather than of elaborate preplanning, of theorism gone mad, of experts going round and round. Wall Street will continue to hold control over the paste pot. In the meantime boys will be boys; theorists, theorists, and the gay sport of railroad mahjongg free to all who would be participants.



Do you use pencil carbon paper?

HERE is a kind made especially for pencil writing. And in a grade to match every grade of pencil—from very hard to very soft.

The most convenient carbon paper for order books and manifold books, because this carbon paper is fitted to the paper in the book.

Write us about your particular use for pencil carbon paper. We will tell you just what grade of Webco Carbon Paper is best suited to your particular requirement.

Free: The second edition of a valuable, helpful booklet that shows how to select the exact carbon paper for various kinds of work. Write for a copy. See how nicely the Multi-Kopy idea of "A Kind for Every Purpose" fits your business

F. S. WEBSTER CO., INC.
Established 1889
335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses
New York Chicago Philadelphia
Pittsburgh San Francisco Cleveland

WEBCO
Pencil Carbon Papers
A kind for every purpose

Do you know you can obtain the

VENUS PENCIL with RUBBER END

Unrivalled for smooth writing qualities—providing pencil luxury and pencil economy in the highest degree.

10¢ each
$1.20 per doz.

Ask for VENUS B—a soft pencil for general use.

At your dealers or write us direct

American Lead Pencil Co.
218 Fifth Ave., Dept. P, New York
VENUS—The largest selling Quality Pencil in the world
17 black—3 copying degrees

SALESMAN to sell suits and topcoats tailored by us and direct to wearer at $[illegible]. [illegible] under positive guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. [illegible] Easy to sell. Commission [illegible]
Chain Clothing Stores, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City

THE FOOD OF LOVE

(Continued from Page 25)

hands. Her own fault! And you couldn't blame Joe Gutch.

Joe wasn't hurt a particle. He was up and running, and cussing a blue streak as he run, ten seconds after he lit. Then he realized that he couldn't run no better than twenty miles an hour, which was about the gait the team was hitting, taking the wagon pole and part of the hounds with 'em; so he gave them permission to go, with all trimmings, and turned back and found John stretched out with his head against a stump, dead as dried codfish to all practical purposes, for the time being

There was a ugly-looking gash in the boy's head and Joe done the best he could for it with his handkerchief and then hot-footed to Fenwick's house, which wasn't far away.

Billy was in, and went back with him to where the wreck was, and between them they packed John to the house and laid him down on the setting-room sofy. Ma Fenwick, who was just naturally squeamish about the sight of human gore, come mighty nigh fainting, and flopped down in a rocker; so it fell to Ada to take a-holt, which she done as if she had worked in a hospital all her life. The cut wasn't so bad as it looked at first, and she got it fixed in jig time, and just as she was pinning the last bandage John come to and opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asks.

"You're in heaven, Gladsome," says Joe Gutch. "The boss of all the little angels is a-measuring you for a golden crown. You are certainly in luck, Sunshine. I'd break my darned neck any day, cheerful and willing, to get the particular attention you're getting from the person who's a-giving it. Don't he look happy, Miss Ada?"

"You get right out of here, Joe Gutch," says Ada, flashing at him. "I'm s'prised at you! Pa, take him away. You lay quiet and don't try to talk, Mr. ——"

"Merry's his name," says Joe, grinning.

"Pa," says Ada, "I wish't you'd take Joe Gutch out of here if he ain't got no sense and can't behave."

She said it as if she meant it, too, and then turned and eased John's head down on a sofy cushion.

"Come on out, Joe," says Billy. "We can't do no good in here now; the old lady and Ada'll take care of him and he'll be all right. I'll let you take my wagon and team and you can go on to Rapid and do your business and I'll ride over to the ranch in the morning and get the wagon back. I've got business with Sanders, anyway. If you'd have gone the straight road 'stid of coming this roundabout way, you'd have been in Rapid by this time, the both of you."

"That's true, Mr. Fenwick," Joe says, speaking low, like he was at a funeral. "But you was a-looking mighty sort of peaked the last time I happened along here, and I allowed I'd have to drop in and see how you was getting along."

"I'm a heap obliged to you, Joe," says Billy. "I'm feeling right peart, thank you most to pieces. And now we'll go and hitch up a pair of nice quiet plugs that you'll be able to hold in easy."

"Me go off and leave pore Merry thisaway?" says Joe. "No, sir-ree; I wouldn't have the heart to. Me, I don't leave no friend in sickness nor in health, and I'll sure be able to help with the nursing. You'll have to put me out, Mr. Fenwick, if you want me to go."

"Then for the land's sake put him out, pa," says Ada real vicious, a-looking around from her patient. "And tell ma to bring a glass of water."

"Come on out Joe," says Fenwick, tightening on his arm.

"Can't I help you none whatever, Miss Ada?" Joe begs.

But all he got was a look, so he had to let pa lead him out to the barn.

"What is that boy's name, Joe?" asks pa as they went. "Gladsome, did you call him? It surely ain't that!"

"Honest to Moses and hope to die, his name's Merry," says Joe.

Ain't this here world the limit? Here was this six-foot-odd of misery, with no looks to speak of favorable, no education, no brains and no money, and here was Ada with her folks well fixed and nobody to leave it to but her and a brother that was high up in the Burlington offices in Chicago and didn't need it, and having the unmarried and widowed cream of the country only waiting for a crook of her finger, and by godfrey if she didn't up and take the strongest kind of a notion to the coot right away! It was just a notion; that was what it was. Everybody said it was just a notion. She felt sorry for the feller and that was all there was to it, and she'd get bravely over it before it come to anything serious. Billy Fenwick took that view of it, and so did ma and everybody else.

It wasn't no long lingering sickness John had. Come suppertime, he was able to set up to the table and give an exhibition of his Adam's apple working up and down as he swallered his vittles. He didn't indulge in no conversation to speak of. "Thank you, ma'am," and "I don't know but what I could, thank you kindly, ma'am," and "Yes, please, ma'am," in that hark-from-the-tomb voice of hisn. It was a devil of a while before he got to "I wouldn't choose any more, thank you, ma'am." And the next morning he was down to breakfast bright and early—and Ada baked the cakes.

Now you boys may think that you know what buckwheat cakes is. They're round brown objects made by spooning a dob of batter onto a hot soapstone griddle or a plain iron griddle, ain't they? You make the batter out of buckwheat flour and water or milk as the case may be, and a pinch of salt and an egg or two and baking powder into it, and you eat 'em hot, with butter and maple sirup or honey or sausage gravy. That about covers the ground, don't it? Well, you just think it does. If you had ever tasted Ada Fenwick's buckwheat cakes you'd have changed your idees entirely concerning them articles of nourishment.

No use talking, she had a real gift for 'em, and it goes to show how them as has gets. A homely girl has got a good right to a number-one cooking talent; it's only fair and no more than fair that she should have; but it was like spreading molasses on top of honeycomb to sweeten it, to make Ada the cook she was and didn't need to be, and specially with cakes. Boys, they was light as thistledown floating over a field of clover in bloom, and yet as satisfying as inch-and-a-half steak. The smell of 'em made you open your quivering nostrils as wide as they'd stretch to get all of it that they could, and they had a flavor that made you roll up your eyes like a dying duck in a thunderstorm, as the saying is. They was a rich, even mulatto brown, shading off some lighter at the edges and without speck or flaw. With slabs of ma's butter in between melting into 'em and flooded with sirup atop —— No, gentlemen, your idees of cakes can't help but be limited.

John A. Merry's Adam's apple was a sight to behold as soon as he begun on them cakes. Billy Fenwick couldn't hardly eat his own breakfast for watching it. John was looking pretty steady at his plate most of the time, but once in a while he spared time for a sideways slant at Ada as she stood by the stove, bare-armed and pink-cheeked, ladling and turning to the exact fraction of a second. Now and then she'd show the glutton a line of the whitest little teeth that ever helped the smile of red lips, and John must have caught that smile more than once. But it only seemed to make him feel sadder.

Presently ma got up and looked out of the window.

"I thought I heard him," she says. "Here's Fosdick a-coming down the road now. Shall I holler for him to stop?"

"Save your breath," says pa. "He'll stop all right without no hollering." He pushed back his chair, without removing his gaze from John's undulating throat. "I reckon I'll have to go out to the bars and see if I can't keep him a-setting in the wagon," he says; "onless you'd wish to have a visit with him, Ada."

"I would not," says Ada. "He's a nuisance, and I wish you'd tell him so from me."

"I'll let you 'tend to your own knitting, gal," says the old man. "Mr. Merry, I hate to leave you, and I hope you'll excuse me, but I've got to stop this young man before he drives apast us. He's headed for Rapid and he'll let you ride in with him even if he don't have intentions to drive that way. Don't hurry through eating. He'll wait."

"Maybe he won't want to put himself out of the way," says John.

"He'll do it as a favor to me," says Billy. "He'd do anything for me, Henry Fosdick would—except stay away from this here ranch. Give Mr. Merry some more cakes, Ada. He seems to like 'em, and this is his last chance."

He hurried out to the bars and got there just as a young man pulled up his horses and wropped the lines round his whipstock. Ma drifted out of the kitchen and Ada and John was left alone. John got up.

"Why, you're not through yet, are you?" says Ada. "I guess pa was wrong; you don't like my cakes."

"I—I never et nothing so good in all my days," says John, gulping. "Your pa was right, ma'am. But I—I got to go now."

"Well, next time you come, maybe I'll give you some more," says she.

"I don't know how there's going to be any next time," says John. "I'll be in Rapid and you'll be here." It was like he said, "The emblems of mortality we see around us reminds us of our inev'table doom."

Ada gave him another smile.

"It's an easy ride from Rapid on a good horse," she says, encouraging.

"No horseback riding is easy for me," John tells her. "I can't ride for shucks. I've tried right often, but I always get shook off."

"Well, you've got legs, and what's a twelve-mile walk?" Ada reminds him. "But I was only joking. Of course you won't want to come. Good-by then."

She held out her hand and John made out to take it.

"Good-by," says he.

"Wait a moment," says Ada. "I guess that bandage has shifted. You've got to be careful of that." She drew up close to him and reached up to the bandage. "You're so tall," says she. "It strains my arms."

John bent his head down.

How it happened exactly is hard to say. It had never happened to Ada before—take her word for it—and it's a cinch nothing like it had ever happened to John. Next moment Ada started back, her cheeks pinker than the stove had made 'em, and Billy Fenwick's voice come loud and clear through his cupped hands:

"All ab-o-o-a-ard for Rapid!"

About one month after this happening, Israel Putnam Wakefield walked into the bunk room of the Z Bar ranch with strange tidings for the private and confidential ear of Joseph Prendergast Gutch. Joe didn't believe 'em at first, and furthermore he allowed that there was subjects that was too sacred to lie about. Even when Wakefield convinced him that the news was true he didn't believe it, although he let on that he did. Sometimes appearances was deceiving, and while Israel no doubt had some excuse for jumping to a wrong conclusion, it was likely that there was some simple explanation of the circumstances if a feller could get at it.

"What did old Billy say?"

"Didn't say nothing. Just laughed."

"There you are!" said Joe. "He wouldn't laugh if he didn't know it wasn't no more'n a joke. You mean to say that glum, dismal strip of wet blanket legged it over there from Rapid?"

"A-Sunday. That's what. And if you'd have seen and heard Ada you wouldn't have no doubt about his being welcome. He's been there two Sundays in time for breakfast, and it's a cinch he'll be there a third."

"We'll ride over there, you and me together, next Sunday," Joe proposes. "She's just having sport with him, I'll bet. You never did understand Ada, Is, while I've made a careful study of her, and this ain't to be took offense at, you and me having agreed to play fair, turn about and friendly; but my theery is that she's just stringing Rejonceful to make me jealous and bring me to time. We'd had a sort of lovers' tiff, her and me. We'll take Sunday off if the Old Man's willing, and if he ain't; you and me together."

"You may, but I won't," says Wakefield. "It's no treat to me to watch them two lallygagging."

"If I thought it was so," says Joe, a frowning, "I'd pound that pour mouthed pelican into pulp. I'd sure give him something to look ashamed tatoos about. Why, Is, don't you know that I'm sort of responsible for this here? If there's anything to be responsible for, which there ain't, and I ain't sorry I introduced him to the fam'ly, neither, if he gets any pleasure out of it. I reckon he never had much pleasure. We was too hard on him, Is. Anyway, I'll go over a-Sunday."

Well, he went over, and he come back looking a heap like John Merry looked. He told Wakefield that it certainly did seem like John was a-going strong, and he thought Billy Fenwick and Ma Fenwick must both be going blind or else foolish in their old age that they didn't put a stop to it. Pers'n'ly, he thought it was just a notion of Ada's, and that she'd get bravely over it in a short while, but in the meantime it behooved a true friend and well-wisher to do what he could to hasten that happy day.

"What are you going to do about it?" Wakefield asks him.

"I'll layway him next Sunday," says Joe. "I know the trail he takes, because I was forethoughted enough to ask him. I'll layway the moping seek-sorrow and show him a heap of it. I'll beat the tar out of him and see if I can make him laugh. If it's his face that Ada's took a notion to, that's easy changed. Want to come out with me and watch the transformation?"

Wakefield said why yes he'd go along, and so it come that on the Sabbath following, a little after dawn, the two of 'em met up with John A. Merry as he was shortening distance at three and a half foot a stride and a hundred and twenty strides to the minute. Figure his trip time for yourselves.

John didn't seem noways anxious to stop and chat, but Joe Gutch prevailed on him to that extent. It was when Joe asked him to turn around and see what was the best time he could make back to Rapid that Merry showed his mule streak. When informed of the consequences of his mulishness he showed mebbe a mite more dejection, but he took off his coat and laid it careful to one side on a flat rock that he dusted off first with his handkerchief. Not only that but he took off his vest and his collar and necktie, and finally his pants and boots, and stood up in his underwear and socks and gave Joe Gutch the everlasting licking of his life. Then he put his garments on again, tying his necktie mighty careful, and headed for Beaver, making up for lost time by a lengthier stretch and some quicker action.

Less than three months, and the whole country from the northern camps to White River, as far's the new tallerphone run, was a-buzzing with excitement, and Billy Fenwick down on Beaver was a-walking the floor at a gait his new son-in-law couldn't have beat very bad, and a-cussing the said son-in-law from hill to dale and thence back to the place of beginning, while Ma Fenwick sat in the Boston rocker and wiped her eyes. You might say that things had got to the serious stage when Ada had went with John—or John went with Ada—to the Reverend Winship's in Blueblanket and got married to him. No getting around facts; that's what she'd done; and if the reverend hadn't been an old man as well as a minister of the gospel, what Billy Fenwick would have done to him would have sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world.

Yes, sir, by godfrey, she had got herself tied to that worthless, poverty-struck, sag-jawed, slab-sided, sad-souled, sick-stummucked son of a gun that didn't have a cent to his name nor a pot to cook in, as the saying is—a measly jack of all trades, odd-jobbing around Rapid for anybody that had a dollar and work they wanted done, no matter what. By the jumping Jupiter, they say he put up a stove and blacked it for Hip Lee in his laundry! Cleans the cuspidors in Pat Lynch's barroom, like as not, the low-down, soppy, creasing, long-faced killjoy! Merry! Merry, by godfrey! And he's got our gal!

"He wouldn't do that, pa," Mis' Fenwick sobs. "Not cuspidors! Not that!"

"Quit sniveling!" Billy shouts at her. "You're putting on a mug that's the spit and image of hisn, and I won't stand it!"

Well, if ripping and tearing and weeping and wailing would have helped, the old folks would have had things straightened out satisfactory in next to no time. But they never do help, seems like. John A. had been working like the devil ever since he had gone back to Rapid, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and saving his money. When him and Ada got back from

(Continued on Page 197)

Simplex

$4.50

COMPLETE
WITH CORD AND PLUGS

THE IRON WITH THE UNBREAKABLE PLUG

The Wonderful Simplex at the new low price, $4.50

Here is the finest iron the world's oldest makers of electric irons know how to build. It is identical, except for its new features, with the time-tried Simplex Iron that hundreds of thousands of women have used for years and which sold for $6.75.

The improvements in this new model give the Simplex a value far greater than has ever before been offered in any electric iron. The exceptionally low price is made possible through increased production and resulting manufacturing economies.

Simplex Electric Sunbowl

The biggest bowl, the most heat! Just attach cord to the nearest electric lamp-socket. Costs no more to operate than your electric iron or toaster. $5 and $10.

Simplex Electric Heating Pad

The Simplex Electric Heating Pad is indispensable for the treatment of any ache or pain which can be treated with heat. Nothing to fill — nothing to spill. Costs less to operate than an ordinary electric light bulb. The outer covering is of soft, fluffy eiderdown. Many Simplex pads are in use after thirty years of service.

$8.50

Write for "Treat It With Heat," an interesting and amusing movie booklet It's free

Consider these new features:

Only the Simplex has the all-steel unbreakable plug. Fits all makes of electric appliances. The handsomely nickeled plug can't chip, crack, crumble or break. A ball grip of cool green Bakelite makes it easy to insert and remove the plug. A spring connection between the ball and plug *snaps* the plug out quickly, thus lengthening the life of contacts.

Only the Simplex has the air-cooled rest-stand. Saves lifting the iron back. It can't scorch the sheerest garment.

Only the Simplex has an air-cooled terminal-guard. It protects the plug and the contact points and adds materially to the appearance of the iron.

THE CORD-SET

The Cord-Set furnished with Simplex Irons fits all makes of electric appliances. The complete Cord-Set — all-steel unbreakable plug, 6 feet of heater cord and two-piece lamp-socket plug — $1.75

Ask your dealer to show you this new Simplex Iron. If he cannot supply you, send the coupon and pay the postman $4.50 when the iron arrives. Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

COUPON

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO., Cambridge, Mass.
•Please send a Simplex $4.50 Iron—Sunbowl (large small) —Heating Pad—Cord Set—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

•Cross out articles not wanted.

Rand Visible

Will give you Management Facts at a

JAMES H. RAND
PIONEER-INVENTOR

Twenty-seven years ago James H. Rand founded the Visible Record industry. Today he and his organization maintain their original leadership in the Visible Record field

AMES H. RAND is the man who first conceived the importance of Visibility in business records. He began, a quarter-century ago, to spread before the eyes of progressive business men a wonderful new vision of *lower* costs—*bigger* sales—*increased* profits.

James H. Rand took the mystery out of record keeping. He eliminated guesswork from business decisions. He demonstrated to the world that an advance in general business efficiency would follow from the use of Visible Card Records. And, as a result of this service, Rand Visibility in business has become a great American institution.

Has *your* business profited by the advance that Rand Visible Card Records have contributed to the general business efficiency of this country? Would "Facts-at-a-Glance" be a help to *you* in the conduct of your business? Send for the Rand Man who will demonstrate without any obligation.

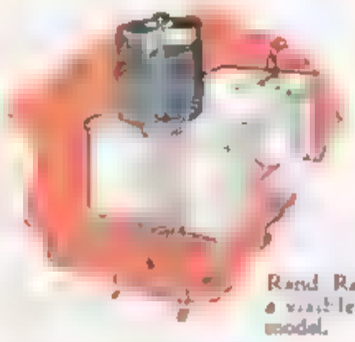
Our home office Systems Department is at your service and will gladly give you complete information about the type of record in which you are most interested.

RAND COMPANY, INC.
99 Rand Building, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Canadian Plant, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Member Rate Leaders of the World Association

RAND HAS A TYPE OF VISIBLE RECORD

Rand Steel Cabinets for visualizing and charting detailed information on cards

Rand Sectional Steel Cabinets—add card trays as you need them.

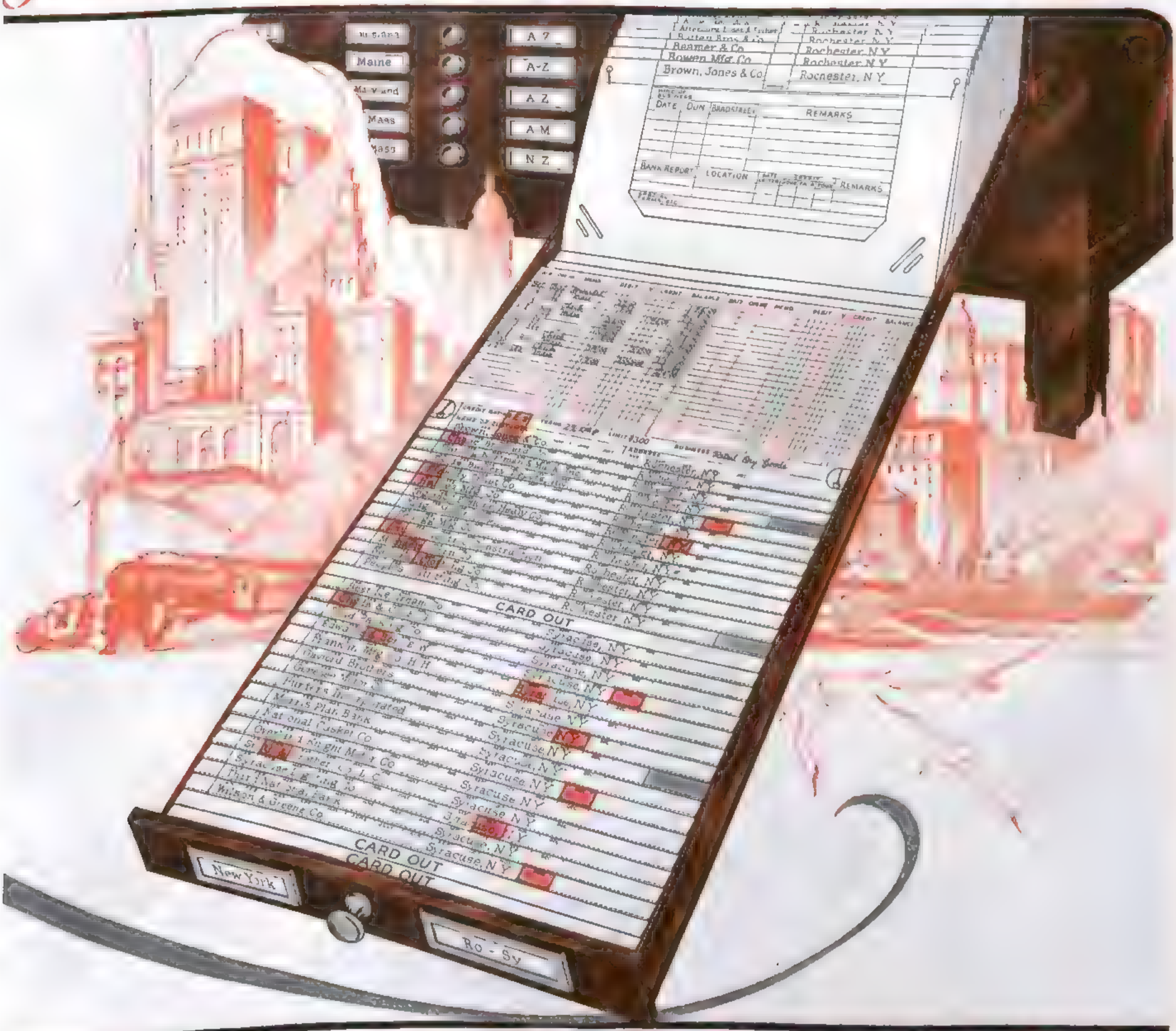


Rand Revolving Stand—a visible card reference model.

Rand Double Capacity Revolving Stand—a single one reference [illegible]

Card Records

glance-Cut Clerical Costs-Increase Profits



EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

Rand Wall Model for card records.

Rand Single Line Reference Index on revolving stand

Rand Visible Card Records in compact book form.

FISK

(Continued from Page 192)

their wedding trip to Blueblanket, they went to live in a little shack that John had built with his own fair hands at odd times when work was slack. It was out on what's then the edge of town, on some waste land; and the next morning, after the happy couple moved in, John walked into the Journal office and handed Gossage an ad, which Knight, who was at the case them days, set up to run in the next paper:

JOHN A. MERRY
Repairs and Odd Jobs
Gardening and Carpets Beat. Fresh Eggs and Graves Dug
Rough Carpenter Work, Windows Cleaned and &c.
Your Patronage Kindly Solicited

The excitement finally died down and the years rolled on, as per custom. Somehow or another, when you got right down to it, things didn't seem so bad but what they might have been worse. The Merrys seemed tolerable well satisfied with each other and that's about the best you can expect of married folks, and it's their business, anyway, and the pity that outside persons is so fond of slopping is plumb wasted according to my idee. I seen John and Ada quite a few times during the next ten years; but not so blame often, Sanders doing the most of his business in Blueblanket, which burg had diversions enough and aplenty to entertain the boys. But as John's one and only bosom friend at the Z-Bell ranch, I felt it my duty to call oncet in a while to see how he was a-getting along. First rate, as far's I could see. John was out working on a job the first time I went, but Ada allowed he'd be back to supper and she hoped I'd wait. Ada looked to me to be handsomer than ever, and the little shanty was as neat as a pin inside and prettied up a whole lot, too; a carpet with roses onto it on the floor and geraniums in red pots on the window sill, looking out at the hollyhocks, and the vases on the mantel-shelf and the white curtains and all. Right snug and cozy. Yes, sir, might have been a heap worse.

"I wish't it was breakfast he was a-coming home to," I says to her. "I'm a-coming to breakfast sometime, Ada, account of your cakes."

She laughed. It was good to hear her, the way she laughed.

"John's crazy about my cakes," she says. "That's the way I caught him. You didn't know that, did you?"

"I'm not nowise detracting from them cakes of yours to say that there's many a person, not counting myself, that you could have caught easy if you'd never baked one in your life," I told her.

"I could catch a cold easy," she replies. "Measles and scarlet fever and chicken pox and mumps ain't hard to catch, for that matter, and them is what all you men seem to me alongside John—present company always excepted," she says, giving me a razzle-dazzling smile.

She went on talking about John. John was this and John was that and John was 'tother, and the things that John was struck her as being about the right things. She didn't care for these here tonguey fellers like Fosdick—always gabbing when they hadn't nothing to say worth listening to; she hated grinning simpletons like Joe Gutch—acting as if everything was a big joke; these handsome, conceited ones like Is Wakefield—there wasn't nothing to them but looks; whereas John — It was about the first time I ever spent in Ada's company that I didn't enjoy hearing her talk, and I wasn't a mite sorry when she jumped up and said that John was a-coming and for me to sit still while she went out to meet him and prepare him for a surprise.

She came in hanging onto his arm with both hands. He wasn't a particle changed; the same old whangdoodle whose voice is heard in the land a-mourning for its first-born. He sure looked as if life was real and life was earnest and a mighty serious matter that he expected the worst of. He showed as much joy at the sight of me as a feller that was going to be hung would show when the chaplain and a couple of wardens come into his cell to lead him out; and yet I know the cuss was glad to see me.

"Hello, John," I says. "How's the grave digging coming along?"

"Why, as to that," says he, "there ain't a right smart of it. I ain't dug but three so far. I reckon I oughtn't to be sorry that Rapid's in such a healthy section, and I'm glad, of course. Still, it's right well paid and pleasant work, as long as you don't strike much of this here conglomerate. Gravel, for the most part, and scours dry and clean off your shovel; and new ground, too; not like these old graveyards where the space is limited and has to be used over and over again, so's you're all the time throwing out old bones and skulls and the like."

"Now you are here, I'm a-going to run over to the store," says Ada. "I won't be gone but about ten or fifteen minutes, but that will give you time to tell Mr. Stegg all about how I abuse you. Good-by. Have a nice visit."

She kissed him good-by, with no sense of shame.

"Don't be gone no longer," says John, and then turns to me. "As I was a-saying, in these crowded graveyards where the soil is wet and a heap of clay, the corpses ——"

"Get much carpenter work to do?" I asked him.

"A considerable," says John. "You see, when I was a young one I used to go down to the graveyard right often and watch ——"

"I reckon the lawn-mowing season is about over," I observes.

"Just about," says John. "The sexton boarded with our folks and ——"

"So you got somebody to love you, after all, didn't you?" I remarked, and that worked.

I reckon it was about the only subject that would have dragged him out of that gol-darned, overpopulated old-bony acreage. The nearest thing to a smile that I ever saw on John A. Merry's face come over it then. But it went away about as quick as it come.

"Yes," says he, solemn and sober; "you're right; I have. It don't seem reasonable, I know; but it's a fact—a blessed fact. Ada certainly loves me. I don't know how come she was took thataway. It may have been pity, which they say brings it on, but I don't care what it was. I sure got proof that it's so."

"Hot cakes for breakfast every morning, I s'pose," I says.

His eyes lightened a little and his Adam's apple jumped to'rds his chin and fell again.

"Every morning, rain or shine," he says. "She knows I'm real partial to 'em, and loving me like she does, she don't think nothing of the trouble of mixing the batter and standing and baking 'em so's I get 'em hot from the griddle. It gives me heart for my work."

Then all of a sudden he shakes his head slow and sad and drops his chin in his hands and humps over, staring at the floor, the picture of misery. I asked him if he'd got a spell or something.

"Sam," says he, straightening up, thumping his knee with his fist and looking wild, "I couldn't stand it if it didn't last. The question is, how long will it last—or will it keep right on? I just naturally couldn't bear to see her love grow cold—like her cakes, if she bakes too many. No, sir, I couldn't stand it. I'd—I don't know what I'd do. Something desp'rate, I reckon. To be with her, day by day and week by week—if she was cooling off—I couldn't stand it. I often think of it. It might come."

"And pigs might fly; there's no telling," I says. "Some of these days a grave might fall in on you and cover you up and the party it was intended for might come out of his trance and his friends not trouble no further, and then where would you be? There might be a good-looking Omaha drummer down to the store where Ada's gone and he might steal her and ——"

John started up and rushed to the window.

"She's a-coming now," he says. "Thank the Lord!"

The next time I got around John was still a-getting his griddle cakes, rain or shine, and the goose was hanging high as ever; Ada a-singing at her work and a-singing John's praises while she visited. I'd got into town with my new bull-freighting outfit overnight and I kept my word and went to the shack for breakfast. John went for them cakes as if he'd never tasted one before, and he told me afterward that it seemed thataway to him.

I don't know how long it was before my next trip, but it was a matter of years, and I didn't stay long, account of Ma Fenwick being there and both the women busy a-sewing. I was glad to see that, too; but there was more to come. When I dropped into Pat Lynch's there was Billy Fenwick and John a-standing at the bar together. Being tackful, I didn't express no surprise, but accepted Billy's invite to join them; and when Billy raised his glass and says, "Here's to him!" I didn't ask no questions about who we was drinking to; but I heard later that circumstances had arose in the Merry fam'ly that had brought the old folks round. So that was all right, although I couldn't never imagine Billy taking any real shine to John.

It was the next time after that I seen slight clouds on the horryzon. Even so, they wasn't no bigger than a man's hand, if that big. Ada still talked John, and mostly favorable; but she talked more and a heap more enthusiastic on the merits and accomplishments of Emmeline-Ann Merry. I couldn't see no difference in John except that he was well along with the mustache he'd started. It was one of them droopy kind, as it naturally would be; and it seems foolish to say that it made him look unhappier than ever, but it done so as far as was humanly possible.

"Two somebodies to love you now, John," I remarks as we walked uptown together.

"I hope so," says he, as if he didn't look for it. "Children, though, is mostly thinking about themselves, I guess; and when they get older —— But Ada's all a man could ask for in a wife," he adds quickly; "all a man could ask or wish for."

"And that's all a man could reasonably ask," I says.

"That's right," he says; "all a man could ask—reasonably. That's what I always say."

"Prospering?"

"So-so," he answers. "We're poor folks still, and I don't expect we'll ever be otherwise; but I've got all the work I can 'tend to."

I told him that true happiness wasn't in riches and pretty soon I said a fond farewell and we parted. A year or two later I met up with Is Wakefield in Custer and got the news that Billy and Ma Fenwick had both passed on; ma first and Billy a month or two after, while he was on a visit to his son in Chicago. He'd sold the ranch and made his will, leaving the heft of his money to Ada's kids, Ada to have a life intrust in the intrust, or some such arrangement. Anyway, it was fixed so's Merry couldn't touch none of it, so Ada wouldn't touch none of it either and it went piling up for the young ones.

Well, I was mighty sorry to hear about Billy and ma; they were mighty fine people. And I was sorry that Billy had tied up the money thataway, account of the slight on John and on account of Ada getting spunky and cutting off her nose to spite her face. The money she might have used wouldn't have been riches, but it would have helped some in getting her some of the pretties she had been accustomed to as a girl and which she must have missed.

I was freighting from Sydney then and mostly didn't get beyond Custer; but finally, along in the late fall, I made Rapid one evening with George Hove and Elmer Davis and three wagons with six yoke to a wagon of mixed freight; and as we was too late to unload, I allowed I'd make an early start the next morning by eating my breakfast with the Merry fam'ly, like I'd promised Ada. I had a few little tricks along for the young ones, anyway; but I don't deny that I had Ada's cakes in mind too. There was a fine buckwheaty snap in the air when I got up.

But I got fooled. As I walked through the front yard to the door I heard a strange voice inside. It was Ada's voice—and it wasn't. It was high-pitched and unpleasant-sounding, and it wanted to know what somebody expected, for the land's sake, and didn't somebody think she had something else to do and aplenty, and here she was a-toiling and slaving and a-going without things that every woman had, and ——

I knocked at the door and the voice shut right off. Then after a dead silence the door opened and there was Ada, fleshier than when I saw her last, I thought, and red-faced and, until she seen who it was, looking madder than hops. Then she smiled; but the smile was reely worse than the mad look.

"Why, come right in, Mr. Stegg," says she, in a welcoming tone that had got no welcome in it. "Well, this is a surprise!"

John was a-setting over by the stove with Emmeline-Ann between his knees. It seemed like he'd been buttoning her little waist up the back for her. He didn't get up, but he took my hand, or let me take his, and it was like a slab of dead fish. I looked around. Everything as neat as a pin, including Ada. The table was set for breakfast, the coffeepot and skillet on the stove; but I didn't see nothing of the griddle nor the big yaller bowl that held the batter. I tried to kiss Emmeline-Ann, but she burrowed her curly head in between John's knees.

"Where's the rest of 'em?" I asked him.

"Still abed," says John, gulping and pulling at a length of his mustache, which by this time was an inch below his chin. He didn't meet my eye, but stared reproachful at the coffeepot. I turned to Ada.

"In time for hot cakes, ain't I?" I says, loud and cheerful. "I got my mouth all fixed for 'em too."

She colored redder than the geraniums on the sill, but before she could say a word, Emmeline-Ann piped up, "We ain't going to have no buckwheat cakes. Ma says she's never going to bake another cake as long as she lives; not even the boughten flour ones. She says if pa wants cakes so bad he can go to the rest'rant and get 'em."

There was another few seconds of silence. John sat hauling at the other end of his mustache without taking his eyes off the coffeepot. Ada wasn't no paler than she had been; but she made a stagger at a laugh.

"That's just a joke," she says. "The child doesn't understand."

All of a sudden John got up, upsetting his chair with a crash. He turned and picked it up again and set it on its legs as soft and careful as if it had been made of glass. Then he spoke, and I'd say that his voice was a little more than usual heart-rending, but I couldn't be sure. His face was twitching, though.

"I cain't stand it!" he says. "I cain't stand it no more! 'Tain't the cakes so much as " He gave a final gulp and took down his hat from a peg. "I'm a-going," he says. "Good-by!"

"You'd better go!" cries Ada, flashing out at him. "And you don't need to come back unless you want to, either. You certainly are awful put upon, I think! If I ——"

She stopped because the door was closed and John A. Merry was on the other side of it, out in the cold world, with nobody to love him.

Along in the afternoon, when we had about finished unloading and cleaned up our business, a boy comes and asks if I'm Mr. Stegg, because if I am and I'm still in town, Mrs. Merry wanted to know if I'd be so kind as to come to the house. It was very particular. Of course I went. When a woman who once kept you awake nights thinking of her wants you to do something, you kind of feel like putting yourself out a little, even if she hain't as slender quite as she used to be and has a husband and a raft of children. I found her tolerable ca'm and apparently reasonable, although her eyes was all puffed out and her voice wasn't steady. The thing was that John hadn't come back and hadn't been at the place where he was a-working, nor at no other place. He wasn't nowheres, and she needed somebody to talk to about it and advise her, and I was the only person she knew well enough, and what, what in the world would she do?

"Shucks!" I says. "Don't do nothing, my dear. Just get out your darning and set down and quit worrying. I've knowed him to go away like this at the ranch lots of times, but he always come back again right side up. He's just gone off some place where it's quiet, to grieve, and when he gets through grieving he'll feel a heap better and only be sorry for the way he's acted."

"The way he's acted," she repeats. "The way I've acted, you mean. It would serve me right if he never did come back again. The kindest, gentlest, lovingest and most patient man that ever a mean, ugly-dispositioned woman mistreated! You don't know him. Maybe you know him better than most, but nobody can't know any man but his own woman, and John's not like most men—thank God! I know that he's misjudged by fools that can't see no further than their noses, but the first time I seen him I knew. I had that much sense, anyway, if I hadn't the sense nor the decency to treat him the way he deserves. But I will! I will! This will be a lesson to me as long as I live, and if he'll only come back and forgive me ——"

She throwed her arms on the table and leaned her head on them and begun to sob. I tried to talk her out of it, but it wasn't until Emmeline-Ann begun to holler and the two others joined in that she quit and started to comfort them. I stayed around the best part of an hour, waiting to see if

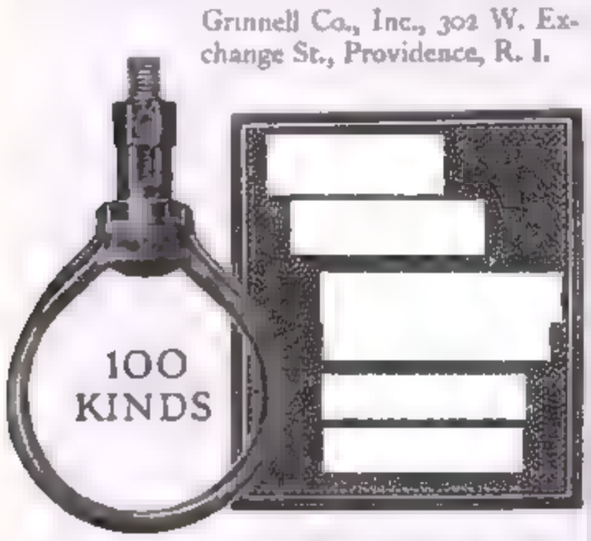
Adjustable Practical Adaptable

GRINNELL Pipe Hangers are adjustable because 70 years' experience proved that adjustability after erection is an absolute necessity to 100% piping systems.

They are practical because they grew out of the suggestions of 200 installation foremen whose field problems they had to solve.

They are adaptable because our mechanical department designed them to take care of all possible structural conditions.

You can now buy any of 100 kinds of Grinnell Hangers. Send for our free 78-page catalogue. If your jobber doesn't stock them, ask us for the name of the nearest distributor. Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.



GRINNELL
Adjustable
PIPE HANGERS

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

John wouldn't come back, and enduring that time she told me enough so's I could give a good guess at how things stood.

It was just that the devil seemed to have got into her, she said, after her mother died. Poor ma had been sick quite a spell, and Ada was up to Beaver a good part of the time nursing her, taking the two young ones along with her to give her something to do in spare moments. Poor John had to shift for himself while she was gone, and though he done the very best he could to keep the house in order, what with his work—for he worked like a dog, faithful and hard, always—and then about six weeks after the funeral little Levi was born. And if you had just seen John then! All the angels in heaven rolled into one wouldn't have made not half the angel that dear man was. And working whenever he could at his jobs. But he always was that-away. Only sometimes you had to be careful how you spoke to him, account of hurting his feelings, him being so sensitive. And a person wasn't careful. There was a heap to do with the baby now, and a person had got lazy being waited on so much, and she used this here boughten flour in packages for the cakes sometimes to save herself trouble. John never complained, but a person knew that he felt it, and was ugly all the more because he was so patient.

And after pa died, there was the money. John had always took a pride in being a good provider and getting a person everything in the world that he thought she wanted or needed, though he wasn't never able to earn much, hard as he worked. And he would always have the doctor for any little sickness, and it all counted up. She knew that it would hurt John's feelings if she used money he didn't earn for her, and specially the way pa had fixed it as if he didn't trust John. But all the same, John told her he wouldn't mind, and to go right ahead. But she wouldn't, and she was mad at herself and mad at him because she wouldn't—ugly and contrary because he was so good, she guessed.

"What do you think of a woman like that, Sam?" she asks.

"You've had a good deal to try you, and I don't blame you a particle," I says.

"Then you haven't the sense I supposed," says she. "I had everything in the world to be thankful and grateful for, what not one woman in a thousand gets, and all I could do was take a streak of pitying myself for not having what didn't amount to nothing, come right down to it. I had everything when I had John."

"You mean you have," I says. "John will be back to supper all right, and you can give him cakes for breakfast and be happy ever after. I'll go hunt him up for you and hurry him home right now."

"You won't find him," she predicts. "Looks like I'd got conviction of sin right sudden, don't it? I guess that's because I know you won't find him. But whether or no, there won't ever be another breakfast for me without cakes as long as I live."

I went uptown and saw Hove and Davis and told them to hire a man to take my place on the Hills trip. Then I went to the graveyard, having a hunch that John would be there. But he wasn't; and he didn't get back for supper, nor yet for breakfast. I went through the country with a fine-tooth comb, inquiring and a-leaving word. I thought of Uncle Levi and wrote to Walt Pingree at Belle Fourche; but Walt wrote back that Uncle Levi was dead and none of the Nodaway County outfit had seen hide nor hair of John. But about a month later Ada got a letter from him, inclosing fourteen dollars in bills. That woman nearly went crazy with joy.

It wasn't much of a letter, I thought. It was mailed in Chicago, but he said that he was giving it to a man who was going there to mail for him, and that he figured he'd do thataway all the time, this man being a friend of his, and honest, so that Ada wouldn't think it was her duty to ask him to come back. All was, he knew she didn't love him no more, and he didn't blame her; but he had got so used to being loved that he couldn't stay around no longer reminding that she sort of despised him. He begged her pardon humble, for the way he'd spoiled her life, but he had hoped different. And he would keep right on sending her all he could earn and was her loving and faithful husband. Words to that effect.

But I never seen a woman happier.

"He still loves me! He still loves me!" She just sang it. "He still loves his mean wife! He'll come back! He loves me and he's coming back!"

But he didn't come. The next time I went to see her I seen she realized that John didn't have no present intentions of coming. She hadn't got no more letters from him—only money, which meant that he was working, and consequently alive and well—prob'ly just keeping enough to hold body and soul together out of what he earned and sending her the rest. She seemed to think that was real noble of him; but it made me sick. If I could have laid my hands on John A. Merry about that time, I'd sure, as Joe Gutch put it, have give him something to be lamentatious about.

For nigh onto five years that noble, sensitive, self-sacrificing son of a gun kept that poor woman on the anxious seat, neither wife nor widow, sending her his measly wages, and I don't know but what she got to be handsomer as a woman than she was as a girl. Talking about Joe Gutch, Joe thought so, because he told me that he did. Joe had never married, but had turned his talents to buying stock and had got wealthy at it. He gave Ada a pretty hard run of it about the second year after John had gone away broken-hearted.

"What ails her?" says Joe to me the night he gave up the chase.

"There's just one thing the matter with Ada, and I don't think she'll ever get over it," I answered him. "It explains everything. She's a woman."

"Even so, she can't want that water-soaked, woeful, affliction-sore-long-time-he-bore, stricken-deer, dumb fool back again," says he. "Not reelly; admitting that he's a good two-fisted scrapper and licked me oncet in his heyday. Sam, do you remember the cakes she used to bake?"

"She bakes 'em still," I told him; "every night and morning. All John Merry has to do is come back and eat 'em."

"That settles it," says Joe, slapping his leg. "I'm a-going to light right out for Chicago and hire me a good detecative and trail back on them letters. When I find the weeping willow tree Merry's a-setting under I'm a-going to kill him, final and beyond a reasonable doubt. That gal is a-going to do her cake baking for me yet. I'm one of these faithful lovers, I am. So long, Sam. I'll have some good news for you soon."

He went away; but either it was a bluff or him and his sleuth couldn't trail John. Anyway, I've never seen him since. Of course, I was a-joking about Ada keeping me awake nights. I was twice her age, a'most; but if I had entertained hopes, I know that I'd have give 'em up then. Ada wasn't worrying no more; she laughed and sang at her work as much as ever; but John wasn't never so far out of her mind that he couldn't be easy called to it. She was just taking life and making the best of it without the limp-lipped lunatic, when lo and behold! he has to come busting into the family circle again and spoil everything.

Yes, sir, John A. Merry, b'goah! John A. Merry back again! Last Thursday morning it was—and I reckon he means to stay.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the old bull-whacker, when sufficiently urged. "It was thisaway: I got into Rapid a Friday afternoon and went straight to the bank before I showed up at the land office. Uncle Jimmy Wood was out, but expected back any minute, George Smith said; so I went into his private room and sat down with a Deadwood Pioneer to wait for him. If I had picked a Rapid Journal I'd have been some prepared and braced for the shock when I heard a well-remembered deep-mourning voice asking for Uncle Jimmy.

"'He's out just now, Mr. Merry,' says Smith, 'but we expect him back soon. Would you like to walk into his room and wait for him? Mr Stegg is in there.'

'So here comes Mister Man, and my gracious! All togged up like —— Oh, I ain't nothing to him! Gold watch chain that you could have hauled logs with, broadcloth suit and a gold-headed cane, b'gosh! Yes, sir! But he looked doleful as ever and the ends of his mustache hung a inch or two lower.

"'My pretty pink petticoat!' I exclaims. 'Where did you resurrect from?'

"'I been up in the Cœur d'Alene,' he says, looking at me out of hollow-set eyes.

"'Mining?' I looked at his watch chain. 'You must have a good week's clean-up from a forty-stamp on that jooley.'

"He looked down at the chain as if he'd noticed it for the first time and it didn't particularly interest him.

"'Oh, jumping,' he says. 'Much the same as here. How are you, Sam?'

"'Never mind me,' I says. 'Tell me about yourself. What for did you go away, and why did you come back?'

"'I didn't aim to come back,' he says. 'I'm glad I did now, but I didn't aim to do more'n make a sneak and look in at the window and then go off about my business. But ——' He gave a big gulp.

"'Go on, you two yards of crape,' I says. 'I want to hear about this. You peeked in at the window, did you?'

"'Yes,' he says. 'Sam, Ada loves me. I was mistook, after all. She loves me.'

"I told him that didn't seem reasonable.

"'Nor to me neither,' he says. 'But it's so. It was yesterday morning when I got around there—still dark enough so I thought they wouldn't see me, and, Sam, she had out the old yaller bowl and was a-baking cakes!'

"'And as soon as you seen that and smelt 'em you couldn't control yourself, but rushed in and grabbed a plate. Is that it?'

"'No,' says he, solemn and reproachful. 'It was them rushed out and drug me in. She catched a sight of me first, for I couldn't help but speak her name; but the young ones was right out after her, and Emmeline-Ann knowed me right away and Billy knowed me after a while and little Levi he hung onto my laig and cried when Emmy pulled him off. Sam, I got four to love me now—four!'

"'If you go away and stay another five years you may have seven or eight when you come back. Better try it,' I says. 'I might get to love you myself.'

"'I'll never leave Ada again,' he says, firm. 'But just think of all that love I might have had all the time I've been lone and miserable. You know why I went away. But Ada's forgave me. I reckon,' he says, in tones of deep regret, 'that I'm the happiest and the luckiest man what there is—excepting for one thing.'

"'Did Ada buy you them clothes and the watch chain and cane?' I asks, as it was on my mind. 'Just like her!'

"'No,' he answers, 'I bought them myself, before I started. You see, I happened to be digging of a grave ——'

"'That was just like you,' I sneers.

"'And—you remember telling me one time that a grave might fall in on me? That was what this one done. And it mighty nigh covered me up with the richest pay dirt ever found in the whole deestrick. Kind o' cur'ous, wasn't it? As soon as I got my laigs free I staked me out the best of it for a claim that I sold the half interest of for a hundred thousand dollars.' You wouldn't believe how despondent he spoke. 'I called it the Ada,' he goes on. 'My pardner's running it now. So I thought I'd just come down here and—peek in. I couldn't never before spare the time, without missing sending off money to Ada for things that I allowed she needed.'

"I studied on that a while. 'What was the one thing you wasn't happy and lucky about?' I asked him.

"'Cakes,' he groans. 'Sam, I can't eat cakes no more. Whether it's a-going without 'em for so long, or a person's tastes changing every seven years—or five, I don't know; but it makes me sick to look at 'em, and they don't set on my stummick nohow. I've et two breakfasts of 'em already, and I figured on seeing a doctor just as soon's I got through with my business. Do you reckon a doctor would maybe forbid me to eat 'em, Sam—so's not to hurt Ada's feelings, she being a mite sensitive?'

"'You're a thus-and-so if you crawl out on Ada's cakes for any reason or excuse whats'ever,' I told him, emphatic. 'You eat 'em just as long as she's willing to cook 'em if it kills you. You sure owe her that.'

"'I reckon you're right, and I reckon I will,' he says, heaving a two-ton sigh; and then, after I'd staved off his invite to go up to the house with him, Uncle Jimmy come in, and the way he shook hands with Mr. Merry didn't leave no doubt about the mine. So that's the story."

"Why didn't you go up to the house?" inquired the stocktender.

"Oh, dog-gone these sensative fools!" said Mr. Stegg with unwonted petulance. "They make three parts of the trouble that there is in this world. Hank, that old cow hanging around your corral is the spit and image of John A. Merry."

"I'll have to feed her, I reckon," said the stocktender, glancing out of the window. "The poor old hellion! Dave," he continued, addressing the Bar-T boy, "you claim to be a fancy shot. Take your gun out there and see what you can do to them cussed magpies."

THE "BROADWAY"
Rim-wind Rim-set
$12.50

THE NEW RIM WIND — RIM SET AUTOMOBILE CLOCK that runs for 12 DAYS on one winding

ON that fine new car of yours, an accurate clock is as necessary as the speedometer, ammeter and oil gauge. It should be handsome; but so strongly built that it can stand the severest racket of the roads.

The new Phinney-Walker Clock has several exclusive features:

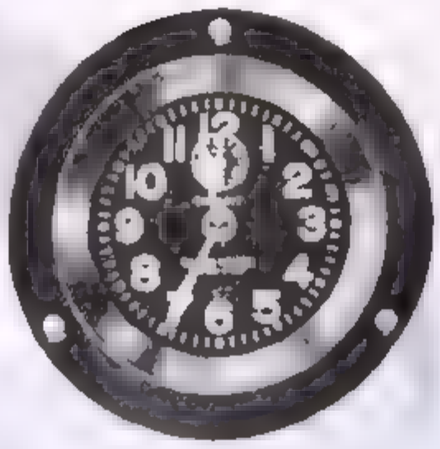
1. *It is the only automobile clock guaranteed to run 12 days on a winding. It eliminates the nuisance of daily winding.*
2. *It can be easily regulated without removing from the instrument board.*
3. *It is wound and set by turning the rim.*
4. *It is accurate.*
5. *It is beautifully made in every detail and finished in polished nickel.*
6. *It is the production of "specialists in fine automobile clocks".*

Phinney-Walker clocks are standard equipment on many of America's finest cars. For 15 years Phinney-Walker Clocks have been recognized as leaders in the field. They may be obtained in various models each an accurate time-keeper. If one is not on the new car you buy or on the car you are now driving, your dealer will install a Phinney-Walker in a few minutes.

PHINNEY-WALKER COMPANY
250 West 57th Street — New York City

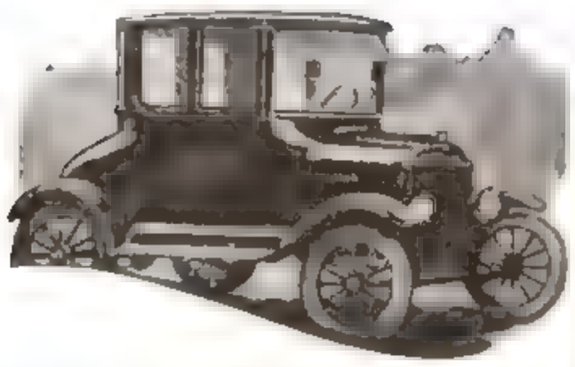
THE "MANHATTAN"
Rim-wind Rim-set
$15

THE "DETROIT"
Rim-wind Rim-set
$11.50



PHINNEY-WALKER
12 DAY AUTOMOBILE CLOCKS

DO KEEP TIME



Reducing Costs for Upkeep

RAYBESTOS RAPID CHANGE BANDS for Ford cars can be installed in HALF AN HOUR and—relined in 20 minutes. Merely remove transmission cover: band is then quickly and easily installed. Think of the saving in cost for labor and time—a *real* economy, which greatly lowers cost for upkeep, adds a new factor of safety and increases efficiency.

Raybestos Rapid Change BANDS

Get these bands for your Ford. Insist upon having them. Ask your dealer or repairman. If he cannot supply you, write us

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.,
Peterborough, Ont

"Old Town Canoes"

Where'er the smiling stream may beckon

GET an "Old Town" this summer and realize the joy of a truly fine canoe. "Old Towns" are beautiful canoes. They are patterned after real Indian models.

Invest in an "Old Town" today and you will receive dividends in happiness for years to come. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1925 catalog shows all models in full colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 503 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Klutch holds False Teeth tight

Klutch forms an adhesive cushion between the plate and gums; holds the plate so snug that it cannot rock, can't drop, can't [illegible] and not a seed can get [illegible]. A box of Klutch [illegible] joy. Postpaid 60 cts; 2 boxes $1.00. Send $1 bill at our risk.) Use a whole box. If not *more* than satisfied, *all* your money back.

HART & CO., Box 5018, Elmira, N. Y.

SAMPLE QUART EAGLE INK SENT [illegible]
BLUE BLACK, ROYAL BLUE, RED, PURPLE OR GREEN
EAGLE INK COMPANY
Station O NEW YORK CITY

SIMON CALLED SIMPLE

Continued from Page 21

"I'm sorry." Simon's voice was crammed full of dejection. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Outside of your heels being too high, I've always thought you were the most perfect girl in the world."

Simon's shyness settled heavily upon him and he appeared very wistful.

Letitia House turned her back to the speaker and digested this last. She took out her key, opened and prepared the inner door for a sudden entrance, spun around and, looking him full in the eye for a moment, flashed the tip of a very pink tongue at Simon and slammed into the house.

That young man shivered, replaced his hat and concentrated, cross-eyed, on the spot where she had stood. The unconquerable spirit of the crusader, which was strong in Simon, tried hopefully to draw a little honey from the bane.

"Well, I will say she's the prettiest girl who ever stuck her tongue out at me for telling them what's wrong with their clothes."

Until late that night Simon walked the streets, putting question after question to his soul. Of one thing only was he certain. No amount of self-examination lured him from belief in his original premise that most folk aim at all times to resemble the smart advertisements, and just so far as they fail to equal that perfection they fail to be satisfied with their appearance.

"Puppy," he mused disconsolately. "Bare-faced puppy. Do you suppose anything is the matter with my face that makes them all say the same thing?"

He paused at a corner drug store and ordered a chocolate soda so he might have the benefit of the mirror behind the fountain. He experimented with all his repertoire of expressions from devil-may-care scorn to that sweetly sad glance which he had always fancied himself wearing when forced to reject the prayers of beautiful and infatuated women. Such pathos had almost brought tears to his eyes, when the attendant suggested that the prescription counter where pain killer might be had was to the rear of the store. Simon gave him a dirty look and went out into the friendly night.

"No," he told himself with dignity, "there's certainly nothing wrong with my face. I guess it's any face which tells them what's the matter."

This conclusion must have been the sesame which freed Simon's big idea and kept him rushing day and night for the next eighty-three hours. At the end of that time he sat, dazed yet hopeful, in his own tiny box of an office, and read with heart-stirring thrill his own small advertisement in the morning news print:

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY THE TRUTH?

Do you wonder why the clothes you buy never look so well as you hoped? Do people often seem to try to look interested when you are telling really big ideas, as though they thought your intelligence on a par with your appearance, which you realize somehow isn't just right? Do you wonder why people can't remember your name? Appointments by telephone only. Baxter 7390. Room 819 Brindell Bldg. SIMON HOLT.

NOTHING TO SELL BUT THE TRUTH.

Simon gazed wistfully out of the single window and repeated the comforting sentence jerked up from the memory of his not-so-far distant copy-book days.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past. Patrick Henry, 1775."

"And," added the young man, "I know I'm right, because people are pretty much the same; and if I had ten dollars and felt something was the matter with my looks, I'd pay five dollars to find what it was."

The newly-rented office, which at best had been a wee affair, had been partitioned by Simon into three compartments. The hall door entered into a ten-by-six waiting room, and from that space two doors led, one into a little six-by-six cubby, which possessed the only window, and the other into a small dark cupboard. Yet this dark cupboard was the basis of Simon Holt's plan, on which he had gambled the major part of his savings-bank account and his faith in his own judgment, for in the partition between the cupboard and the small room with the window was a three-inch opening through which the person in the cupboard might survey whoever was in the other small room, and yet not be seen. And in the waiting room sat his assistant, a young woman whose wholesome lack of prettiness assured the complete respectability of the place.

At quarter to ten the hall-door handle turned and Simon slid into his dark observation room.

He heard a heavy voice growling, "What's this all about? What's it about?"

Cheerful Annie, the assistant, vindicated her sensible appearance.

"Good morning, sir. Mr. Holt isn't engaged at the moment, so I'm sure he'll see you, although you didn't telephone. The fee is five dollars, sir."

The caller spoke with such earnestness that Simon felt sure he sensed a tremor of the entire building.

"Five dollars! From me! Dick Brennan! Listen, girl I never laugh before noon. Where's this guy Holt?"

Simon spoke quickly.

"Never mind about the charge, Annie. I'll see him for practice."

Mr. Brennan, head sideways like a parrot hearing a fresh and appealing word, looked at Annie, who urged him into the light room and closed the door.

"Oh," said Simon, observing through the peephole. "You're a detective, aren't you?"

"Huh?" Mr. Brennan glared at the loophole in the wall. "How'd you know that?"

"Detectives are always made up like you in the movies—I mean, the comedies."

"Say ——" began the plain-clothes man.

"Wait a minute," begged Simon. "I'll tell you just what's the matter with you. In the first place, you shouldn't roach your hair like that. You've really got a distinguished face, but that barkeeper curl on your forehead kills it. Part your hair in the middle and brush it straight back."

Mr. Brennan, dumb and strong, peered into the full-length mirror on the wall.

"And then your trousers are too small at the bottom and big at the top. Your coat's fitted at the waist and your pockets are cut in at an angle. Big men never have any phony stunts like that in their clothes, and there's no reason why you shouldn't be a big man if you give yourself a chance."

The stricken bloodhound of the law put a supporting hand against the wall and breathed heavily. Simon proceeded with his missionary duties.

"And look at your shoes! Is there any reason why your big toe should have a dome like an observatory built over it? Get some plain black shoes which are a little narrower at the toe than at the ball of your foot."

"Say," signed Mr. Brennan huskily, yet alive enough to look again at the mirror, "didn't you say I had a distinguished face?"

"Of course you have," agreed Simon. "The face of a big man, and there's no reason why you shouldn't be one, if you'd don't wear clothes that make you look like a comic strip. Don't get mad at me because I'm telling you the truth."

"Oh," said the detective. "Mad? Sure! Yes! Say, you haven't got a brush and comb, have you?"

Simon raised his voice.

"Annie, please give this gentleman the men's brush and comb."

Receiving the articles, Mr. Brennan stood before the glass and struggled to correct the roached curl, which had been tenderly nursed during twenty years.

"Say," said he at last, "I don't know but what you're right."

"Right?" echoed Simon. "Of course I am. You've got a distinguished head this way."

"Yeh?" questioned Mr. Brennan, unable to tear his pleased attention from the mirror. "Darned if I haven't!"

With a final admiring glance at himself, the detective left the office. Within half a minute he was back again, and hurried into the interview room.

"Say, I'm sorry. I was in such a rush to get to the tailor that I forgot to pay the girl. And I had another idea where you can help me too." Mr. Brennan shut the door quietly and whispered into the observation hole. "Look here, my wife weighs one hundred and eighty, and she's just bobbed her hair. Hell ain't nothing to what she looks! If I get her in here, and you can persuade her into letting it grow, I'll give you anything I've got—anything. Gosh, I'd even give you twenty-five dollars! Will you?"

There was stern reproof in Simon's answer.

"Why, certainly I will if I really think it will improve her appearance. But I want you to understand that I can't be bribed. I sell only the truth."

"Gosh!" chuckled Mr. Brennan, "and they sent me up from headquarters to find what was crooked about this layout!" He paused again at the door. "Honest, Mr. Holt, if my wife'll take the truth from you, as she won't from me, you've got a friend in Dick Brennan what is a friend."

By five o'clock that evening Simon Holt, consultant on the truth, had received twelve calls and his assistant had booked eighteen interviews for the following day and a scattered few at later dates. And as the days passed, his experience gave him a keener accuracy in observation, which resulted in a truly uncanny ability to pick out the points in which the appearance of people might be remedied. But more or less blindly, he had stumbled across and turned to profit the very human laws that people heed that which they pay to hear, and that the virtue of the confessional lies much in its complete impersonality. By combining these two phenomena Simon had found a means to ease the inclination to help people which had constantly itched him. And in the expression of that inclination he became astonishingly adept. He had discovered the wisdom of first mentioning the fair points of his clients, and then suggesting improvements in details which would let

(Continued on Page 202)

A PLEASANT THOUGHT

FOR THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE

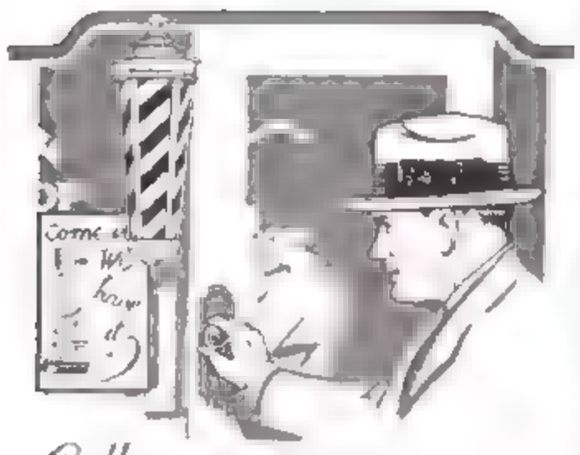
IN the kitchen and at the table, isn't it a pleasant thought to know that MAZOLA is a pure wholesome oil, pressed from the hearts of ripe golden corn?

MAZOLA is not a grease, but a palatable, easily digested fat. MAZOLA fried foods are easy to digest and always free from grease.

Realizing the health and food value of MAZOLA, many mothers regularly give a spoonful or two to their growing children.

Once you use MAZOLA you will never go back to the old-fashioned greasy methods of frying.

free: *The NEW Corn Products Cook Book is now ready. We will gladly send you your copy. Please write to the Corn Products Refining Company, Department 11, Argo, Ill.*



Call on your Barber often for Koken's Tonique De Luxe

That Fine Hairdressing with a reputation that is sufficient

KOKEN

One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier foot-wear—then, when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly, and often my hose seem wet through"—in every community thousands now use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath daily, and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. *Full directions on box at all Drug Stores.* Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent FREE, address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Court Reporting Pays Big

Shorthand Typewriting Bookkeeping Secretarial Courses

Money Back Guarantee

NATIONAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. 117, 3902 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK"

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 200)

them become the totally acceptable people they could be.

The great majority of his callers were women, some obviously of rank and fortune; and though a few of them flared up hotly at his frankness, the bulk left his office with a more hopeful assurance in the tilt of their heads.

Now there was scarcely a woman client of her general type and figure which Simon did not gauge alongside the perfection of Letitia House, and in this comparison he was quite open.

"But, madam," he would suggest, "you don't understand what I mean about not wearing a toque so far down on your forehead that it looks like the Death's Head Hussars on parade. Take this last picture of Miss House in Peacock Walk." And Simon would pass the magazine through the hole in the wall. "You see, Letitia House wears a toque; but it sets further back on her head, and there's a flicker of hair shown between her face and the brim. That's what I mean."

Letitia House! Letitia House! At least ten times a day he spoke in praise of her flawlessness. And in time many scores of women went out into the world cognizant of Letitia House's perfection and carrying a very natural grudge toward this paragon among women.

One day when Simon Holt had finished his comparative discourse on Letitia House his client replied, "Yes, I know her."

"Oh," said Simon in awe and envy.

"She's a remarkably nice girl, and has a real brain; but she dresses so wonderfully that people can't believe she's anything but a beautiful clotheshorse. It's too bad!"

"Oh!" was all Simon could add to such profanation of his temple of worship.

Now in time it came to the ears of Miss Letitia House that a curtained expert on beauty and style held her up to the female half of the world as the epitome of what a woman's appearance should be. Although much lovelier than the average, Miss House had the universal attitude of her sex toward appreciation of herself. She, too, loved it. After many emphatic statements that she would never, never visit the studio of such as Simon Holt, she straightway clapped on her fetchingest hat and hailed a taxi to hurry her visit. Luckily she arrived at the office at the end of the last interview before the lunch hour, and cheerful Annie pushed her into the observation room before Simon had left his post.

Simon looked through the peephole and trembled. Words, which had become the facile tools of his business, walked out on him and left him flat. There was complete silence for a long moment, while Letitia gazed at the opening in the wall.

"Am I so very hopeless then?" she asked gently.

"No," said Simon hurriedly. "No, you're all right, except there's sort of a little sad, wistful twirk at the corners of your mouth that keeps you from looking happy, and you shouldn't ever be anything but happy."

Letitia House looked slowly back from the mirror as Simon went on.

"Girls like you aren't made very often—all sunlight and gold, and wild flowers and white teeth, and everything. You never ought to be sad."

Simon suddenly recalled how unprofessional he was being, and stopped—to the not altogether concealed disappointment of Miss House. She spoke earnestly:

"Tell me, do you think my heels are too high?"

Simon shivered at the memory of his former barefaced audacity and gave thanks for his sheltering screen.

"No, of course not. You're perfect. What put that into your head?"

Letitia sighed heavily and tenderly.

"Oh, I don't know; but a man once told me they were, so I had them all lowered. He was the only man who ever dared tell me the truth."

Simon started to get up and proclaim his merit, but his New England caution urged him to question further in this matter.

"But aren't you engaged?"

"No," said Letitia wistfully. "I can't be, for the only men who ever ask me to marry are regular tailors' dummies."

"Oh!" gasped Simon.

"But this man I spoke of was wonderful. He wore a plain white collar. I sort of think I could love any man who doesn't wear colored collars and funny pants."

Simon Holt reached out his hand and fastened the lock to his dark cupboard. He was determined that by no chance should this girl ever see the glory of his newly purchased wardrobe. He spoke sharply:

"Say, listen! I'll tell you what's the matter with you—why you've got that unhappy look to your mouth. You're so perfect that you scare people away. They think you're nothing but a beautiful clotheshorse with nothing in your head, and I'll bet you know a lot."

Letitia looked up quickly.

"That's it. I do know a lot. But no one with brains enough to know whether I do or not ever comes near me. But honestly I do."

"I'll bet you do," agreed Simon. "What are the first five books of the Old Testament?"

Letitia House beamed as she poured out her answer in a flood of names.

"Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, First Samuel ——"

"Whoa!" laughed Simon. "Can't stop when you get going, can you? That's the way with me too."

The girl gazed earnestly at the wall which screened Simon, and flashed it her most bewitching smile.

"You sound very nice. Won't you come out and let me see you?"

This shared memory of a Sunday-school accomplishment was better than a year of haphazard acquaintance to her.

Simon Holt, mercifully hidden, examined the cuffs of his trousers, fingered the softness of his Nile-green silk handkerchief and blushed at the thought of his lavender shirt and collar, which up to this hour had been the goal of his life, but which now made a prisoner of him.

"I will not come out," he said huskily.

"All right. I'm sorry. But thank you very much." And Miss House stood up to take her leave.

"Wait a minute," said Simon hurriedly. "I'm not through helping you. When—when's your next dance?"

"Well, I can't see what that has to do with it, but as a matter of fact, I'm dancing tonight at the Balloon Room."

"Good! Now you do what I say. You wear a dress a couple of years behind the styles and fluff up your hair, and I'll bet at least one man, the kind of a man you like, whose clothes don't fit, and who'll love you for what you know, will propose to you before eleven o'clock." Simon paused and then added emphatically, "Believe me, this is my business, and I know human nature. The kind of a man you like may admire your perfection, but it scares him away."

"Humph!" said the girl, turning from the doorway. "You evidently know women, but I wonder if you know men."

Letitia House was wise in her time, and understood that any girl who admits to a man his complete understanding of her sex may rest assured that that man will follow her up to the bitter death to exhibit his masterly comprehension of her.

When the outer door had clicked, Simon eased his head out of the cupboard.

"Annie," said he to the cheerful assistant, "you'll have to call off all my appointments this afternoon. I'm going out to buy some ready-made dinner clothes that don't fit, and the kind of a collar that no one but hicks and men who have a future instead of a past wear."

At 10:45 that evening Simon Holt pushed into the milling crowd before the door to the Balloon Room, where the fashion of the city danced that spring. Unhampered by having to draw a woman along with him, he reached the front rank and was stopped by a man flashing a police badge at him.

"The place is pinched," he exclaimed; "they didn't have any sense about serving their liquor."

"But I want to get to my girl," urged Simon, looking around the room frantically.

"All right; come down to the station and pick her out. They're all going down there. Stand back, I tell you!"

Against the opposite wall Simon saw Letitia standing, scared and white, and almost shabby in the flutter of ultra-gowned customers of the place. All of a sudden she appeared to him as no longer cold and icily perfect, but little and sweet, and so unbelievably lovable. As he realized how much he wanted to protect her he found himself unable to call her name in this flash place.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hey, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, here I am!"

Letitia raised her head hopefully and saw Simon being crowded by the detective, who also was beckoning the sergeant.

"Come here, sergeant. I've got a bug whose full of hooch and'll be good evidence. He's announcing the batteries for the Eye-talian Black Shirts."

Simon gave a whoop of thanksgiving as he saw the sergeant bustling up. He leaned over and whispered in the officer's ear, and the man suddenly jumped back and stared at him.

"Who? You?" he cried. "Are you the fellow who told me about my hair and pants? God bless me, step out of that line!" And Mr. Brennan grabbed his hand.

"I want to get my girl," whispered Simon.

"Yeh," answered Mr. Brennan without interest. "But say, what do you think of me? Pretty smooth, what? Distinguished, what?" exclaimed the sergeant enthusiastically. "What do you know, there's some talk about making six special captains, and I think I'm in line. Special men, you know. Distinguished fellows for smooth work." And he clapped Simon's shoulder with soul-jarring eagerness.

"Fine!" said Simon, leading the officer across the floor toward Letitia. The girl looked up at Simon Holt with genuine bewilderment in her face, and started an apology.

"I didn't know you were Simon Holt, really."

"Don't you want Simon Holt to be me?"

Letitia gave him no answer, but looked fearfully at the sergeant as Simon went on huskily, "Are you alone?"

"I guess so," she exclaimed. "I was dancing with the best-dressed man in New York, but he's disappeared."

"Foxhall Fritz, wasn't he?" sneered Mr. Brennan. Letitia admitted the charge.

"Good!" said Simon. "That's fine! He's gone. It's one minute of eleven. Hasn't any man proposed to you yet?"

The girl still gave no answer.

"It doesn't matter, because you're going to get one now."

Suddenly she came very much to life.

"Oh, no, not here—before all these people!"

Mr. Brennan reached out his hand.

"Say, lady, stop bluffing. I can read you like a book. Be honest with the boy. I don't pretend to know what goes on, if anything, under the hair of these swell-dressed dumb doras, but you're just a regular girl who's worried because her dress maybe's bunching up in the back or her petti's slipping. You're no different from my wife."

Letitia turned on him pleadingly.

"But do I have to be proposed to here, with all these people looking on?"

Mr. Brennan accented his firmness with a scowl as he spoke from the corner of his mouth:

"Either here or in the patrol wagon. It's up to you."

"Well," sighed Letitia House, looking wistfully up at Simon, "I never did like to ride in a patrol wagon."

Sergeant Brennan turned on Simon and spoke with the voice of a man to whom great results are everyday accomplishments:

"She's yours! Wait!" He held up his hand. "Wait a minute! Don't clinch!" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills and pushed it into Simon's hand with a whisper. "You take it and buy her a good-looking dress. I'm a generous guy, I am. Your little girl's escort, that fellow, Foxy Frits, slipped it to me to let him beat it without getting pinched." Mr. Brennan looked annoyed at the lack of attention from Simon. "Wait, can't you? Ladies don't like to be kissed in front of so many people unless they're dressed for it."

He placed a hand on both Simon and Letitia's arms and gave his commands.

"I'll send the crowd down to the wagons, waiters and all. And when the place is empty I'll blow my whistle three times, see? Then, d'ye understand, clinch."

Simon, looking in solemn awe at the girl before him, could not even speak. At last his heart stopped blocking his throat.

"Listen, Letitia, that skirt of yours is a sight. Now if ——"

"What's the matter with you?" snorted Mr. Brennan. "Are you simple-minded or something? Don't you understand what I'm saying?"

Letitia moved nearer to Simon and seemed almost to purr sweetly as her eyes examined the fearfully incorrect fashion of his dress collar.

"It's all right, Mr. Policeman," she said softly. "We don't both have to understand."

2-Ton "Caterpillar" with 7-ft. grader on a sandy road

© Drawings from photographs

Keeping *all* roads good

Throughout the country, progressive counties, townships and state highway departments are organizing "Caterpillar" patrol systems for maintaining definite units of dirt and gravel roads; to keep *all roads good*—not just the main highways.

Wide-awake officials see the basic economy of increasing the mileage of usable secondary roads; to make neighboring communities more accessible; to establish through routes for heavy traffic; keeping the roads in first-class condition—in dry weather, and in spite of rains and heavy snows.

The "Caterpillar" by its strength and endurance has been the principal means of making such programs workable. Small communities find one or two "Caterpillars" effective; larger programs utilize great fleets.

There's a size of "Caterpillar" for every need, suitable for any program. The 2-Ton is ideal for patrol duty, and handling lighter maintenance equipment. The New 5-Ton, with its proved outstanding abilities, is in a class by itself for all medium power demands. The great 10-Ton is supreme for heavy duty. Each size is designed and built to deliver the most miles of useful uninterrupted work, at the lowest possible cost; to make a road budget go as far as possible.

Our new series of moving pictures show "The Nation's Road Maker" at work in all phases of road building and maintenance. You'll find them interesting and instructive. These films are at the disposal of Associations of Commerce, Automobile Clubs, Farmers' Granges, and all organizations for civic betterment. Write us today for catalogue.

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING CO., *Inc.*

Peoria, Illinois — Stockton, California

Export Division: 250 W. 54th St., New York

10-Ton "Caterpillar" making heavy ditch cut with 12-ft. grader

For orchard, vineyard and farm use; on engineering projects and public works; in the oil, mining and lumber industries—wherever there is need for the utmost in tractive power and endurance, the "Caterpillar" has no real competitor. There is but one "Caterpillar." Holt builds it.

New 5-Ton "Caterpillar" on State Highway Dept. maintenance

CATERPILLAR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Without these Vital Spots *your plumbing would be useless*

What makes it possible for you to enjoy modern plumbing fixtures? What holds back that mighty torrent of water that is constantly capable of deluging your home? What controls, regulates, and reduces this tremendous force to a gentle stream of health, happiness and convenience? What are the *vital spots* in modern plumbing?

The faucets—these are the devices that stem the torrent. The faucets—these are the inventions that enable you to enjoy a modern bath tub, lavatory, sink and other sanitary fixtures. The faucets—these are the *vital spots* in every plumbing system. Yet is any item of plumbing equipment selected and bought with so little care as these all-important fittings?

If people only understood the strains that every faucet must endure, there would be fewer knocking, pounding, thumping faucets. There would be fewer dripping, leaking faucets. Fewer spurting, splashing faucets. Fewer interruptions in service and fewer repair bills—if people knew more about these *vital spots.*

It is easy to choose faucets without a fault—beautiful faucets that supply a full, quiet, splashless stream—faucets that will continue to function perfectly year after year. Simply instruct your plumber to install Mueller Brass Products at every *vital spot* in your plumbing. If he doesn't carry Mueller Products in stock he can get them easily and quickly through a near-by Mueller Jobber.

For 68 years Mueller Products have been famous for their dependability and their durability. Today they are safeguarding the *vital spots* in countless thousands of homes and public buildings throughout America. This is the reason leading jobbers and merchant plumbers, everywhere, recommend Mueller Products.

Look well to the *vital spots* in your plumbing!

MUELLER CO. *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan; Sarnia, Ontario

Branches: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES

Established 1857

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

SCHOLARLY BEGGARS

(Continued from Page 17)

colleges as mine. If more than 60 per cent were products of such institutions I wanted the privilege of asking for ten thousand dollars; if less than 60 per cent I would pledge him never again to invade his office. He sent a second message: My challenging statement was very interesting, but even if I were correct he still couldn't see me.

So when the typewriter man did not allow my sentence to reach a conclusion in his presence I was angry. Again I found paper and pen—in a near-by hotel—and again I wrote:

"*Dear Mr. A:* For the first time in forty years of its history —— College tried to ask you through me to consider its work, but failed even to make the inquiry, the request being interrupted curtly by you. It meant no profit to me.

"For eight years your agents have come several times a year to sell our college typewriters. No one was ever kept behind a fence, interviewed in the hall, or kept standing. They came to make profit for themselves and for you.

"Isn't it possible that you—and this is where you interrupted the sentence this morning—isn't it possible that you will sometime be able to give me ten or fifteen minutes? I desire to tell you about a college started, not by me, but by men of your church in a district reached by your business if not yet by your philanthropy.

"Very truly yours."

The note was answered most courteously and at once. My pardon was implored. An explanation of a trying morning and a full office followed. Would I please call by telephone to arrange an interview? Be assured, reader, that the telephone call was put through and the interview arranged.

There was no waiting. There was no standing. Arriving in the office I was graciously received, faced by a gentleman who desired first of all to know all about me—and who is not flattered thus?—faced also by a desk swept clean of work. I was not allowed to go before forty minutes had elapsed, and I left the office in a mood to encounter any tough customer of a plutocrat. I felt the dignity of my work, the high calling of my craft. I was an agent of the Almighty.

And how I needed such encouragement! For six days I had failed to find men and women in or had been rebuffed or postponed. He was the first human being I had interviewed for six days!

So far we have been remembering New York—New York before the income tax became so heavy as to make the lot of the Western college president almost impossible. Twenty years ago every Western college president had a list of live prospects among New York business men, a score or more of men whose philanthropy went with their investments in a new land.

Presidential Strategy

Not all are so frank as the one who now says: "Go to Washington. Get your congressman interested in your college as much as I am. You can't take away 63 per cent of my income and ask me to give away several hundred thousand a year out of the remaining 37 per cent. What you used to get goes to Washington, and will go there until someone changes the tax laws."

He and others of his day are gone. When he was alive I used to meet as many as eight college presidents of my own religious faith in New York in one week. One of them lived in New York and gave his college absent treatment, being in New York most of the time for two whole years, the college knowing him only in September and June.

Another president, more successful and perhaps smarter, believed it unwise to seem to camp in New York. When asked how long he would be in town he always named that evening or the next day for the time of his departure. Sometimes I saw him there a week later; he had been out of town, he said. If he was to be encountered only a day or two after his set time for departure, he had been delayed. I never knew him to admit that he meant to stay in the metropolis as much as three days. He thought that such a statement hurried his moneyed friends into decisions. He had another habit. He would never sit down as he talked to a giver, even if urged ever so cordially. He had a salesman's feeling that the sitting one is at a psychological disadvantage, that the standing man can better impress and even oppress a sitting man. Then, too, he reasoned, sitting indicates an intention to remain, while standing indicates a desire, however real, to save the time of the man interviewed.

I called on a very wealthy banker. The college that sought funds was within fifty miles of one of his large Western investments, and was the missionary effort in education of the church of which he was a pillar. The banker was in appearance a Gorgon, in nationality and tendency Scotch, and of speech economical. Entrance to his office was encouragingly easy. I tried to have him listen to a rapid statement and to talk enough for acquaintance to develop. I knew his Western associates; I knew the romance of his property's development. But no word of mine elicited a response more expressive than a monosyllable, and the vocal utterance was a grunt oftener than a word.

His telephone rang within five minutes. Somehow I suspected that a movement of his hand had something to do with that bell. Into the telephone he spoke with parsimony of words, "Yes, yes, for the present—about through—oh, two minutes." I determined not to do the obvious thing. I did not rise. I did not betray nervousness. I sat; I talked—more than the two minutes. His hand strayed along the desk end; his bell rang again. I excused myself and went away wondering how devious would be the ways of finance in a bank where the president had no honest, straightforward way of terminating an interview. He said he'd think about it and said good day. I didn't believe he meant ever to think about it. Why didn't he say an honest negative?

Typical Experiences

I learned afterward from one of his business associates that he did himself control one bell that helped him rid himself of callers. Where was the strength of this strong man who had to operate a lying telephone? Could he not employ his banker's first gesture—that of moving the head from right to left and from left to right?

From the metropolis one week to the sagebrush among sheepherders two weeks later is a considerable journey, and means a change from tiled restaurants to the inevitable ham and bacon of stage stations far removed, from taxicabs to Concord stage coaches. It was fifteen years ago, before the last Concord coaches had given way to automobile stages.

At the end of the railroad, a day's ride by rail over, the college president chose to ride up in front with the driver, feet extended to the foot rest, behind and below which were piled numerous mail sacks. Nine passengers were inside, all homesteaders about to locate on new dry farms of three hundred and twenty acres each.

Sam Smith was the terminus of the journey planned. It may seem to the reader that I should have written Sam Smith's, but Sam had three houses and as many as a dozen places where he might be. His horses ranged over six counties; his sheep were counted by thousands; his acres were as many as his sheep, and were shrewdly chosen to lie along streams so that water would be controlled over a great area.

It was dark on a night early in May. Altitudes were such that the president's overcoat was welcome. Over Bear Mountain—nine miles—the stage ran through several inches of snow. Ice was to be observed in the water barrel at the corner of the stage house where we ate at midnight. Four times we exchanged our four horses for a new team. We arrived at the terminus, an inland town, at seven o'clock in the morning.

The hotel was cold, due to broken steam pipes. The every-other-day stage left tomorrow morning at five o'clock. I could sleep under the comfort in the stuffy bedroom or enjoy the heat of the red-hot stove in the barroom. At dinner an engineer from an irrigation project miles away answered my surprised remark that he had come a long way to eat dinner with the remark that "there aren't any distances in this country under forty miles."

Up at four, I forced myself to eat impossible rolls and drink improbable coffee in time to be off on an open two-horse stage, a clergyman, a horse buyer and a reaping machine taking all the rest of the room not occupied by the driver. Eighty-five miles we rode that day, exchanging the clergyman for a sheepherder, just back from a year's sojourn in a coast metropolis. After twenty miles a homesteader's cabin or a farm was an event. Four changes, one at noon, gave us fresh horses. The second meal came after arrival at the stage station at 9:30. We were off again at 4:30 next morning, and I was off the stage at the forks of a sandy trail called a road at 7:30, the horse buyer being company.

During the days before, I had inquired concerning Sam Smith. Where was his place? His place was anywhere from twenty miles out of town to one hundred and fifty miles. He might be at any sheep camp at one of three ranch houses; not likely on any road, because "Roads are too slow; he takes across the sagebrush." I learned that he was crazy—he had given ten thousand dollars to a school somewhere. He was a fool—he lived in the sagebrush although he was worth half a million dollars. He had always been a fool—he had turned out into the brush stallions that had cost three thousand dollars, to run with the range horses, anywhere in a territory as large as New Jersey. He ate strychnine, had got into the habit of it because he always had it with him to poison coyotes. I learned later that he tested strychnine by touching it to his tongue to make sure it had not lost its virtue. He was a bachelor; reports had come a dozen times that he was to marry, but he had passed fifty-five without succumbing to matrimony.

The stage driver was full of gossip about Sam Smith. He didn't need to be questioned. Smith was evidently known to all, and absorbing in interest wherever known.

The horse buyer had no baggage but a six-shooter in a holster under his coat. He wore the boots with high narrow heels and the broad felt hat that belonged to his clan. He hoped he was to buy a thousand horses. Sam Smith knew that his firm was sending him this week or next. I had little baggage and wore the flannel shirt of the plains and a sturdy suit of clothes, my heavy shoes being better for walking than my companion's.

We walked two miles to the first ranch house, where Sam might be but wasn't. The next one was thirty miles away. His nephew thought he might be lambing at a sheep camp seven miles through the sage; he had left the house two hours before. So across the sage we went on foot, the buyer of horses fluently cursing walking and high-heeled boots alternately. At the sheep camp I learned that the Scotch herder did not know where Sam might be; he might be in any one of a dozen places or in Tophet. I learned what deterioration comes to a man's vocabulary when he lives for four months at a time with fifteen hundred sheep. I learned that lambing means caring for lambs, hundreds of them being born within two weeks in such a camp. And acting on advice of the miraculously profane herder we retraced our steps. "I'd pick out the best place to wait, and I'd stay still till he gets there. He's everywhere in a week. The best place's the house you came from." We retraced the seven miles, a total of over sixteen for the morning.

Not Interested

Sam Smith had had several letters sent him preparing him for my visit. But when he came that night he did not know that my college was on the earth or that such a person as I existed. Upstairs in rough but good beds in an unpartitioned attic he slept with the horse buyer, and I slept alone, listening to the brief bargaining for this year's geldings. He would sell no mares. There ought to be nine hundred four-year-old geldings and the price would be seventy dollars, and the buyers drive them away. The bargain closed, we all slept.

Next morning I walked out to the mail box with Sam Smith, a mile and a half or two miles to the road. He had, in the stretch of one hundred miles, six such boxes. He rummaged amongst an accumulation of written and printed matter in the box, taking perhaps a third of it and leaving two-thirds. He was too busy just now for mail; it would keep. And I understood why my letters had never been read—the envelopes hadn't interested him.

I could do little. He had no cash, he said, and he never gave out notes. But a

PERMO PERMO

Keep Your New Car New!

permanize with PERMO

MAKES THE FIRST FINISH LAST

PERMANIZE is an *ESSENTIAL* Service with buyers of NEW cars who appreciate the value of "Appearance" from the standpoint of their own personal pride and pleasure as well as from that of protecting the intrinsic value of the car.

PERMANIZE is exclusively a service for the NEW or refinished car. It provides a thin glass-like protective film that enables the original surface finish to retain its beauty and lustre *from three to four times longer*. Give your new car PERMANIZE protection and it will in turn give you maximum "Appearance Mileage."

PERMANIZE does not renew [illegible]—It *preserves* and *protects*

Go to the Authorized Permo Service Station in your city or write direct to us for PERMANIZE folder

STANDARD SALES COMPANY, Memphis, Tenn.
Manufacturer and Sole Distributor

PERMANIZE SERVICE PRIVILEGES may be acquired by Auto Laundries and Garages that conform to our specified standards of service

Atlanta Biltmore

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Where Traditional Hospitality Is Kept Ever Flowering.

Flawless Bowman Service. Perfect cuisine—extremely moderate prices.

600 handsome outside rooms, with bath, single $3.50, $4 and $5; double $5.50, $6, $7 and $8.

Write for illustrated booklet P.

Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Company
HOLLAND B. JUDKINS
Vice Pres.—Manager

Law STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer [illegible]

[illegible] Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 371-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

OF GUARANTEED SEEDS, PLANTS, SHRUBS AND SMALL FRUITS

[illegible]

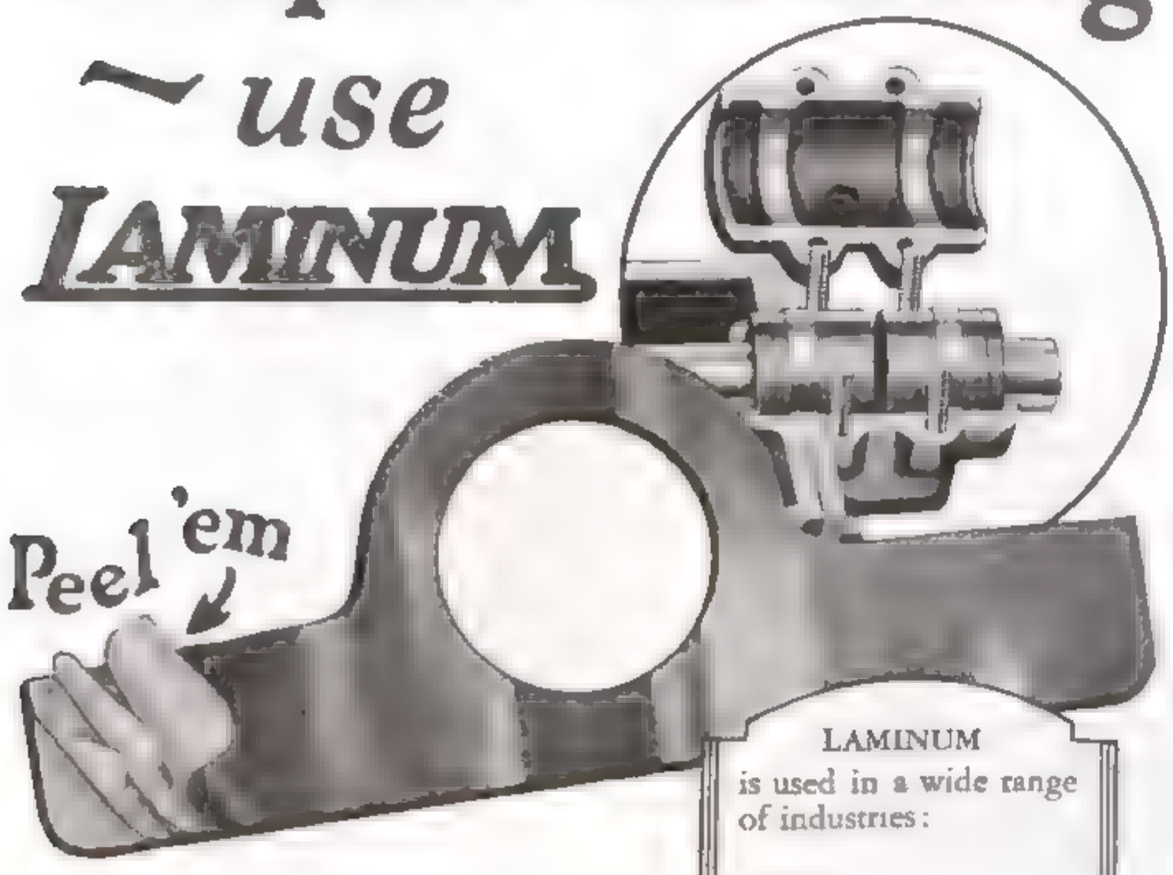
GOLDEN RULE NURSERIES
of the National Bible Institution
Dept. 22 OREGON, ILLINOIS

ADVERTISING CALENDAR SPECIALTY SALESMEN

[illegible]

John Hertel Co., 318 W. Washington, Chicago

Wherever there is a Split Bearing ~ use LAMINUM



LAMINUM lowers costs, reduces labor, cuts time in half.

It is a significant fact that during 1924, millions of LAMINATED SHIMS were built and used—saving countless hours of costly labor.

If you build a product having a *split bearing* include LAMINATED SHIMS. LAMINUM makes the product better, and assures satisfaction to the purchaser.

If there are *split bearings* in your plant, LAMINUM enables you to adjust those bearings easily, reducing overhead and contributing much to the life of the bearings.

LAMINUM is not only labor-saving material, but develops efficiency wherever and whenever it is used.

LAMINUM
is used in a wide range of industries:

AXLES
PUMPS
LATHES
MINES
POWER BOATS
COTTON MILLS
WOOLEN MILLS
POWER PLANTS
RAILROADS
MARINE REPAIR
MILLING MACHINES
ROAD MACHINERY
AUTOMOBILE REPAIR
SHAFT HANGERS
PRINTING PRESSES
CIGARETTE MACHINERY
MARINE CONSTRUCTION
AUTOMOBILE CONSTRUCTION
INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Use LAMINUM in your own business, in your own product, in your own plant.

Send for Sample Shim and

PEEL OFF

the layers yourself

WHAT LAMINUM IS

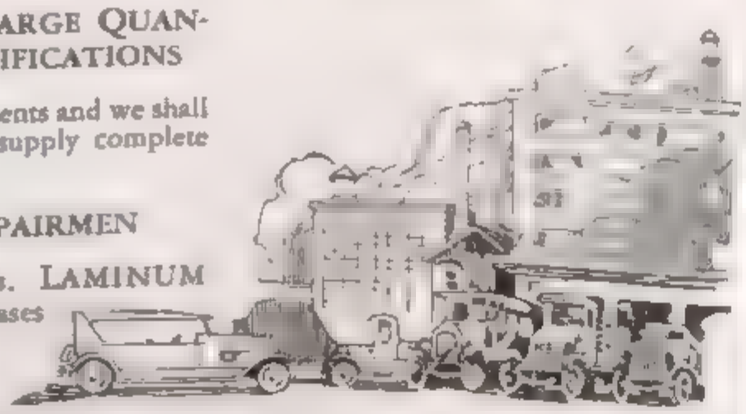
LAMINUM is made up of strips of shim brass .003 inch thick, joined by a metallic binder into a solid piece. Just PEEL off these strips with a pocket knife and the job is done. No filing, no fussing; no irritating delay and annoyance.

SHIMS IN SMALL OR LARGE QUANTITIES MADE TO SPECIFICATIONS

Inform us as to your requirements and we shall be glad to quote prices and supply complete information.

CAR OWNERS—REPAIRMEN

Save those engine bearings. LAMINUM keeps down expense and increases power and speed.



LAMINATED SHIM CO., Inc.
205 14th STREET LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

LAMINUM

few months later I had a check on a city bank, written out in full on three inches off the bottom of a sheet of paper torn from a pencil tablet. I had heard that he used meat paper ordinarily for checks, and that more than once a check written on a smooth chip of wood had gone through satisfactorily to pay a bill or help a church.

Six days after I left home I was at the college again, with no more money and with an expense account of nearly seventy-five dollars for railroad and stage fare.

There is more of Sam Smith. At one time for three days I helped him hay along a creek bottom, going from time to time to see that seventeen hundred sheep grazing near by were not straying. I did the cooking in the open, the provender being from cans carrying the best brands. I slept under millions of stars on a tarpaulin spread over two feet of hay, hearing once or twice at night the bleating of seventeen hundred sheep startled by coyotes.

I saw him each morning rise and look at the sheep on the hillsides and count, "One—two—three—four—five—sixteen. Yes, they're all there."

I could not hold my curiosity. "You can't count seventeen hundred sheep, can you?"

"No," was his response; "I count the black ones. If I see all the black ones they're all there. No considerable bunch ever moves away from the flock without a black one. You simply count the black ones."

What a philosophy for churchmen who ask why black sheep are in every large flock!

In several years Sam Smith sent such checks that the aggregate grew to five figures, and he made a will providing that half his property should go to education. He is still alive, and so far as I know still in the sagebrush, where he had been nearly thirty years when I knew him—a wonderful man with a big brain and a great heart.

I remember the philanthropist who ordered me out of his office. He had an ear trumpet on the end of a tube. One hand held the trumpet end out to the speaker; the other hand kept the tube in his ear. When he spoke he kept the tube away from his ear. When I spoke he put the tube into his ear—if he wanted to.

A Trying Interview

At his office one afternoon he said he was too busy to talk to me, and he kept his trumpet and tube in his own hand away from his ear. I maneuvered to ask to see him that night. But it was prayer-meeting night. I said I would be going to prayer meeting, and, to his surprise, I would be at his church. He reluctantly agreed that we would walk to his room after prayer meeting, our visit later to be brief, because he always went early to bed. And so it worked out.

I stayed with him in his cramped room till midnight, hoping that he would keep the tube in his ear long enough for me to tell him what I wanted, and why.

But he preferred to show me pictures of mission stations all over the world; Y. M. C. A. buildings in several states; hospitals; a library or two; in all of them he had invested money. When I left he seemed to agree that I come to his office in the morning.

The next morning he was at his desk, and I began to pour into his tube what he had not listened to the night before. He gave me a pamphlet such as would go into an envelope. It had pages of Christmas scripture, pages of statistics on temperance, arguments against liquor and cigarettes. He waved to a group of girls addressing these to thousands of missionaries, ministers, and workers in Christian causes the world over. Every Christian worker in the world whose name was to be secured was to receive a pamphlet. It was costing several thousand dollars a year. He put me on his Christmas list.

Whether it was the thought of the cost I never knew, but of a sudden he lost himself in anger.

"You're not a Christian!" he shouted. "Here I'm trying to get these greetings to these poor missionaries, and you're keeping me from it. They'll be disappointed if I fail them. These people represent God's work all over the world, and you think your college is bigger than them all. Get out of my office!"

His trumpet was thrown on the desk. I picked up one end to pour question and perhaps apology into it, but he tore it out of my hand. His face was crimson and convulsed with rage. He was on his feet with his fist clenched. I turned to go as he had commanded, but hesitated at a near-by desk to say to his secretary. "I do not know what I've done or how I've offended. When you can, please apologize and say I'll never bother him again."

Frantic, he started toward me and yelled at his secretary, "Don't talk to him! He's not a Christian! I told him to go!"

I went. To this day I do not know what words or deeds of mine stirred his childishly smiling face into the paroxysms of rage.

In a city not far from New York lived a woman of great wealth and great interest in colleges in what she called home-mission territory. She had never been reached by personal calls, but had sent money in response to letters. She had a son whose unfortunate life had made him nationally known. He was in prison at the time.

An Unwelcome Tip

A strange thought occurred to a friend of this good woman's childhood days. He circulated a petition among the citizens of his own town—the town where our college was situated—asking the far-off judge who had sentenced the son, to reconsider. It was so harmless a petition and the circulator of it was so dear an old man that everyone signed it. It could have no effect. But the local daily paper, to please the old man, had a considerable item about it, and quoted the instigator of the petition in praise of the family and defense of the son.

It was near the Christmas season, and I chipped the foolish harmless item and sent it on college stationery with the words: "I thought Mrs. S might have a bit of comfort from this."

A few days later came a letter signed by a secretary: "Mrs. S thanks you for your recent note with enclosure. Enclosed please find ten dollars for you and your work."

Did ever another college president receive so nauseous a tip? I made up my mind that Mrs. S, who had always sent generous checks in answer to appeals, had never seen the note. Surely she had not thought so to pay for an act meant to show a little human kindness.

I have threatened to write a book—a book about secretaries. The dedication and the first chapter will concern a secretary, now justly promoted, whose chief lives in Chicago. In the old days I saw him a score of times. Perhaps I was not adroit, perhaps it is a confession of failure: I never saw his principal, except as I met him once or twice at conventions. The secretary always persuaded me that the time of year was wrong, that conditions were unfortunate, due to unusual demands made on his chief's limited income and his time, that if I pressed the matter by a personal interview today I could only meet with a courteous but firm refusal, and my written requests on file would be taken out of the file of things to be considered, and placed in the file of appeals refused—and as it now was, my appeal had been kept by the secretary near the top of the file.

And I believed in his sincerity, and do still. I believe that this man regarded himself as a sort of advocate of causes. But better than that, it was an office where, from the colored man on the door up to my friend the secretary, I was always treated with the utmost courtesy and respect. My cause was acknowledged to be deserving, my appeal had merit, I was known in the office to be worthy of admiration and was held in highest regard. What an ambassador the man would have made; he could easily have risen to the top in the nation's diplomatic service.

One of the regulars in New York years ago was the president of a sagebrush college which owed its beginning and all its life to the devotion and sacrifice of this wonderful man. He used to have a room at an old hotel which is gone now, but it used to be a favorite for economical college executives whose colleges were in the making. Rooms could be secured at a dollar a day; meals were à la carte and were too expensive for this Westerner, in whose philosophy, because digestion was only a matter of rearrangement of molecules, a little dirt didn't matter. He breakfasted at Bowery John's, near Union Square, where one had all he could eat for a quarter. He ate a second meal late in the afternoon, never paying more than sixty cents for it.

He became great friends with the president of a great insurance company, who

(Continued on Page 209)

Paint Your Home

—and Pay in 10 Monthly Payments

"PAINT does pay, doesn't it? Remember last week we passed this same identical house—old, dull, dismal, dilapidated? We thought Jones must be broke. Now, look at it—clean, bright, inviting—prosperous looking. I tell you, paint certainly does make a difference!

"Believe me, I am going to give my house a coat of paint. And when I do, I'm going to use Devoe—the finest paint made. And the best part of it is that by the Devoe Home Improvement Plan I can paint now and pay for it in ten months."

This Financing Plan is 25% less expensive to the property owner than any similar plan known to us in the paint industry. Consult the Devoe Authorized Agent in your community at once. Or write us.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., 101 Fulton Street, New York
Branches in Leading Cities

DEVOE

Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Enamels, Brushes
Artists' Materials & Insecticides

Facts about Disston 110-inch Saws

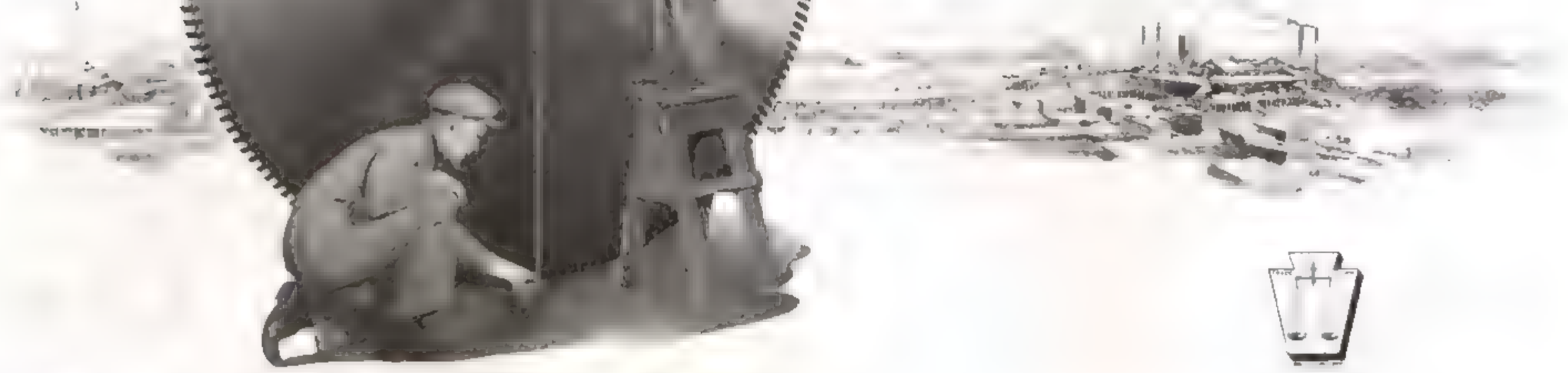
Made in 1924 for Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Everett, Wash.

From Disston Steel ingot weighing 1310 pounds.

Weight of each finished saw, 675 pounds.

Rim travels at speed of about 10,000 feet per minute—more than 113 miles an hour.

Equipped with 190 Disston Spiral Inserted Teeth, famous for fast cutting, invented and perfected in the Disston Saw Works.



The skill of three generations
—*and* the world's biggest saws!

BIG logs were coming down from the West Coast forests!

Logs from which the great saw mills might make fine and useful lumber. But calling for saws bigger than any that had ever been made.

Saws so big that to make them would be the hardest test yet required of the saw-maker's art.

The Weyerhaeuser Lumber Mills turned to Disston:

—And Disston made their big saws for them; 9 feet and 2 inches across—almost half a ton of Disston Saw Steel in each—the largest saws in the world!

—

The Hand Saw which every man uses is an even greater Disston achievement than these giant mill saws.

For the art of saw-making is perfected in the Disston Hand Saw—"The Saw Most Carpenters Use." From it came the skill that appears in the later perfection of the circular saw, the band saw, and the saws that cut metal of every kind.

There were no standards for saws in 1840, when Henry Disston began to make them.

Saw Steel from the best makers was never twice alike. And the best of workmanship can not make a good saw from poor steel.

So Disston mastered the methods of steelmaking.

At last he found ways to roll, harden, and temper saw-steel so that it will always have life and spring and hold its cutting edge.

Saw-makers he had trained took this Disston steel and made such saws as never were made before.

But the biggest thing Henry Disston left to those who came after him was the task of building worthily on the foundation he laid. Judge what the later generations have done by this:

Disston's little cellar workshop has grown into the biggest saw plant in the world; 68 buildings housing 3600 busy workmen—

Carpenters and mechanics, as well as men who use a saw only once in a while, have spread the fame of the Disston Hand Saw everywhere.

Wherever men work with tools the Disston Saw is known and used. For expert or novice it cuts clean, true, and fast. It is truly the perfection of the sawmaker's art—"The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

—

It is this same Disston Hand Saw, improved through the years, that your hardware man will show you today.

You can try its balance right there at the counter. You can observe its spring and life. You can read Henry Disston's promise etched on the shining blade—"For Beauty, Finish, and Utility this Saw can not be excelled."

Later, when you saw with it, you will discover why it is the choice of the carpenter. For here is an edge that keeps its keenness, a blade that works with you. This is the saw that is through the cut first!

So, when you choose your saw, do as the experts do, the men who make their living working with wood.

Say—"I want a Disston Saw!"

Ask Disston

Tell us what kind of work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre or other material, and we will tell you what types of saws to use to do your work better and easier. Disston issues many books to aid the user of saws and tools.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Hardware dealers the world around sell Disston Saws, Tools, and Files

DISSTON

(Continued from Page 206)

gave him some money and much encouragement. One day the sagebrush president was choked with laughter. He had had an interview with his wealthy friend, and it kept him in bubbling good humor for days. To me he recounted the adventure:

"Say, how would I look in one of these swell New York clubs? My old friend Peter wants to put me up in one. Up is right. He said, 'Where are you staying?' I told him. 'Oh, I wouldn't stay there. A man like you ought to take good care of himself. What kind of a room have you?' I assured him it was all right. I didn't tell him about the water pitchers, or the musty smell, or how far I am from a bathroom. He interrupted me. 'How are the beds? Got a good bed? You have? Well, then that's not so bad. That's the important thing. But you don't eat there, do you?' 'No, sir. I—I eat elsewhere.' 'Well,' Peter said, much relieved, 'maybe you'll do all right, but do pick your eating place. Don't eat at your hotel.' So I'm all right so long as I keep on at Bowery John's, but boy! don't ask me to eat at my hotel! My friend Peter would cut me off the list."

Legends have grown about these seekers of funds. There is the legend of the man who used to be taken sick on journeys to the Far East after funds. Wealthy friends were usually apprised of his coming to their city, but on several occasions, perhaps never twice in the same metropolis, word came to them from the college that the president was dangerously ill at a certain hotel and might need attention. The attention was given. The physician in charge reported that his heart was in dangerous state and that he ought to be at home for months. All this was real, for the heroic president had remained for years at his task of traveling for aid for his college when he ought to have retired. The wealthy visitors were alarmed and more than interested, for they knew the value of this life to a great region. But the president would resolutely refuse to be sent home. He had the annual deficit to secure. And the physician would tell him that worry would kill him and that the deficit must be forgotten. To save his life, the friends would raise the deficit, and in a few days the president was on a west-bound train, much better, but needing rest. Envious presidents whose hearts never helped them raise money have doubtless kept alive the story.

Secret Sources

There is one Western man still alive who could write a volume of his personal experiences in raising money. He was always solitary and secretive in his methods. Among the fraternity there is usually an interchange of statements of conditions: "I have one hundred and ten thousand on a two hundred and fifty thousand conditional-offer fund"; or "I'm on the last fifty thousand of a half million, and it's to be done by January first." No one ever heard an exact statement from L. He might casually remark that he got ten thousand yesterday, but no one received information enough to guess where. He confided in none of his presidential brethren, and few of his trustees knew all he might have told them about prospects, or even about funds actually raised. At times he kept college moneys in the bank in his own name, perhaps because he did not desire reports to indicate such progress that trustees and friends would feel less under obligation to give heavily. He was honest and sacrificing. When he began his work as a young man no one else would assume the presidency of his seemingly hopeless college. He employed his own small savings for his travel and hotel bills for the first three weeks. Many persons refused to see him; he had a few assurances of help, but no cash gifts. It was a new cause to push, no one had ever gone East before him for his college. During the fourth week of his work he left his hotel without breakfast. He had no funds left and had not eaten the day before. He had wakened early and had stayed in his hotel room until business office hours. His client listened at length, such length that President L nearly fainted; then made out a check for one hundred dollars, saying that he would give regularly.

L looked at the check. The figures finally sank into his brain. And as he was grasping a desk for support he heard a voice: "Now, I like you, young man. I'd like to do something for you. Can I help you in any way whatever?" It is the giver himself who finishes the story: "I could have been knocked over with a feather. He held to the side of the desk. 'Yes,' he said; 'buy me a cup of coffee. I'm hungry!'"

This president had the personal confidence and intimate friendship of an unusual number of wealthy men and women. Friction, however, and jealousies developed in the college; the fact that his own bank account sometimes held amounts given to the college was discovered. One deposit, in his name, of twenty thousand was discovered. Only part of it had been used for the college. His enemies made a long railroad journey to discover from the giver the facts, and to secure in writing the statement that the entire sum was given for the institution.

The giver listened to their statement and rose in wrath. "I gave that money to L to use for himself. He's one of the greatest men I know. If any part of it has been used by the college the trustees must replace it or I'll make trouble."

The malcontents returned, and a new meeting of the board of trustees was called. The chief incident of the board meeting was the receipt of more than one hundred thousand dollars "to be invested, and the income paid annually to President L so long as he lives." The donor was the individual who had made the personal gift.

Old Man Swartz

L insists that the following story is a gross exaggeration. Perhaps it is, but it is so capital a tale, known to only a few, that I dare to recount it. At any rate L has never told just where the exaggeration lies and where lies the truth.

Old man Swartz was a typical small-town man. He had much land and considerable ready cash. His wife was dead; he had no children. He was a loyal Baptist, a pillar of the church. He believed that God made known his will to men; frequently he was known to hope that he was "doing God's will" in ordinary transactions. His gifts were large in proportion to others of his fellow churchmen, but small considering his wealth. His only vice was smoking, his purchases of tobacco being small and his choice being mild cigars of domestic production. He had once or twice given small sums to L's college. According to the president's experience, old man Swartz was a good prospect for a considerable gift, and should make it while he lived. The difficulty was to persuade him to surrender the money, to let it go out of his hands. His money was so much a part of him that he suffered when it departed from him as if from an amputation. He had already expressed his intention to give a goodly sum, but had postponed action again and again.

Obviously strategy was required. And his one indulgence furnished the plan of campaign. L provided himself abundantly with cigars—two kinds of cigars: One sort black and authoritative, for old man Swartz; one kind as mild as purchasable, for the president himself. When evening came the two settled down to talk beside the fire in old man Swartz's solitary home, the cigars were lighted, and the campaign was under way.

Was Mr. Swartz still inclined to do something for the college, something substantial? Good! God had prospered him, he had no family dependent on him, as an old man who had worked hard he was entitled to the satisfaction that comes from the doing of righteous deeds. Was five thousand dollars about what Mr. Swartz meant to give?

The general outline of how the money would be employed lasted well into the second cigar. Mr. Swartz had never been known to refuse to smoke a given cigar. But five thousand was a large sum of money. He might give five hundred, or he might even, if he found next day that his bank account would stand it, give a thousand, but he couldn't give five thousand. He believed God meant him to help this college, and he would.

But the president was sure that God meant Swartz to give five thousand! The talk went on. The mild cigars of the president were almost gone. Old man Swartz was puffing, a little slowly, on his fifth black stogy; the hour was midnight. Swartz was trying to make out a check for five hundred; the president was holding out for five thousand.

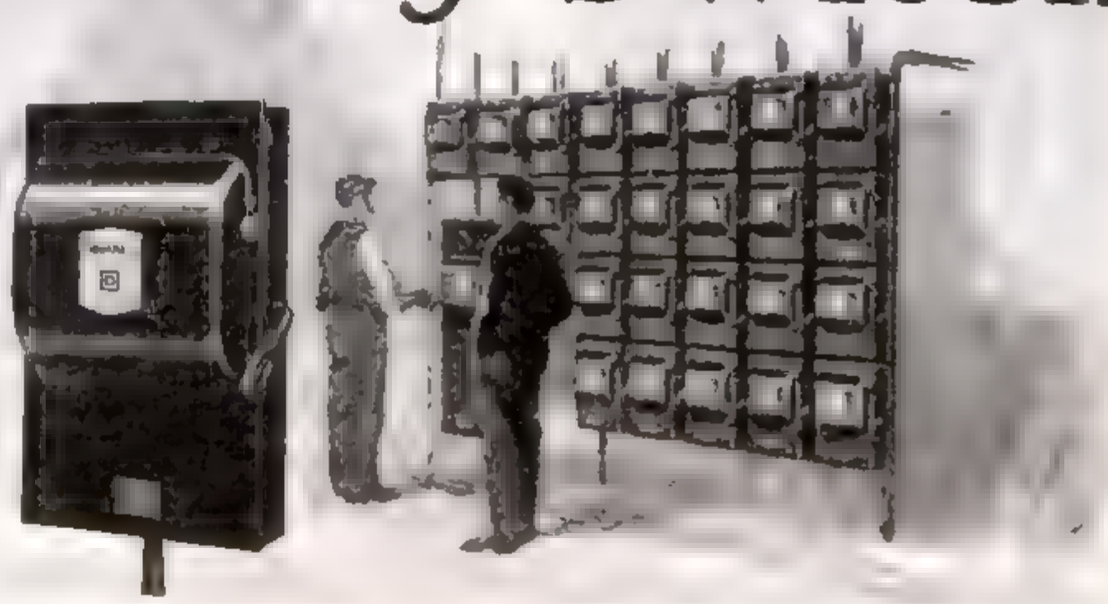
Past midnight, President L rose, took the hand of old man Swartz in his and held his eye while he said: "Now, Mr. Swartz, the Lord means you to give that five thousand dollars. You've admitted that you've got

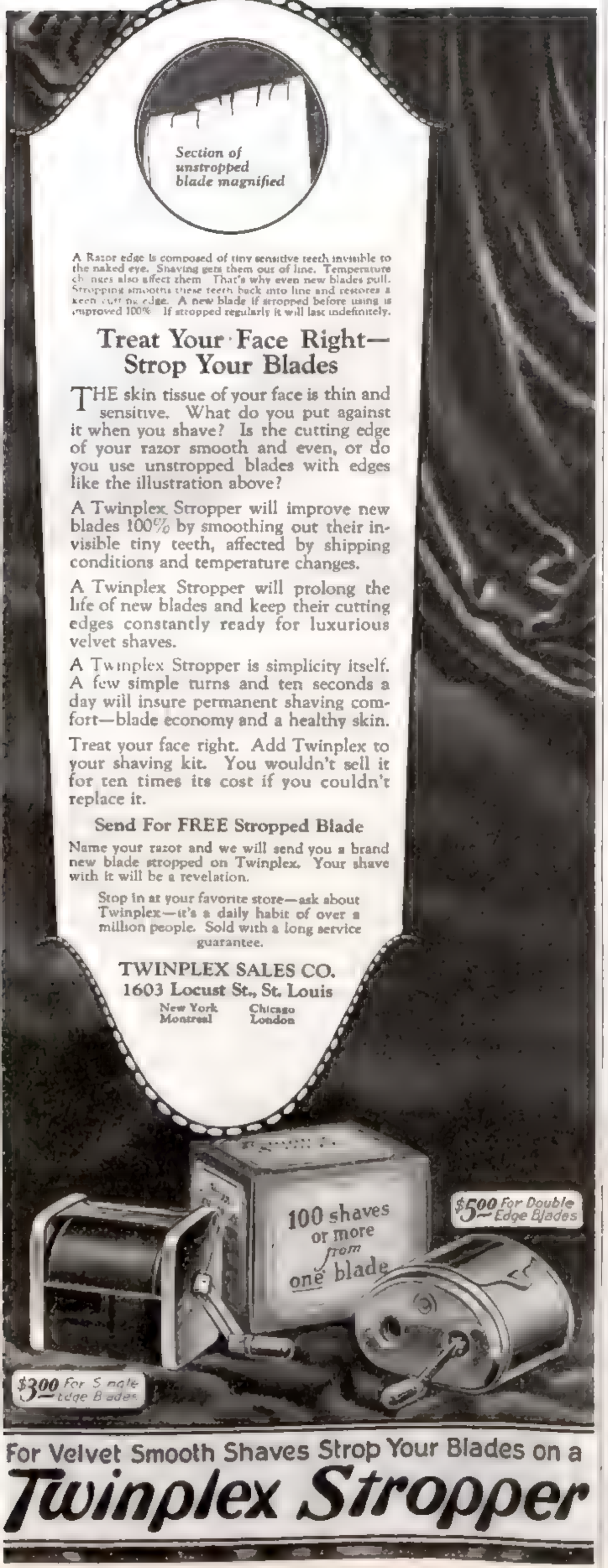
Where Industrial Engineers Decide

Almost universal is the preference for Square D among highly trained technical men. Plant engineers, for example, almost invariably select this pioneer safety switch for industrial installations. This definite preference on the part of men who *know* electrical equipment is the basis of Square D's well established leadership. Over 3,000,000 satisfactory installations confirm their judgment.

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT; U.S.A.
FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND. (69)
BRANCH O[illegible] Chicago New York Pitts[illegible] St. Louis [illegible] Milwaukee [illegible] Kansas City [illegible]
SQUARE D COMPANY, CANADA, LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT.
BRANCH OFFICES: Toronto, Montreal

SQUARE D
Safety Switch




Section of unstropped blade magnified
A Razor edge is composed of tiny sensitive teeth invisible to the naked eye. Shaving gets them out of line. Temperature changes also affect them That's why even new blades pull. Stropping smooths these teeth back into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A new blade if stropped before using is improved 100% If stropped regularly it will last indefinitely.
Treat Your Face Right—Strop Your Blades
THE skin tissue of your face is thin and sensitive. What do you put against it when you shave? Is the cutting edge of your razor smooth and even, or do you use unstropped blades with edges like the illustration above?
A Twinplex Stropper will improve new blades 100% by smoothing out their invisible tiny teeth, affected by shipping conditions and temperature changes.
A Twinplex Stropper will prolong the life of new blades and keep their cutting edges constantly ready for luxurious velvet shaves.
A Twinplex Stropper is simplicity itself. A few simple turns and ten seconds a day will insure permanent shaving comfort—blade economy and a healthy skin.
Treat your face right. Add Twinplex to your shaving kit. You wouldn't sell it for ten times its cost if you couldn't replace it.
Send For FREE Stropped Blade
Name your razor and we will send you a brand new blade stropped on Twinplex. Your shave with it will be a revelation.
Stop in at your favorite store—ask about Twinplex—it's a daily habit of over a million people. Sold with a long service guarantee.
TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1603 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Chicago
Montreal London
100 shaves or more from one blade
$5.00 For Double Edge Blades
$3.00 For Single Edge Blades
For Velvet Smooth Shaves Strop Your Blades on a
Twinplex Stropper

it in the bank, that you will not need a fraction of what you have to support you, that maybe you ought to give it. I'll go to the hotel. It's past one o'clock. You'll not sleep tonight. You've tried all your life to do God's will, and you know that you can't be happy refusing now. Your conscience will worry you. You'll not sleep tonight, or tomorrow night, or till the thing's done. I'll wait till noon tomorrow, and I hope you'll not make yourself miserable for months by refusing to do what you ought to do God will not give you peace. You'll not sleep a wink." The president left.

Something didn't give old man Swartz peace that night. Was it God or the black cigars? Can an old man, used to one or two mild five-centers and a retiring hour of nine, keep smoking at five or six heavy black cigars till nearly two o'clock without his conscience hurting him?

At six o'clock in the morning I heard a pounding on his door. He arose sleepily, and there was Swartz.

"Here's the check. You were right; I couldn't sleep. It's too much! I never had such a night I thought about it all night. I couldn't get a wink. It's too much! But an old man like me would be in his grave with many such nights. God bless you—but it's too much." And old man Swartz went home—to sleep. The check was the first one cashed when the bank opened.

There is a mystic quality about some of these money-getting presidents. Many are the stories that could be told that seem impossible. When a solicitor reaches an office or a house to plead his cause, and finds his friends thinking about him, and even thinking of doing exactly the thing he is proposing, what shall he say in explanation? One president is known to have received a fifty-thousand-dollar check toward a building for the total cost of which he had asked twice that sum. His wife knows that he walked twenty-five miles in cornfields that day, without food, without speaking to a human being. At night he came in, physically exhausted, but before he ate or drank he wrote and mailed a special-delivery letter returning the check and pleading for the full one hundred thousand. As he ate supper he announced that the hundred thousand dollars would come, and began to plan the building. He slept like a child. Before noon he had a telegram, from the city twelve hours distant, informing him that the full amount desired was on its way. Sublime gambling that—or was it?

A Man With a Hunch

An old man who died very recently used to go to New York on a fund-raising mission. More than once he would go to his hotel room, sit broodingly for a while, and then telegraph his wife, "Leaving at noon. Things not looking right." He had not looked at things, he had not seen a man he knew, he had not used the telephone. He had, as he called it, a hunch.

How he followed hunches! When everyone was having influenza a few years ago, he was a victim. He was far from well, but suddenly he showed up one late afternoon at the college office with his traveling bag He announced that he was going to a town three hundred miles away He had a hunch that a man would give him ten thousand dollars. He named the man. He could not be dissuaded. Sick as he was, he arrived in the town to which his hunch took him at two o'clock in the morning. Train connections were such that on his return he made two changes in the night, catching cat naps in day coaches, and came direct to the college office early the second morning to leave the ten thousand dollars. It was a week before he was ready to do any other work.

A board of trustees sat planning a campaign. Our man who had hunches sat with them. One of their number was absent, regretfully; he had a national convention of salesmen in his headquarters factory in town. The trustees, at luncheon, were admitting that they must start the giving. There seemed danger that three men there would give about half of what was needed from each to make them leaders in a successful enterprise. At least fifty thousand was needed from each.

Of a sudden, the man with a hunch was on his feet. "Don't do anything," he whispered to the chairman of the board, "till I come back. I've got a hunch." Furiously he drove to the convention of salesmen and called for the absent trustee. The gentleman sent word he could not leave the luncheon table. But no one was to deny the hunch man. He opened a dining-room door just back of the president of the company and said, "I must see you." No one could have imagined anything less than death or disaster. The president emerged.

There was conversation for two minutes, and back to the trustees' meeting went the hunch man, announcing his fifty-thousand-dollar gift.

When the other leaders had made their subscriptions there was curiosity about the first promised gift. They discovered how the important meeting had been interrupted "How did he persuade you?" they asked

"Persuade me? He didn't persuade me. He said he had a hunch I had to give fifty thousand. I said I hadn't any hunch; I was busy. Then I remembered that his hunches never failed and that I was simply losing time. What can you do when the other fellow's got a hunch and you haven't? I said I'd give it."

Doctor Wheelock's Sample

Do these college presidents of the past sixty years think of themselves as pioneers? What a lesson some of them have to learn from President Wheelock, of the Indian school which later became Dartmouth College, who, in the decade before the Declaration of Independence, sent a traveling man in England for his college, who carried samples. At least he was accompanied by one sample, a picturesque sample in the person of one Occum, a full-blooded Indian.

Reverend Morgan Edwards left America's shores for Great Britain in 1767, and was gone well over a year, soliciting funds for the Rhode Island College which later became Brown University. He was hardly so successful as the man who carried the sample, but a letter of his survives that is so like many letters that have gone out West from men who have come back East to raise funds that it deserves requoting.

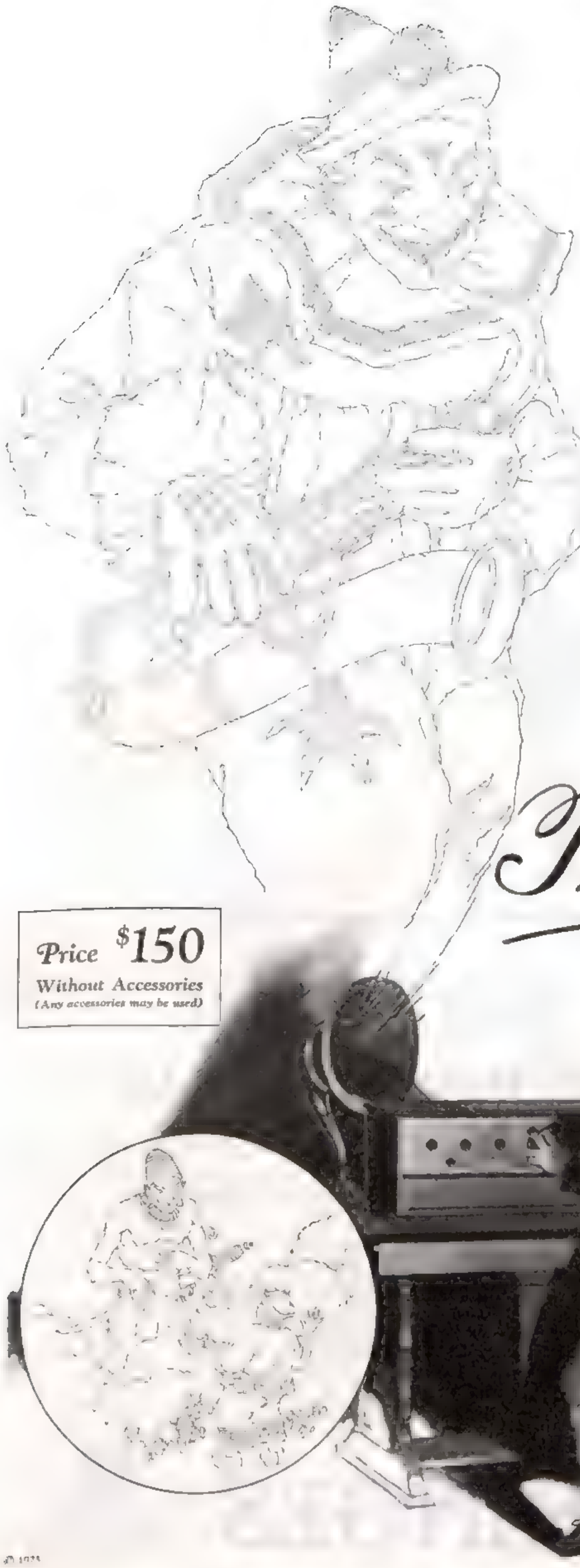
"If I were to stay in London ever so long I believe I should get money, but it comes so slowly and by such small sums that I cannot spare the time . . .

"Your newspapers, and letters from your government, published in other papers, have hurt me much. You boast of the many yards of cloth you manufacture, etc. This raises the indignation of the merchants and manufacturers. I have been not only denied by hundreds, but also abused on that score. My patience, my feet, my assurance are much impaired. I took cold in November which stuck to me all winter, owing to my trampoosing the streets in all weathers."

Can college presidents who have traveled the East for their institutions read such a record without a sad, sympathetic understanding? "My patience, my feet, my assurance are much impaired!" Let us hope that later success repaired his assurance and his patience, and that his feet, too, would be normal again as soon as money coming in would allow him to remain at home and cease "trampoosing the streets in all weathers."

Lonesome days! Treasurers' reports coming in, telling of mounting deficits! Faculties unpaid for months! Many a college president has gone East with the home folks imagining that those New York millionaires looked at him as an empire builder, a knight in shining armor, breaking dazzling lances with Ignorance and Prejudice and Sin; and in New York or elsewhere the humiliated president was being lied to by office boys, rejected by secretaries, curtly refused by the few men of wealth he was able to reach. There was light in the darkness There were great souls among the clients of these college builders, there were many gentlemen and gentlewomen.

All over America today are institutions, still needy, but comparatively sure of the future, because these men left home for weeks and months on journeys disastrous to pride and wearing on shoe leather. Few people realize how few of these superlative beggars have survived; the average term of office in Western college presidencies has been about three years. Scores of men, capable of every part of the work of a presidency except the one described, have refused to perform such service. Those who have known how these colleges have been built are fairly divided between those who pity the men who have stayed at it long enough to do the building, and those who have unbounded admiration for the members of this Fraternity of Collegiate Mendicants.



Be a Modern Aladdin

TO SUMMON the Genie from the wonder world of magic, Aladdin had to rub his lamp. But the modern Aladdin tunes into the wonder world of radio by a simpler method, a one-hand turn of Thermiodyne's Master Control.

Thermiodyne provides greater selectivity and longer distance at the turn of a single Master Control. We guarantee that Thermiodyne will bring in any distant station that it is possible to get—and in loud-speaker volume.

Instead of meaningless degrees and numbers, the Master Control is calibrated in wave-lengths exactly as listed in newspaper radio programs. Turn to wave-length wanted and *instantly* the station is in. And it comes in at exactly the same setting every time. Local broadcasting does not interfere with distant reception.

Thermiodyne is the only six-tube set that has three stages of Thermionic Frequency, Detector and two stages of Audio Frequency. Four refiners stabilize variations in broadcasting and regulate volume of tone. We invite competition with any set regardless of price.

Thermiodyne TF6

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. [Ther-MŸ-odyne]

Licensed under Trube and other patents pending

Price $150

Without Accessories

(Any accessories may be used)

Until you listen in with Thermiodyne, you cannot know how easy it is to bring in the Aladdin World of Radio. Go today to your radio dealer and ask for a comparative demonstration.

Every Thermiodyne is unconditionally guaranteed.

THERMIODYNE RADIO CORPORATION

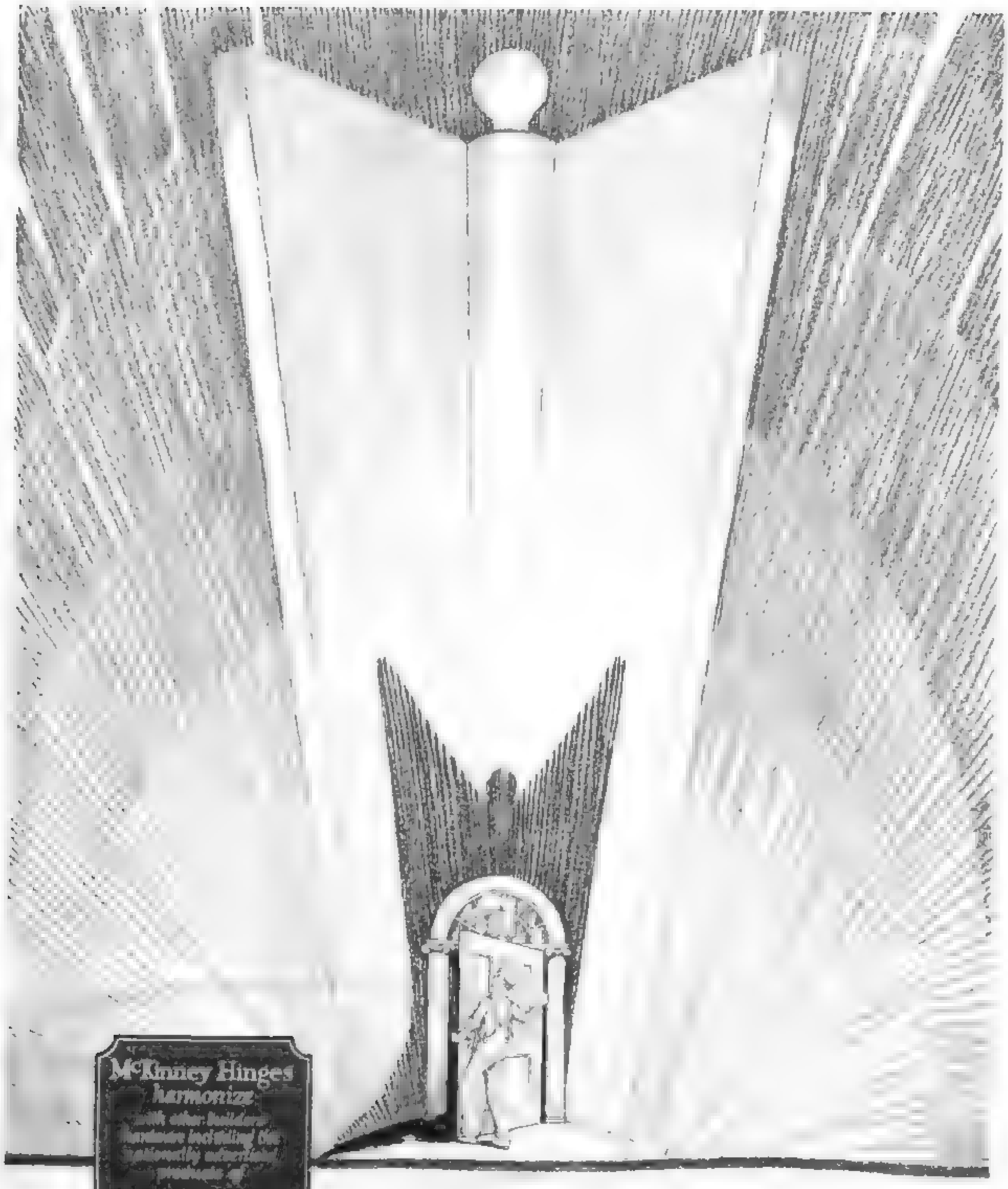
Plant: Plattsburgh, New York

Main Office: New York City

Dealers

See the local Thermiodyne Jobber regarding franchise to sell the most remarkable receiving set on the market.

© 1923



Will your builder *labor in the shadow of poor hinges or - -*

will you be as thoughtful of your doors as he is—and supply McKinney Hinges?

Builders invariably select their best carpenters for the important work of hanging doors—a task requiring the talents of the most skillful. Yet, in the excitement of building or repairing a home, the owner seldom realizes this fact—and the importance of hinges.

When you build, profit by this knowledge. Go to your builders' hardware merchant and make your own hardware selection. Go while your home is in its early stages.

Before your first joist is cut, your builder can tell you which man will hang the doors. Be ready to give him the good news that you are supplying McKinney Hinges.

They are small items which play a big part in your mental and physical comfort. They will serve you for the remaining years of your life.

Your builders' hardware man will offer you a wide selection of locks. Choose with freedom, for McKinney Hinges harmonize with all good makes.

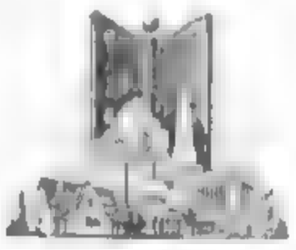
You can obtain McKinney Hinge quality in sundry hardware articles, including that for garage doors.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, PA.

McKINNEY HINGES



HOW TO KNOW THE WILDCATS

(Continued from Page 16)

She nodded, grimacing at me like a naughty child. "Sure! That's what I always go by. Why not?"

"I should think by now you'd begin to know why not. Let's take C—— Motors. You bought that at prices to yield you from 10 to 14 per cent. Fine! Remarkable opportunity! But what happened? The directors met and cut the dividends in two. Then the stock dropped twenty points. Not so fine, after all! For they nicked off not only half of your dividend but they depreciated your investment as well. You see, actual experience shows that in the long run investors can make more profit by sticking to safe securities with a normal return than by rushing off to buy high-yield stock of weak or unscrupulous companies which make large glittering promises they cannot possibly fulfill."

"But how can one tell which from which?"

"The ordinary investor can't. That's a job for an expert. It's as complicated as engineering or doctoring or the law. All the ordinary investor has to do is to recognize that high rates are red-light danger signals—and sheer off. Or, if you have a gambling streak in your blood and must risk your money, at least investigate. Go to some reliable investment house—if you live in the country your local banker will do talk it over with him, get his advice. A suburban banker told me the other day that customers were constantly applying to him for advice about buying worthless securities peddled around from door to door by crooked stock salesmen using high-pressure methods; but despite the fact that these people had known him for years as an upright, trustworthy man, he was a prophet without honor in his own country, for his clients who were also his friends would come in, ask his advice, listen—and in nine cases out of ten they would go out and buy the worthless stock anyway.

"I am not condemning all high-yield stocks; I am only saying they should be put to the test of a thoroughgoing investigation by reliable nonpartisan experts who know their job. The honest companies may stand the test; the dishonest or weak ones will not. Now what are some of the reasons why securities must sell on an abnormally high-yield basis in order to find a market? Well, first of all, as I said, it may be a crooked concern and it does not intend to fulfill its obligations. But even reliable, first-class companies sometimes find themselves in a tight fix where they have to borrow at high rates. It may be a period when money is scarce and high, and in order to obtain the needful cash to carry on their enterprises some companies are forced to sell their securities low and give high returns. This happens in a bear market in which most stock prices are down and the yields consequently high.

"Now a period of depression like that is the real open season for bargain hunters with some surplus cash on hand. At such times they can pick up wonderful bargains; they can buy excellent stock dirt cheap, and hold it for a rise."

Shifting Investments

"It's a good idea for a person to shift around his investments from time to time, sell out some when the market is high and be ready to take advantage of low prices when a period of business stagnation begins to loom over the horizon rim. That's what the shrewd foresighted investor does; he profits by the operation of what is known as the business cycle. In times of prosperity he turns a certain proportion of his common stocks into cash or its equivalent, and as business falls off he shifts this cash back into common stocks, which can then be had at low figures, and waits for them to appreciate when business picks up again. Thus, you see, there is a constant ebb and flow of the industrial tide which the wise investor makes use of to increase his own principal. But even then he does not go it blind. He selects, weighs, investigates. In choosing his common stock he does not risk his good money in hazardous wildcat promotion schemes; on the contrary he picks out a few big solid industries which underlie the prosperity of the entire country—perhaps ten groups in all. Railways, water and telephone, public-service companies, electric light and power companies and industrials such as coal, oil, steel or textiles. Then he takes each group in turn and scrutinizes it with care, in order to select the best company for his purposes—the one which is healthy and strong and gives promise of growth and prosperity.

"But he does not stop even there. Having chosen his individual company in each group, with which he intends to enter into partnership by buying their common stock—for that's what buying common stock means, partnership, taking your share in the profits and losses of the company—the investor then studies his particular company with reference to three factors. First, has it a good management? It is estimated that three-fourths of the success of any enterprise depends upon its leadership. Second, is the company in a good healthy financial condition? And lastly, has it a good earning capacity? When he has satisfied himself on these major points, the investor is ready to buy. But here again he shows caution. For these are common stocks, and all common stocks are more or less speculative. So he risks only a small and carefully determined proportion of his money, diversifying it, so that what he loses in one group he may make up in another. And finally he assures himself by competent advice that these companies are strong enough to ride out a reaction and are worth holding for a long pull."

Farsighted Buying

"To give you a specific example of shrewd, farsighted buying in a period of depression: In 1921 a group of men bought Liberty Bonds very low; they were betting, you see, on a dead-sure certainty—the United States. Liberty Bonds went up, and the men made millions. You get the idea? Buy reliable securities upon advice when the market is low, and hold them for a rise.

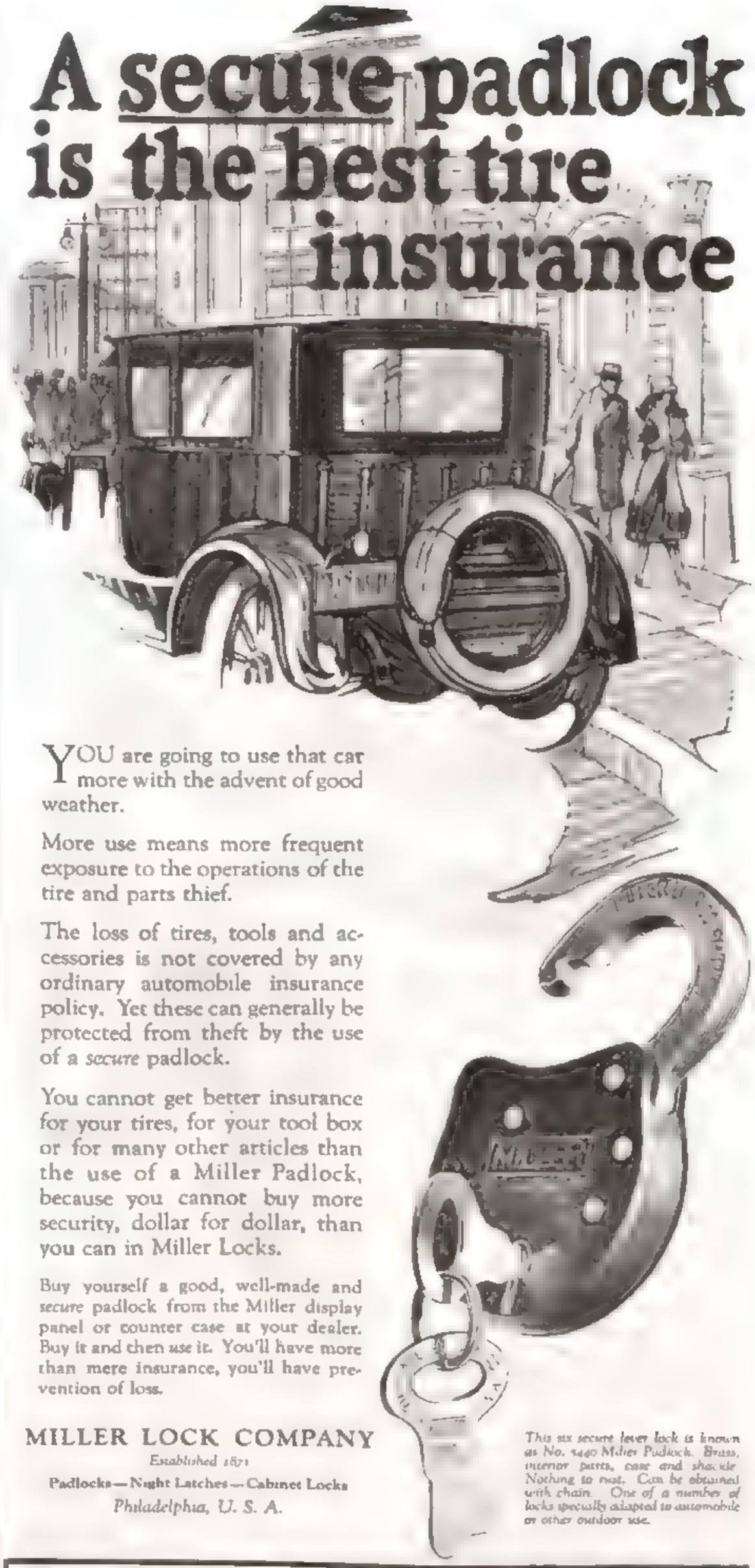
"That's one sound cause for high yields—hard times, a general depression which casts doubt upon the ability of corporations to maintain accustomed dividends. Before election, when the railroads couldn't tell what kind of socialistic legislation they might be up against if a radical Congress came in, rails were depressed; the stocks were low and the yields consequently high. But with Coolidge in the saddle and the situation more reassuring, rails began to soar. And since the election the most salient feature of the market for weeks has been the leadership of rails. Now," I added, "if you had wanted to make some money, when should you have bought rails?"

"Before election?"

"Yes, or just after, at the bottom of the market, when prices began to soar. There, you see, was a big opportunity. And men who believed that the voters of this country had too much hard common sense to elect radical leaders who would throw a monkey wrench into our present governmental machinery, and who backed up that belief in the sanity of the people by buying rails before election, cleaned up a lot of money. The late J. P. Morgan once said that no man who wasn't a bull on the United States could survive—by which he meant that no American who didn't believe in this country, in the stability and permanence of its institutions and the future of its industries, could survive as a business man. For success in business is predicated on stability in government and faith in our institutions. That is why so few socialists make outstanding business successes; they're bears on the United States; they don't believe in our present system of government or industry; they are betting that these will fail. Their attitude is like that of a man who goes into a fight betting that his opponent is a better man than he is—he's licked at the start. On the other hand, those persons who bought rails before election were bulls on the American people; they were betting that when the real showdown came at election, the voters would demonstrate their hardy common sense and heave out the radicals and troublemakers. The event proved they were right.

"Another reason why a stock may afford a high yield is because it is new, unseasoned, unknown; or it may have had bad management, now overcome but which must nevertheless be lived down. But in any or all of these cases thorough investigation beforehand is necessary in order to reveal which is a real market opportunity and which is a gold brick. If the inexperienced investor will take my advice he will let the entire field of high-yield securities strictly

A secure padlock is the best tire insurance



YOU are going to use that car more with the advent of good weather.

More use means more frequent exposure to the operations of the tire and parts thief.

The loss of tires, tools and accessories is not covered by any ordinary automobile insurance policy. Yet these can generally be protected from theft by the use of a *secure* padlock.

You cannot get better insurance for your tires, for your tool box or for many other articles than the use of a Miller Padlock, because you cannot buy more security, dollar for dollar, than you can in Miller Locks.

Buy yourself a good, well-made and *secure* padlock from the Miller display panel or counter case at your dealer. Buy it and then *use* it. You'll have more than mere insurance, you'll have prevention of loss.

MILLER LOCK COMPANY
Established 1871
Padlocks—Night Latches—Cabinet Locks
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

This six secure lever lock is known as No. 1440 Miller Padlock. Brass, interior parts, case and shackle. Nothing to rust. Can be obtained with chain. One of a number of locks specially adapted to automobile or other outdoor use.

MILLER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOCKS

Newark SHOE FOR MEN

WITH TUFHIDE SOLES

Give Double the Wear!

The greatest value at $3.50 ever produced!

Sold only in NEWARK Shoe Stores—of which there are over 400 in the United States

Order by No. 9316. Tan Goodyear welt, U. S. Army style, in the famous U. S. Army last, with soft toe, heavy damp-resisting TUFHIDE soles Man-O-War rubber heels. Soft, pliable uppers with large tongue sewed on both sides to keep out dirt and grit. $3.50

Also in Black with Hooks and Box Toe Order No. 9515

The Most Amazing Value For the Money Ever Known!

After 9 months' wear by a Baltimore Postman!

Shows the sole still not worn through.

Slit shows thickness of sole after daily wear for nine months, covering ten miles each day!

THEY DO WEAR!

The ideal shoe for Policemen, Postmen, Firemen, Street Car Men, Railroad Men, Mechanics, Truckmen, Farmers, Salesmen and men in all walks of life who are "hard" on shoes. A SHOE FOR DRESS, EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY.

SELDOM if ever in the history of shoemaking has a shoe been produced with soles so amazingly durable as those used in NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled Shoes. Even under the hardest and roughest kind of usage, where the average shoe lasts only a short time, NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled Shoes wear and wear until one begins to wonder if the soles are ever going to wear through!

Selling a shoe of such wonderful wearing quality as this for only $3.50 is a revelation in value giving on account of the extraordinary wear.

We can give you such an amazing value for $3.50 because we produce over 5 million pairs of shoes annually, and sell our entire output *direct to the public* through our own nation-wide chain of stores.

NEWARK shoes are made in all leathers that are in popular demand, and in all styles and lasts—from the sturdiest work shoe, to the smartest styles of the hour for young men.

If there isn't a NEWARK SHOE STORE in your city, we will be glad to fill your order by mail. Buy a pair NOW and experience for *yourself* the marvelous wear NEWARK *TufHide*-Soled Shoes give. Descriptive folder mailed on request.

ORDER YOUR PAIR TODAY!
Include 10 cents Parcel Post Cost

Order by No. 9150
Rich Gun Metal Oxford. New Swagger perforations. Nobby Square pinking on tip, vamp and eyelet tow. Long-wearing *Tuf-Hide* Soles. Man-O-War rubber heels.

Also in new brown tan calf. Same price

Order by No. 9341
Stylish Dark Tan Bal in the new Broad French Toe Last. Goodyear welt, long-wearing —*TufHide* Soles and Man-O-War rubber heels—snappy perforated effect between rows of stitching at $3.50

We want Field Men and Women to sell NEWARK *TUFHIDE-soled* Shoes for men wherever we have no stores. Big demand, liberal commission, fine opportunity to make money. Write for details.

Newark Shoe Stores Co.
Stores in all principal cities
General Offices:
727 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore, Md.

alone. And that" I shook my head at her—"includes you!"

"Yes, ma'am," she replied with mock gravity. She smiled, sighed, then burst out impulsively. "Look here. You know me. I—I hate all this old safety-first stuff. It cramps my style. It's not good enough. And, speaking frankly, I think you people down here run it into the ground. Anyway, my nature craves a little excitement. I must have it. Stop shaking your head at me! It's true. At the same time I don't want to lose all my money—and I don't want to put it in trust. I had some money in trust once, with a set of old grannies who treated me like the bad child in a boarding school that's always getting sent up to the principal. I was in hot water all the time. But I'd like to make a bargain with you. If I keep the broad highroad on the major proposition of safety, will you let me play a bit on the side? And teach me how?"

I studied her a moment in silence. Recklessness—yes, that was her keynote. And yet she was intelligent too.

"All right," I said finally. "I'll do it—under certain conditions."

"What?"

"That you let me know exactly how you stand—the full bill of particulars." She nodded assent. "Send me your entire list of holdings and I'll analyze it and work out an investment plan. Bonds for safety and steady income; stocks for profit and turnover; 80 per cent of your investments in bonds; 20 per cent in stocks. On that basis and no other I'll teach you how to go fishing without losing your bait and fishing line."

"Only 20 per cent in stocks? Phew!" She looked startled.

"That is right. Twenty per cent and no more of all your holdings. That means if your total par holdings amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, you might invest twenty thousand dollars in stocks, properly diversified. If your holdings amounted to ten thousand dollars, that would mean two thousand dollars in stocks, broken up in small blocks and scattered for safety through several groups. Be the holdings large or small, the fundamental principle remains the same."

She was still regarding me, wide-eyed. "But I've more than 20 per cent in stocks. I should say that it ran up to 50 or 60 per cent at the very least"

"I bet it does," I assured her cheerfully—"you being you! I'll venture your financial structure, as it stands right now, is like the leaning Tower of Pisa—clean out of plumb. That's not so dangerous in fair weather—though it's hazardous even then. But wait until a period of depression, when the big winds of adversity begin to blow, when some companies begin to pass their dividends and others go on the rocks—then mark how your financial edifice built on those shifting sands, begins to crumple and cave. And those business cycles are bound to come."

Like the Tower of Pisa

Thoughtfully she reached for her hat; thoughtfully she crowded it down over one eye, regarding me the while.

"You're trying to scare me," she stated.

I laughed. "It's the baldheaded truth—and that often scares people. But stay away if you don't believe me. Go on with your present program. Buy stocks simply because the yield is high—the riskier the better. Buy more and more. Make your financial Tower of Pisa lean and lean and lean. Throw your whole financial weight on one foot—stocks—so that the other foot—bonds—is away up in the air. Like Mademoiselle Lenglen playing tennis. You can do it! But I wouldn't like to say for how long. It's a hard pose to hold. Especially in the constantly shifting financial world. And then come back to me—at the end, say, of two years. I'd be interested to learn the state of your financial health."

"Bluffer! I'm coming down with that list tomorrow."

Laughing, she made a final grimace at me and closed the door. She'll be down!

My next client was one whose financial house I had set in order two years ago. She was investing methodically and wisely along the lines we had carefully laid down. She had dropped in to ask advice on buying stock in a certain company, new but reliable, to hold for appreciation.

"That's all right," I said, "but don't get excited if this wavers up and down a bit, and don't sell just when it's beginning to soar. You're holding it for an investment, you know, and not to take advantage of a five or ten point or twenty point rise. It's new; it's not yet so high that it's what they call a rich man's stock; so just hold on to it and watch it forge ahead."

"Tell me something," she demanded after we had settled the details. "Just exactly what do people mean when they speak of the sinister influence of Wall Street? That's the phrase they all use—sinister influence."

"Who use it?" I interrupted.

"Oh, well, politicians."

"I'm afraid you've been reading Senator ——'s recent speech in the Senate," I laughed. "He doesn't love Wall Street."

"I did! He talks—a lot of them talk—as if these sinister influences of Wall Street controlled all America as a little boy controls a toy balloon on a string, pulling it up and down at will. They imply, when they don't explicitly state, that a small corrupt group—a kind of financial Big Four—gets together down here and controls the market, pushes prices up and down on the New York Stock Exchange, squeezes industry, bosses the Government at Washington, runs the railroads, the banks, the big public-service corporations, and in fact manages the whole show. How much of that is true and how much is bunk? Do they, can they control the market, shove prices up and down? I used to believe that a little!—when I first came down here to see you. Of course I knew you were honest, personally, and you believed your firm was honest, but I thought that maybe ——"

A Grand Old Myth

"I see! You thought you were venturing into an ogre's den! I was just a little blind cog in a vast, complicated and powerful machine operated by a bunch of wicked old Bluebeards sitting up aloft with their heads together in a kind of secret star chamber, the whole world stretched out helpless beneath their scheming, avaricious old eyes; punching a button to make the market move up and down at will, grabbing off millions of poor folks' cash, skinning the public alive—horrific old dragons spouting smoke and flame and blood. And the politicians were the brave boys who were going to put the dragons out of business with their flashing swords. It's a grand myth! But not strictly original with the politicians. It was invented long ago.

"There isn't any one man or group of men powerful enough to control economic conditions and put prices up or down permanently on the New York Stock Exchange, any more than there is any one man or group of men powerful enough to control the tides of the ocean or the winds that blow round the earth."

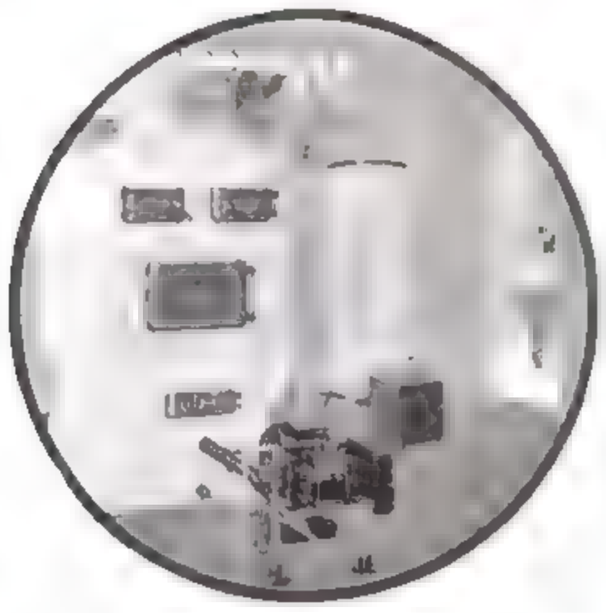
"Then what makes the market move up and down?"

"Economic conditions. Prices slump when there are wars, revolutions—or when a group of congressmen attempts to make taxes so high that rich men cache away their money in tax-exempt securities instead of investing it in business, with the result that industry, which has to be fed with a constant golden stream, withers and droops and many promising young firms die of sheer malnourishment; they slump when radical legislators set out to scuttle the present form of government and to stifle private initiative in a spider net of bureaucratic laws.

"Prices drop when crops fail and farmers are hard up; when European governments go on the warpath instead of paying their bills; or when junkers and hotheads in this country try to drag us into war—in short, business begins to waver whenever anything interferes with the stability and prosperity of the millions of people who are the units, the little drops of water, which go to make up this vast industrial sea.

"No man or group of men can control those great economic forces; all they can do is to record them; and the New York Stock Exchange, with its ticker tape, its constantly fluctuating market, now stagnant, now dropping, now soaring, is in essence a kind of ship's barometer which records the state of the economic weather in the country at large or in specific sections thereof. It records the steel weather, the rails weather, the mining weather, the foreign-governments weather, and so on. And the experts down in Wall Street, these so-called sinister influences, study that big barometer, analyze conditions and attempt to forecast the weather. At best they are good forecasters; at worst they are poor

(Continued on Page 217)



More than an Oil Burner

When a home owner buys Nokol he buys more than an oil burner. He buys an automatic heating service that ends all heating trouble and care. Seeing to it that this statement is literally true is more important to us than making sales. For when it is true, sales follow inevitably.

Four elements enter into the rendering of this service:

1. *The Nokol Mechanism.* Nokol as a mechanism is perhaps the most nearly perfect ever presented to the public. Time has proved it so basically right that in the seven years since the first Nokol was installed its design has not been altered in one essential detail. No radical improvement has been possible. Nokol is today the simplest automatic oil burner on the market. It is our belief that it furnishes the most economical heating service known. Its fuel cost is less than that of hard coal, and to the best of our knowledge less than that of any other oil burner, *regardless of the grade of fuel used.*

2. *The Nokol Dealer.* Finding dealers who can conceive and carry out the long run policy of Nokol—who can put service to the owner before sales—has been a long job. Today there are Nokol dealers in nearly every large city in the United States. They represent 7 years of careful expansion—7 years of picking and choosing.

3. *Installation.* An oil heater, unlike an automobile, is not a complete unit. It operates in conjunction with the heating plant. It is an engineering job, and its efficiency depends on the care with which the installation is made.

The Nokol Dealer is taught how to install Nokol. He knows that wherever it is installed it must give automatic heating service. If slight changes are necessary in the heating plant before Nokol is installed he makes them. He does not let down the bars merely in order to make a sale. He does not sell Nokol as a cure-all for troubles which exist in the heating plant itself. He does not recommend low grade oils incapable of rendering automatic service. The result is that wherever Nokol is installed it *does* render automatic service. In over 20,000 homes it *has* ended heating trouble and care.

4. *Service.* The record of service calls at our various dealers is remarkably clean—lower, we believe, than that of any mechanical device used in the home. Yet the service department is one of the most important in the Nokol Dealer's business. *When service is needed it is immediately available.*

On these policies the success of Nokol has been built. On these same policies Nokol will continue to build. The creation of an organization capable of carrying them out to the letter has not been a matter of weeks or months, but of years of actual experience in the field.

Nokol is tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories, a division of the National Board of Fire Underwriters maintained to pass on the safety of devices that may affect fire hazard. This means that in their opinion Nokol is non-hazardous. Look for their listing on any device you put into your home.

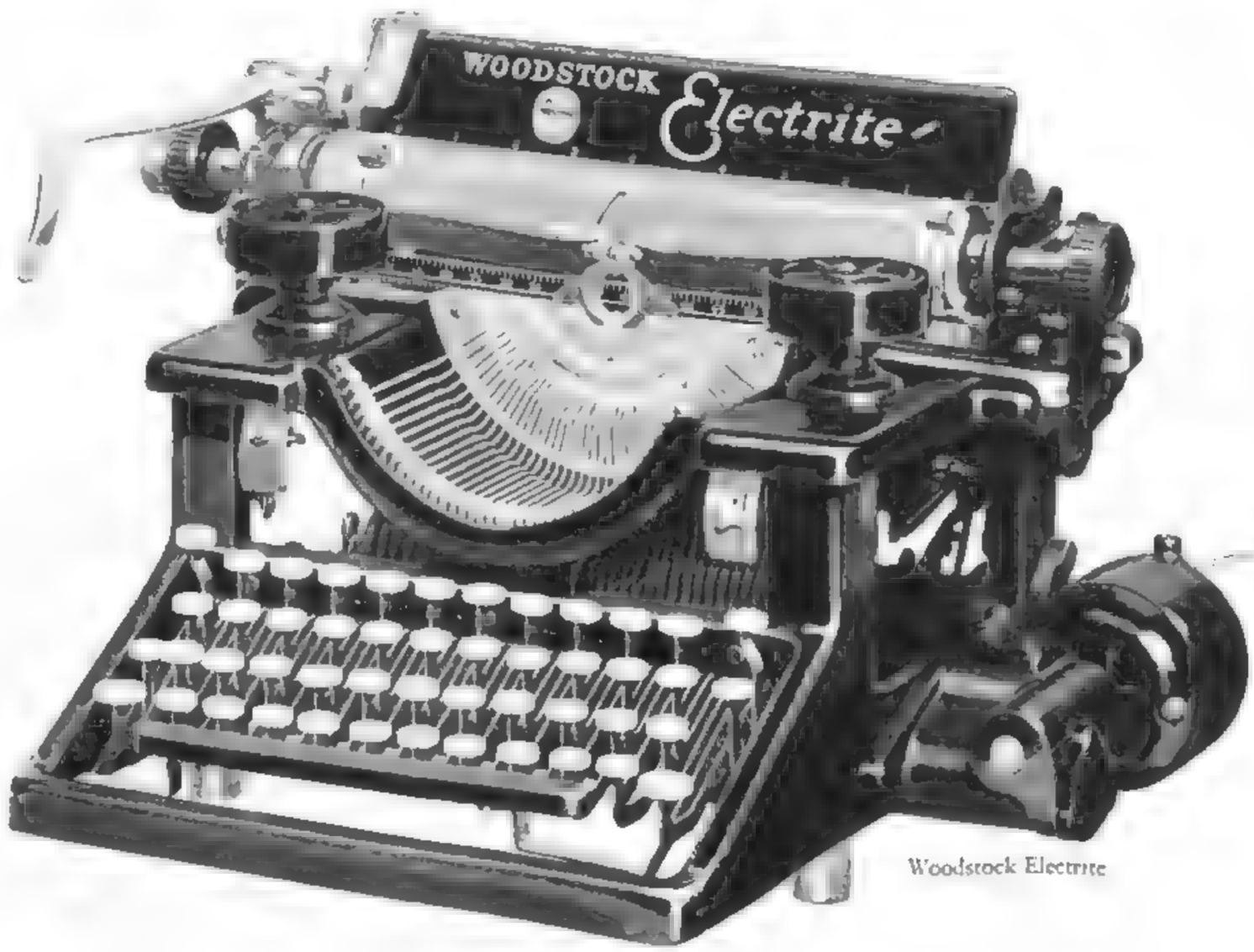
AMERICAN NOKOL COMPANY · 215 North Michigan Avenue · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NO COAL

NOKOL

Automatic Oil Heating for Homes

Nokol burns oil in your present home heating plant. It can be installed in a few hours without interrupting your heating service



Woodstock Electrite

Electricity means better work
—*and more of it!*

It's a sensation you won't quickly forget the first time your fingers glide over the hair-trigger keyboard of this electric typewriter.

The faintest suggestion of a touch engages the motor and electricity does the rest.

Every stroke has exactly the same speed and pressure; every impression is exactly alike.

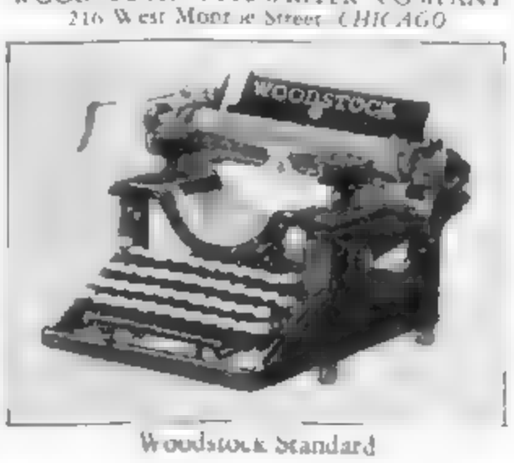
The result is typewriting unbelievably uniform—as smooth and even as the best printing could be—and stenographers who are not fagged out before the day is over.

For the Woodstock Electrite eliminates fatigue that follows the steady tap-tap-tap of the ordinary machine. And speeds up your output immensely.

The Woodstock Electrite is a standard typewriter in every way—standard in size, standard in structure, standard keyboard. It is just another step in the development of the standard Woodstock Typewriter which has been making its mark in the commercial world for years and is now regarded by those who know as the finest typewriter made.

Write today for booklet and details about the standard Woodstock and the Woodstock Electrite. It's information that every business man, typist and stenographer ought to have

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY
216 West Monroe Street CHICAGO



Woodstock Standard

WOODSTOCK *Electrite*

THE *MODERN* TYPEWRITER
POWERED BY ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 214)

forecasters; and all, good and bad, are liable to error, as is any weather man who deals with great invisible forces flowing around the world. Some of them get to be fairly good mariners, and through constant experience learn how to shape their course so as to take advantage of favoring winds and tides and to scud out of the track of an approaching storm. And that's about what this black magic sums up to—an ability to read weather signs and to plan accordingly.

"Let us take a specific example of how these economic forces work. Take the great upward swing of the market after Coolidge's election. What caused such a great general demonstration of financial enthusiasm which then broke loose? Were corrupt and sinister influences pushing buttons to produce artificially that stupendous tidal wave in which practically all the big industrial groups were involved? Only a moron could believe such bunk. Great world-wide and country-wide economic forces were in motion, moving inevitably toward prosperity. Let me quote from one of these expert forecasters of the economic weather.

"'It may be safely asserted,' he says, 'that even before the election, the elements which go to make up a sound substratum for expanding American prosperity were in existence in a shape and on a scale which had not been since wartime.' He names, then, some of these economic factors. 'It is easy to sum up these considerations. Everybody knows what they were'—save, of course, the politicians with their bogy jack-o'-lanterns! 'They included an exceptionally strong banking and credit situation; extraordinary and wholly unpredicted agricultural results which had transformed an impoverished West into a rich producing district and had changed a deadlocked textile trade into a going industry; a transportation industry which had now got its feet on solid ground and could read the future confidently'—he means now that socialistic theories of government ownership of railroads is in the discard—'the political and economic settlement in Europe which had healed the three years' running sore in that part of the financial organism'—referring, of course, to the Dawes Plan—'and, back of all, American retailers and consumers with more money than goods on hand and therefore in a condition to buy freely when confidence in the future should be restored."

Why the Market Rose

"There you have a glimpse of the various complicated economic factors moving toward general prosperity—but moving slowly and held in check before the election by the uncertainty lest the people might, after all, elect a radical government which would spill the economic beans. But the people didn't; they showed common sense, for they realized, to a much greater extent than the politicians gave them credit for, how closely business prosperity is tied up with government stability. Accordingly, when this stability was assured by the elections, the market began to soar. And it soared not because any Wall Street wizards touched the button, but because the whole great business public went over the top.

"So never mind the politicians; they don't provide your bread and butter; you provide theirs; and that jack-o'-lantern bogy business is old, old stuff. Demonology tricked out in modern guise."

My next client came to see me in behalf of her aunt, a woman of small means and a still smaller brainpan, it appeared—living in a country town, who had lost several thousand dollars through the machinations of a high-pressure stock salesman, one of those modern bloodsuckers who fatten on ignorance, credulity and greed. These cases are becoming as frequent as automobile accidents. And I have yet to hear, even when the rogues were caught, of a single instance in which the victim got his money back. This particular victim, it seems, had resisted—a little. At least she had not been milked dry all at once; it required two operations. The stock salesman had breezed into town with her name on his sucker list, called, ostensibly to inquire about some real estate, and in the course of conversation asked her if she were in a position to grab a fine opportunity if it came her way. The woman looked dubious. "I mean," he continued, "have you two or three hundred dollars you could lay your hands on today if you wanted to?"

"Right there," I put in, "is where she made her initial mistake. What she should have replied at that juncture was a brief, emphatic 'No!' If he persisted and questioned, 'What? No money? Well, then, perhaps you have some securities?' she should have repeated, 'No! No cash, no bonds, no stocks, mortgages or wealth of any kind. I'm a poor woman and I'm suing my husband for nonsupport. I live in a rented house and I hate to see the first of the month come around for fear of being dispossessed. Could you lend me twenty dollars to help pay my rent? It would be a godsend.' That's the idea, you see—start a brisk counter attack and get them out of the house."

This unfortunate woman, however, admitted she had some money in the bank—but she explained that she usually consulted her banker before making investments.

"What!" exclaimed the stock salesman. "Can't you spend your money as you please? Do you have to get permission from your banker every time you take some out? Well, whose money is it, anyhow? Of course he'll advise you to leave it in! Will a dog give up a bone? He's coining money hand over fist on just such women as you; he gives you a paltry 3 or 4 per cent interest, and then he turns around and invests your cash at 10 and 15 per cent. Huh. That's a fine kind of adviser! By the way, what's his name? I sold a banker some of this stock yesterday—but on the quiet, you see. He didn't want it to get around."

The Fly and the Spider

Unsuspectingly the woman gave the banker's name.

"Sure! That's the man! He took a hundred shares! I guess if the proposition is good enough for him it's good enough for you."

So the poor fly walked into the spider's web and he pulled off her wings one by one. First she bought twenty-two hundred dollars' worth of securities. Then, a few days later, he called again and suggested she purchase some more while the price was still low. Having discovered she had three thousand dollars in valuable railway bonds bought at par, he agreed as a great personal favor to take them—telling her they had depreciated in value—at nine hundred dollars each, a total of twenty-seven hundred dollars. At the same time he learned that the poor struggling fly had a small deposit, amounting to about a thousand dollars, in a building-and-loan association. He took her railway bonds, sold them, and returning the next morning explained that as he had been able to obtain only six hundred dollars apiece on them, a total of eighteen hundred dollars, she therefore still owed him nine hundred dollars, and demanded her building-and-loan deposit to make up the deficit. So menacing was his attitude—he threatened to have her thrown into jail for taking his valuable securities on false pretenses and palming off in return those deteriorated railway bonds!—that the poor, terrified creature, her wits in a maze, made haste to hand over to him her deposit in the building-and-loan association.

After which, she went to her banker!

"Is there nothing we can do?" implored the niece, finishing the sorry tale.

I shook my head. "Of course you can turn over the case for prosecution—but you must first catch your hare. And that won't bring back your aunt's money. That's gone. What the public must realize is that stock peddled from door to door is usually not worth the paper it's printed upon. If people will buy it, without investigation, without taking expert advice, they must simply pay for their ignorance through the nose. Fools will be fools—and not all the protective laws on earth can save them from disaster. Why did your aunt trust that stranger before she trusted her own banker? Why didn't she, at least, check up his statements before she handed over her fortune? No, I can't help her; but I'd like to broadcast her story by radio and tell all the investing public to stay on the air, for among these same radio fans are thousands who will be victimized in a like brutal fashion before the year is up."

"But about my aunt—you can't help her?"

"No. I can't provide her with common sense." But the last comment I did not make aloud.

"And she won't get her money back?"

I shook my head.

"You haven't any suggestion at all to offer?" She pressed her hands together in

Attractive, Healthy Men and Women
—*know the value of Internal Cleanliness*

THOSE whom we all admire—for their good looks and energetic health—are the men and women who keep themselves fit: not merely free from sickness, but abundantly and vigorously well. The spirit of youth lives in them.

To have good looks and perfect health you must preserve internal cleanliness. Lack of internal cleanliness—faulty elimination—is often the cause of sallowness and unsightly skin blemishes. And intestinal specialists have found that a clogged intestinal system creates poisons which are responsible for more than 75% of human ailments. In fact, says the Health Commissioner of one of our largest cities, not only serious bodily diseases but many nervous and mental ills are founded on clogged intestines.

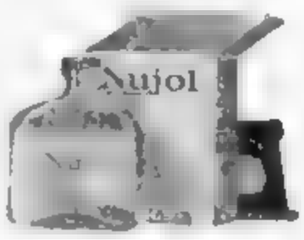
Too many people are miserable, he states, due to this condition. They are too tired to begin the day, nervous, gloomy and apprehensive. In time the continual absorption of poisons from sluggish intestines may cause the breakdown of the entire system and the early waning of youth.

You can prevent illness and add immeasurably to your health and good looks by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, softens the food waste, thus hastening its passage through the intestines.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome intestinal clogging, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury. Nujol is not a laxative or medicine and cannot cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used by leading hospitals all over the world.

Keep healthy by adopting the habit of internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists. Made by the Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health.



Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 831-U, 7 Hanover Sq., N. Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name .....

Address .....

Any shoe
is a better shoe
if it's made with
BARBOURWELT

250 manufacturers are now making shoes with *Barbourwelt*. The list reads like a "Who's Who" of the best-known shoemakers in America.

They have made their new Barbour *Dresswelt* models for spring in many different styles. You will find them wherever good shoes are sold.

Barbourwelt does a double job in making good shoes better. Built into the inseam, clinched tight against the upper, *Barbourwelt* shuts out moisture and helps to hold the shoe in shape. Its solid sole-leather rib is a vital protection against the natural tendency to "tread over" and distort the lines of a shoe that is made in light-weight leather for spring and summer wear.

Ask to see the new Barbour *Dresswelt* styles of whatever make of shoes you usually buy.

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY
Manufacturers of
High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years
BROCKTON, MASS.

Nothing takes the place of leather

BARBOUR
"DRESSWELT"
adds a style and finish of its own to this finely made Russia calf oxford.

BARBOURWELT
"STORMWELT" *for winter* • "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

sudden emotion. "You see, I—we—my mother will have to make up the deficit. And it's going to be hard ——"

I had already guessed as much. That is the tragic part of such situations; the innocent, the sturdy, the intelligent and reliable members of society are always the ones who foot the bills when the weak make fools of themselves. By her anxiety, by a certain vibration of her voice, a trembling of her lips, I surmised that this disaster spelled stressful times ahead for them all. Her eyes still clung to mine.

I shook my head. "There's nothing to be done," I repeated "The horse has been stolen from the stable. If I were to give you any advice it would be simply this: Don't let your family repeat that error. Always investigate."

She left me then, and I know she thought I was hard. Hard because I could not undo what was done, and get back what had been lost through a lack of plain common sense

There is no doubt that a big boom in worthless securities and fake promotion schemes is on its way, following the recent upward swing of the market. A wave of swindling operations has been predicted in legitimate investment circles, and the New York Stock Exchange has warned all investors, large and small, to be on their guard. Partly this wave is due to the business revival with its consequent increase in investment and speculation, and partly it is due to the operation of the income-tax-publicity laws. New sucker lists have already been compiled from the published income-tax payments by crooked brokers and investment sharks, who are now swarming like locusts over the land.

A client of mine, Mrs. B——, vice president of a large and flourishing public-service corporation, recently encountered one of these high-pressure stock salesmen, who, armed with her tax-income payment copied from the newspaper, had forced his way into her apartment, getting around the maid with the fiction of an important business engagement. It took Mrs. B—— several minutes to discover what type of animal her visitor was, for he adroitly evaded direct questions, fetched a wide compass and then began to pour out a flood of his special patter which looked, Mrs. B—— declared, laughing, as if it might keep up forty days and nights without a pause.

Having Fun With a Salesman

Already in possession of the essential data concerning her income, he did not have to assure himself on that head, and his eloquence rolled on and on. Mrs. B—— listened enthusiastically. She confided to me later that the man's patter fascinated her; it was like watching a conjurer produce a rabbit out of his hat. Finally, however, she tossed a question on the flood tide of his patter which abruptly checked the stream.

"Who do you think I am?" she asked, smiling broadly.

He stared at her. "You're Mrs. B——."

Still smiling, she shook her head and lied, "Oh, no; Mrs. B—— is a connection of mine; I'm just visiting here. A kind of poor relation, so to speak. I come to the city about once a year and Mrs. B—— takes me in; otherwise I couldn't afford the expense. But go on, please! This is so interesting!"

The salesman glared at her, then rose. His time was too precious to fool away on false leads.

"How did you get my friend's name?" inquired Mrs. B—— genially.

He growled out something about his lists being given him by his superiors which probably was true.

"I thought," said Mrs. B——, "you might have got it from the published tax returns. I read them myself just in order to see how rich my friends were!"

He glanced at her with a certain shrewd approval.

"So did I," he confided with a grin. "And not only my friends, either. The honest truth is, publication of those returns was a godsend to us stock salesmen."

"How?"

"Well, you see it's this way: Appearances are deceiving. It's hard to tell a rich man from a poor one by his looks. Some put everything they make on their backs, and some lock everything away. I might be going to see a rich man in his office and on my way brush past a shabby little bird who could buy out the other fellow a hundred times. And how am I to tell? Now, since this law came in, we don't have to waste so much time on bum leads. We just look up the tax returns and hit the trail."

Just by Accident

"I see," murmured Mrs. B——. "I never thought of that angle before."

"You don't have to think, sister," he grinned jovially. "That's our job. All you have to do is to sign on the dotted line. But we've got the straight dope on the rich birds now; the law helped us out there; our next problem is to fix some way to get inside their offices."

"Maybe the congressmen will help you out again," suggested Mrs. B—— ironically. "They might pass a law making it compulsory for all rich men to keep open office once a week and listen to your plans."

"Not a chance!" said the man seriously. "Those birds down in Washington weren't even thinking of us stock salesmen when they made that law. We just got in on it by accident, so to speak."

Just so. And now, having got in on this hasty and ill-judged piece of legislation by accident, so to speak, these plausible grafters are making hay while the sun shines. Nor is it practicable to protect the public against them by piling up more legislation. We have plenty of protective laws right now. And, important as they are for the punishment of swindlers, they cannot restore the lost money to the victim, nor make good the damage which the entire fabric of the business world sustains when its standards are lowered by crooks and confidence men. The cure for the present situation is not more legislation—but more education. And the first primer lessons of that education which the people must learn are those of self-protection and simple common sense.

But they won't! Not until after they've been stung.

Mount Seattle, Olympic Mountains, Washington

As tiresome as walking on ice

Driving on slick streets without Weed Chains

IT'S just *like* walking on ice. The rainy day driver can't tell when he'll slip any more than a boy on an icy sidewalk

The result is tensed muscles, fagged nerves, a constant strain that wears him out

Is it any wonder tempers are short on rainy days?—nervous energy gone, so work suffers.

And it's all so useless—this hard work, this nervous strain to prevent dangerous accidents. A moment's time will stop it—a moment spent in putting on WEED CHAINS—time you'll make up quickly when you find WEEDS give you your usual ease and confidence.

Equip your car with WEEDS today—so you'll have them next time you need them For all tires—including balloons, of course. At good dealers' everywhere

Insist on genuine, erst ra! WEED *Chains. Insist a* WEED *your dealer for repl the kind that ar quickly put on* WEED *places to free* WEED

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY *Inc.*

BRIDGEPORT / CONNECTICUT

IN CANADA
Dominion Chain Co., Limited, *Niagara Falls, Ont*

DISTRICT SALES OFFICES
Boston, New York, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh

World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

"You can put them on in a moment"

A PRODUCT OF THE
American Chain Company, Inc
in business for *your* SAFETY

Strengthening The Staff of Life

Julius Fleischmann

President, The Fleischmann Company

TO aid in making more wholesome bread—and so strengthening "The Staff of Life"—is to render enduring service to humanity.

That Fleischmann's Yeast is known and used throughout the world is tribute alike to its quality and to the directing genius that makes and markets it.

Naturally, then, you find

The Easy Writing

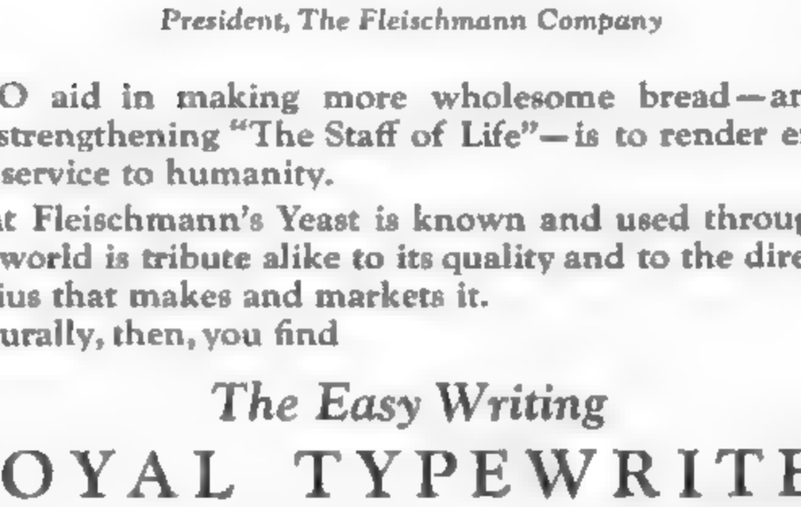
ROYAL TYPEWRITER

standard equipment in the offices of The Fleischmann Company, operating 22 large district offices and 1,000 distributing stations in this country—the logical choice of that business acumen which has built the company. For in maintaining and upbuilding the efficient service of a vast organization the best in personnel and equipment is essential.

The Easy Writing Royal Typewriter is the latest and finest contribution of science to the speeding-up of accurate, perfect business correspondence.

To great modern business the Easy Writing Royal Typewriter brings heightened efficiency through definite mechanical superiority in speed, accuracy and ease.

It completes the efficient equipment of the modern office.



ROYAL

Trade Mark

TYPEWRITERS

"Compare the Work"

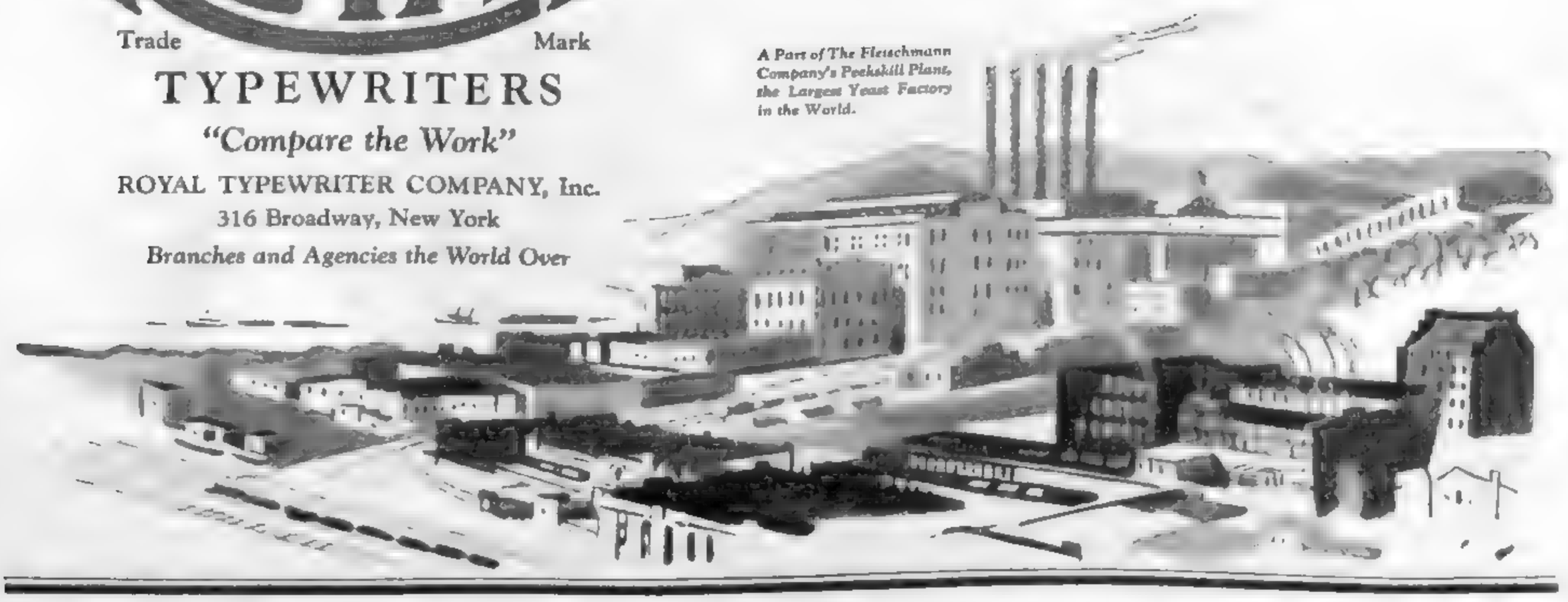
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

316 Broadway, New York

Branches and Agencies the World Over

JULIUS FLEISCHMANN

PRESIDENT, THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY



A Part of The Fleischmann Company's Peekskill Plant, the Largest Yeast Factory in the World.

POLITICS IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 22

So Miss Lacey said to the buyer, a married man and a father, with the sentiment of a spud, "I've a notion to tell little Key that you don't want every mirror returned. She has had three brought back this morning. Did she ever sell anywhere before?"

The buyer had noticed mirrors being returned, and now he also remembered that someone—who was it?—had reported Miss Key for swearing. He might as well let her go without wasting any more time on her training. It is not too difficult for an old-timer to discredit a new employe. But Miss Key was not the only rift in the lute. A series of pretty little package wrappers proved of considerable annoyance. Mr. Vernon was much too willing to lift boxes for them, or to hand them twine or tissue or to present a wrapped parcel to a customer.

Miss Lacey knew her Hoyle. She realized that young wrappers were employed to wrap and not to gossip. So she sent stock boys on numerous errands to the wrapping stalls with such frequency that every time the superintendent passed through the section he saw the girls chatting. To make assurance doubly sure, a couple of bottles of perfume were found nesting in their sales slips on the wrapping counters before the store was opened. This could have but one meaning. The articles were left unwrapped by negligent little wrappers. For this breach there are no extenuating circumstances, since customers who do not receive merchandise promptly may become lost customers. The question of the little wrappers was thus satisfactorily settled. I had an almost irresistible urge to march into the superintendent's office and say:

"Skip the good morning and listen to me. As long as you feel you require Miss Lacey in toilet goods, send only wallflowers and the-face-that-stopped-the-clock as replacements. She makes a spectacle of herself on account of Mr. Vernon and she is jealous of everyone who is young or pretty. She raises continual sand down there and causes no end of disturbance."

The only deterrent to this philanthropic impulse was a picture of the superintendent settling his glasses more firmly on his nose and replying, "Are you sure that you are not actuated by personal motives? Mr. Vernon is a very personable young man and - "

I knew that at that stage I would crash a chair over his head, thus ending my business career, if not my outside-of-jail existence. It was without regret that I left the Laceys and Browns for further experience in my new position.

Too Good to be True

I found a very different spirit in the second establishment. Everyone was talking about morale and loyalty and courtesy and enthusiasm. Even the buyer summoned us all to his office one evening after the last customer had departed and spoke of our individual importance to the firm and the need for our continued splendid cooperation. He concluded with these words:

"I want every one of you to feel a sense of my personal dependence. You are close to the public and consequently close to the needs of the department. I am not so fortunate. I am compelled by the exigencies of the business to be absent at the busiest times, engaged as I am in buying merchandise for you to sell. When you and when I say 'you' I mean everyone from the senior assistant buyer to the youngest salesman—when you see any way in which the department might be improved, I want you to submit the suggestion in writing to me. It might refer to the kind of stock in the department or to the general display or to a scheme for higher sales. Whatever it is, let me have it."

My eyes swept the thirty-odd men and women near me, looking for one to start the applause. I saw stolid faces and expressionless eyes and stiff bodies, waiting woodenly for the conclusion. A wave of disappointment engulfed me, as I, too, turned to leave. And then I saw the new man, Mr. Omer. His eyes were alight with interest.

"Great stuff," he said approvingly. "I thought the place would be a postwar filler to serve me while I did a bit of looking around. But I am not so sure. With a man like this as my chief, I may find outlet for my ambition right here. What do you think?"

Perversely enough, his words, instead of doubling my enthusiasm, had a cooling effect.

"What do I think?" I repeated. "It is rather early to decide. I have been wondering whether those others are dull clods or merely wise babies. That buyer seems too good to be true."

He was. But it was Mr. Omer who staged the demonstration. He, with youthful vim, studied draperies as if he were preparing for a college entrance examination. He showed an untiring interest in even the stodgiest, most unprofitable customers. He kept his weather eye open for possible improvements in the department—and he got an eyeful. He showed me his first list of suggestions. It looked like the stenographer's report of an involved murder trial. I scanned Page One.

Smart, But Dangerous

"Let me take this home," I suggested. "I would not have time to read it all before closing time."

In the privacy of my own room that night, I conned the improvements that lurked as advisable possibilities in the brain of Mr. Omer. It was good reading:

"1. I would have Miss Anott and Miss Bean at different counters. They are unsympathetic toward each other and they squabble before customers.

"2. I would let every salesman have a half-hour for recreation in the middle of the afternoon. This could be arranged by a simple relief system and would more than double the efficiency of the department as a whole

"3. I would put Miss Geyle or someone else with fair hair in the velvets, because a blonde is a better foil for dark, rich materials.

"4. I would not display brocades and voiles so close together. The brocades make the voiles look cheap and the voiles make the brocades look clumsy and heavy.

"5. Many customers ask for a medium-priced hanging. We seem to be well stocked in the costly and in the inexpensive goods. It might be advisable to consider a wider range of the moderately priced. This is only a personal opinion.

"6. Our measuring machines are out of date and cut from one to two inches over or under measurement. This is an important item if the material is twenty or thirty dollars a yard." And so on.

He had the department sized to a T, but the ice seemed thin to me.

"I would not let a buyer have any such document with my name attached," I told him the next day. "He may thirst for assistance, but I would never release a philippic like this. No one has escaped—sales persons, decorators, the supply department and even the buyer himself. You'd better temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

"But there is nothing personal in this paper," he protested. "I am not blaming or praising anyone. I have given the whole matter careful thought, and you read the result."

"When I spoke of the shorn lamb, I meant you," I elucidated gently. "I thought you might want to spare not others but yourself. Of course, your ideas are clever. If you can sell them, I am for you."

In this case I stood alone. Through some mischance or miscarriage everyone in the department either read or heard the contents of the Omer declaration. No one put poison in his soup, because no one knew how to obtain the poison. But a Gila monster would have been more kindly received. He for his part carried his ill usage as a wrongly accused knight, awaiting his opportunity to demonstrate his innocence in the wager of battle. But his eyes, as well as those of everyone else in the department, were fixed upon Gilton, the buyer. His first acknowledgement was terse.

"I have your remarkable communication on my desk, Mr. Omer," was all that he said. Yet everyone seemed satisfied.

"That is Mr. Omer's death knell," whispered Miss Anott to me. "And it serves him right. Mr. Gilton doubtless has his points. But he hates people to criticize him or his department. I think it takes a nerve myself."

I did not debate the buyer's qualities, but I did wait with curious detachment to

The Alliance Agent

often lowers the cost of one's fire protection

WITHOUT affecting the extent or value of the insurance, the Alliance Agent often is able to reduce premiums. This he accomplishes by more accurate classification, or by detecting easily corrected conditions that materially increase hazards.

Fire Insurance rates are calculated in the light of long and varied experience. And they are made as equitable as is humanly possible.

The rate of premium paid is proportionate to the probabilities of fire damage, based on the evident hazards involved. The principle being that each insured property shall pay its proper share, according to the individual circumstances.

Sometimes, owners of properties on which insurance has been taken without expert advice pay too much for their insurance.

Consult with the Alliance Agent regarding protection as you would with your banker about finance.

ALLIANCE Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia

Scours like a scrub-brush

~where a scrub-brush won't reach

Bath tub bright and shiny—kitchen sink spick and span—but what about the drains, where your scrub-brush wouldn't reach?

Drāno will clean them out—give them a thorough scrubbing—purify them—sterilize them.

Just pour in Drāno—add water according to directions on the can. Watch it bubble and boil—as it dissolves grease, hair, lint and soapy refuse. It's a regular scrub-brush in powder form. Now flush out with water, and—swoosh—the drain is free-flowing, clean and sanitary. There's nothing like Drāno for opening clogged drains and keeping them open.

Housewives everywhere use Drāno regularly to prevent drain stoppages in bathroom, kitchen and laundry. Use it every week—save plumbing bills and the nuisance of slow-moving drains.

And remember—Drāno *positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full sized can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains

25¢

Barber shops and beauty shops use Drāno to keep drains free-flowing—for Drāno dissolves hair and soapy waste.

Restaurants, apartment houses, hotels and office buildings use Drāno regularly to keep drains open and prevent expensive stoppages.

see the fate of Mr. Omer. I was all the more interested, because his verve and dash had attracted favorable attention from two members of the management as well as from several other sections. But for three weeks the work of the day followed its usual routine, and then the semi-annual sale of draperies arrived. It was heralded by the arrival of large quantities of specially priced stock, by feverish consultations among the division decorators and by detailed reminiscences on the part of the salesmen that covered the previous sales as to peak days, heavy-buying customers, noteworthy incidents and commissions earned. The department was astir with new life. Everyone begrudged a minute's absence from customers. I was so pleasantly rushed that I did not miss Mr. Omer for more than a week. Then quite suddenly I realized that I had not talked with him for days. I referred myself to the local news center, Miss Anott.

"Oh, Omer," she said with a superior smile. "Yes, he is here all right. But he is so busy putting price tags on goods that he scarcely has time to sell. Too bad, isn't it, for him to be behind the scenes when he loves the spotlight so well?"

"I thought that everyone took turns in marking stock, three hours at a time."

"They do," was her answer. "But Omer is such a glutton for work that Mr. Gilton has to keep him occupied."

At the end of the month there was a general résumé of the results of the sale, and at the same time the three salesmen who had made the lowest totals in selling were automatically released. So Mr. Omer left, with his record the lowest of all.

I had learned from him how not to conduct myself. But, like him, I had seen many opportunities for department improvement. Yet, unlike him, I had an elementary understanding of the manner in which human wheels go round. And I knew that Mr. Gilton's required a bit of oiling. By dint of a series of carefully planned but apparently casual conversations, Mr. Gilton presently came to me with a suggestion that I had taken six weeks to implant in his mind. I hailed it with such enthusiasm and joy—why not, since it was my own?—that he intrusted me with the details of its adjustment. Other conversations brought other suggestions, until, in the fullness of time—and not too much time, at that—I found myself a head of stock in full charge of voiles and scrims.

I had scarcely opportunity to acclimate myself to the duties and responsibilities before another store offered me a position as assistant buyer, which I accepted.

A Frontal Attack

The new organization was a women's shop, although the personnel was by no means limited to women. Of the forty buyers, twenty-seven were men, while thirty-two of the hundred-odd assistant buyers were likewise men. My activities were limited to the gowns, which section was controlled by a buyer and four assistants, three other women and myself. The buyer, Mr. Rood, was a pompous individual who ruled the department with an autocratic hand. His assistants were all in awe of him and in deathly fear of a temper which they had never seen unleashed. I caught a hint of this my second morning. Mr. Rood was pacing the aisle when he passed near me. I called him.

"I can't find our secret mark on this gown," I said. "I thought it was either below the collar or belt."

His glance held a note of surprise, but he took the frock from my hands and quickly found for me the letters I had been seeking.

"How easy after one knows," I murmured.

"Yes," he answered, with a slight smile, as he continued his morning exercise.

But without being psychic, I had felt something amiss. I saw Miss Roke and Mrs. Noltan, two of my associates, in the offing, making cabalistic signs to me. And as soon as Mr. Rood had passed beyond hearing distance, they bore down upon me.

"You were lucky not to have yourself dismissed," said Mrs. Noltan.

"I have just come," I replied a bit sharply. "And I fancy that I will have a tryout before anyone talks dismissal."

"But you don't know Mr. Rood," explained Miss Roke. "When he treks around like this, he is wearing off a grouch, and he does not want to be annoyed. Besides, he does not expect anyone to address him unless he opens the conversation."

"Do you mean that a person cannot talk to our buyer until he has signified his royal approval? How charming!"

The two exchanged annoyed glances. But I left them and crossed again to Mr. Rood, who was nearing the imported frocks.

"Sometime today when you are not busy," I halted him, "I wish you would tell me a little about the foreign market in gowns."

He gave me a straight look before he answered, "I will tell Miss Roke to go into the details. She is as well informed as I and far more patient."

"I don't require patience," I replied steadily. "I have a quick mind and I already know something about the gowns. When I learn more, I want it to be from an expert. I will await your leisure."

I knew that I would not remain in a position that had a king-in-Babylon-Christian-slave complication and I intended to make my point clear at the beginning. So I smiled at Mr. Rood, but my eyes held pure determination. He laughed lightly.

"I don't know how good a teacher I am, but suppose we start now."

But if I had gained a friend in the buyer, I had lost ground with the assistants. At a table in the lunch room I overheard a brisk discussion.

The persons were as unknown to me as I to them, but their words interested me.

Interference

The first said, "Yes, she just tossed her head and said, 'If I want any advice from you, Miss Roke, I will send for you. I would have you know that I am a friend of Mr. Rood.'"

"And then what happened?" asked the second.

"Oh, she walked over to Mr. Rood and he put his hand on her shoulder and said, 'My dear, I hope you like your work with us.' Of course, it is all cut and dried."

"It is," I interrupted. "But as I am the person about whom you are talking, I shall be glad to enlighten you."

I had had very little traffic with the third assistant, Miss Enders, but I knew within the first seven days that the three were as jealous of one another as they were of me. A nice situation! Their activities covered three vantages—they endeavored to ingratiate themselves with the sales persons, they tried to gain special favor in the eyes of Mr. Rood and they essayed to discredit one another before both the sales and the buyer. We assistants had about seven persons selling under each one of us; they were pretty well lined up on the side of their particular assistant. One morning Number 18, one of my little salesgirls, came to me.

"Will you O. K. this transaction for me?" she asked. "Mrs. Micher was in yesterday afternoon."

Mrs. Micher is one of the best of customers who always insists upon having her merchandise delivered within two hours after purchase. She buys in such satisfying quantities that the house is willing to make that concession. But there is always required a special pass by a buyer or his representative to permit the messenger boy to leave with the package. I looked at the sales slips and saw my name had been signed.

"Who did this?" I asked angrily.

"I," faltered little 18. "I went to Miss Enders and she would not pass it. And Mr. Rood was out, and Mrs. Noltan and Miss Roke both said to tell Mr. Rood that you were away when you were needed most. So I did not want to lose the sale and I signed it myself."

"My dear child"—and I put my arm around her—"never do such a thing again. But I am obliged to you and I will certainly countersign this slip."

I walked into Mr. Rood's office. Omitting the part that the other assistants had had in the transaction, I told him of Mrs. Micher's visit in my absence on his own buying commission and of Number 18's panic and the result. I made the case so strong that he immediately forgave the indiscretion; but he added, "I heard that you were letting anyone sign your name. I guess this was the case in mind."

"It must be, since it is the only one."

But there was other interference. I had found it a custom for the sales people to trail customers from the moment they entered the shop until they left. I had been present myself when an exasperated customer had shouted, "I will never come into this section again. I have been asked

(Continued on Page 225)

Two Minutes a Day keeps a cold away

You guard your teeth— why not your nose and throat?

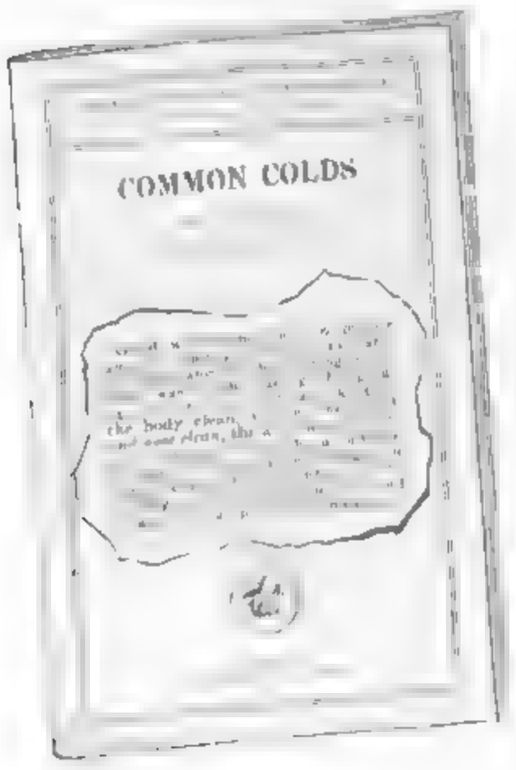
DO you catch cold easily? Do slight throat irritations make you cough frequently? Are you sometimes troubled with sore throat? Strengthen the tissues of your nose, your mouth, your throat. Regular, systematic care—easily and quickly given—will do it. Put Glyco-Thymoline diluted with water in an atomizer. Spray this solution up into your nose morning and evening. Spray your mouth and your throat also. Inhale as you spray. The taste is extremely pleasant, the after effect soothing and freshening. For years, physicians have recommended Glyco-Thymoline for the relief of colds; it is also a preventive.

IN the tissues of your nose, mouth and throat there are countless tiny channels, or blood-vessels. Your blood flows through these passages, just as traffic would through a vast network of streets and avenues. But there are weak spots in the system. A famous doctor says that almost everybody has them. They slow up circulation, just as a bad spot in the pavement slows up traffic. They are the spots that germs attack. They are the spots that suffer from exposure. They are the spots that are at once affected by the air of badly heated and ventilated rooms. Nature's remedy is to rush to the spot an extra quantity of blood—to clear away the congestion. Sometimes this succeeds; but when it doesn't, that extra blood remains to make the congestion worse. Traffic is blocked; your blood doesn't circulate as it should; inflammation sets in, and you ask yourself, "How did I get this cold?" Glyco-Thymoline prevents colds because it unlocks traffic, relieves the clogged-up blood vessels so that the blood circulates more freely. Thus, it helps Nature work.

Your Throat

The air you breathe, the food you eat, practically everything that enters your [illegible] must enter here. It is lined with sensitive tissues that must resist conditions that Nature did not count upon [illegible] air, [illegible] charged with the fumes of burnt gasoline, and molten food. Glyco-Thymoline gives Nature the aid she needs.

Read below what the United States Public Health Service says about keeping the mouth and nose clean as a protective measure against the common cold



Your Mouth

It is one of the most sensitive, yet most neglected, parts of your body. Glyco-Thymoline keeps it clean, neutralizes acidity, gives your mouth a fresh, healthy feeling, and strengthens the tissues of cheeks and gums by stimulating the circulation.

Your Nose

Through this sensitive corridor the air you must have enters your body. It is vital to your health that this passageway be kept clear. Strengthening the tissues and membranes will do more than anything else to keep it clear.

The most economical way to use Glyco-Thymoline is in an atomizer. This is also the most effective way.

WHY is it that your dentist always urges you to use dental floss? He knows from wide experience that minute food particles frequently escape the tooth-brushes of even the most careful people. These particles hide in the hard-to-reach places. If they are not soon dislodged, they ferment. Fermentation produces acids that attack the teeth, break through the enamel, and cause decay. Unpleasant breath also results. Use dental floss faithfully, but also use Glyco-Thymoline. Nature intended your mouth to be alkaline, and Glyco-Thymoline is an alkaline preparation—the opposite of an acid. It checks fermentation, neutralizes the acids of decay, and makes the mouth fresh, pure and wholesome. If you suffer from sore and tender gums, Glyco-Thymoline will stimulate the circulation and thus aid Nature to harden them and make them healthy.

Glyco-Thymoline is sold by druggists everywhere in small, medium, and large size bottles. Don't wait for a cold to come. Make a note now to buy a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline and start using it at once, morning and evening.

FREE Two Weeks' Trial Test

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
161 Pearl Street, Dept. 1G,
New York City

Send me free of charge enough Glyco-Thymoline for atomizer use morning and evening for two weeks.

Name

Address

© 1925 K & O. C.

Stop Wasting Tea

USE TAO TEA BALLS

Tao Tea Balls take the *guess* and *waste* out of tea-making. One Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups (according to strength desired) of a better, always uniform and more delicious tea. Tao Tea is blended from specially selected tiny bud leaves from the tips of the tea plants of the finest gardens of Ceylon, India and Java. Three generations of tea experts labored to produce for you this supreme tea. They call it *FLOWERY* Orange Pekoe.

Yet because of our new and better way of packing—the Tao Tea Ball way—it is more economical than ordinary good tea. The Tao Tea Ball is the modern, *safe* way of packing tea. Accurately measured and packed by special machines in handy gauze bags, this supreme blend is sure to get to your table exactly as our experts have blended it for you—and at a cost of less than half a cent a cup.

Quality — Economy — Convenience

Tao Tea *is the finest tea you ever tasted.* It is quality supreme—Tao means "supreme." Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Serial No. 3070. This handy and economical way of packing eliminates all guess-work and waste from tea-making. Tao Tea never becomes bitter, no matter how long it brews. No messy tea leaves to clean up—so convenient, so economical, so good.

A Marvelous Discovery!

Delicious Iced Tea — Without Boiling Water

Made possible by TAO TEA BALLS. No Waste of Ice. No Waste of Tea. The Simplest Method Ever Devised.

Just drop a TAO TEA BALL into a teapot containing four cups of cold water (not ice-water) after breakfast; by lunch time you will have delicious amber-colored tea, clear, sparkling, fragrant. Serve in glasses with lemon and powdered sugar to suit your taste. Frost with a chip of ice.

Slowly the cold water draws out the very essence of the flavor of the Flowery Orange Pekoe blend. No flat taste of boiled water. The sparkle and vitality of fresh water mingled with the delicate fragrance of TAO TEA.

No matter how long it is brewed TAO TEA *never grows bitter.* Tao Iced-Tea is so easy to make. Ready the instant you want it! Make up a supply in the morning—serve it throughout the entire day.

Caddy 50-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for almost two months

20-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for almost three weeks.

10-Ball Tin
Handsomely lacquered in black and gold. Enough for the average family for ten days

Flowery ORANGE PEKOE Blend

Ask Your Dealer Today for

TAO TEA BALLS

TAO TEA COMPANY, INC., 103 Park Avenue, NEW YORK, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 222)

twenty times if I want anything. I do! I want to be left alone!" So, disregarding the routine of the others, I instructed my own force to let customers know that they were within distance, but to allow them to look to their own satisfaction. I even put words into their mouths, such as, "Yes, madame, those are the half-priced French gowns"; or, "That frock is the color of your hair, is it not, madame?" But I most emphatically insisted that they not annoy visitors by continually asking them if they wished to be served.

And then one day I was summoned in haste to the buyer's office. I found in addition to Mr. Rood a woman who was trembling under some powerful emotion. I did not know her, but I had seen her several times when she stopped to take Miss Roke to lunch.

"This is Mrs. Silver," said Mr. Rood. "She feels that we have treated her very badly."

"I do," she interrupted in a voice hoarse with anger. "I do! I am a busy woman and I have spent the last half hour in your section trying to be waited on. The saleswomen talk and laugh and have ignored me entirely!"

"You will have attention now," he said in a soothing voice.

But to no avail.

"I will not! I am through with such a place forever!" And she flounced out.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Rood. "From the gowns she mentioned I know that she was in your section. Suppose we have a talk with all the assistants. You might ask them to step in here."

I called the three others and Mr. Rood repeated the case without localizing it, concluding: "We have adequate help and today particularly we are not busy. It is most strange. We must see that our clients are served."

"My people never let a customer escape." This from Miss Enders.

"Some are being taught to let customers alone, but mine aren't." It was my friend Mrs. Noltan.

"I am meant," I said quietly, and I stated the case as I saw it; but for once Mr Rood was not friendly.

"Suppose you take me into your confidence before you make any more innovations," he said, "and perhaps we can avoid any such scenes as we had today."

As we left, Miss Roke lingered and I heard her begin: "You know that I told you she was trying to run the department. We keep saying that you know ——"

I could not in decency further prolong my departure, but I knew that I was missing the kernel of the nut.

Nevertheless, I was not pleased at the equivocal position into which I had been jockeyed. I had won Mr. Rood's liking and esteem, but I was not sure that they were deeper than his pride. I walked into a vacant fitting room and sat down, putting my head on my arms.

At the Buyers' Meeting

"I missed you from the department," said a voice, and I looked up into the eyes of Mr. Rood.

They were not friendly, but they were no longer cold, merely inquiring.

Here was my chance. I had kept personal and business affairs carefully distinct heretofore. But I snatched at any straw.

"Oh"—and my voice was uneven—"this morning the water pipe was frozen and I could not get a plumber before I left. And I almost missed a car and turned my ankle. But I did not mind the water or the hurt, if I pleased you. And I thought that I was, but I am not. There is nothing right ever."

I had averted my face, but I stole a look. The eyes were friendly and so were the words when they came.

"You are just working too hard. I've been noticing. Have your ankle bandaged, get some lunch and you will feel 100 per cent better. Of course you please me. You please me very much."

And I must have, for it was through his influence that I was given the position vacated by the death of the buyer in wraps three years later.

I felt very small and frightened when I attended the first buyers' meeting with the head of the firm. The men and women looked so august and important that they seemed above petty mundane affairs.

"This," I thought with a thrill—"this is big business, and I am part of it."

I resolved to be worthy of the high trust. Mr. Rood, in the chair at my side, gave me a measure of comfort. Only once did he address me.

"See that white-haired man? No, not there—in the front row, the third seat. Yes, there. Remind me to tell you about him after we leave." I did speedily enough. "That is Mr. Grimes," he explained. "His wife is the second cousin of the president. He stands pretty high with the firm. You better cultivate him."

"If I can. But why should he be interested in me?"

"He isn't. But he could gum your trip to Europe, perhaps by suggesting that I could handle both lines abroad. Or he might have some friend in mind who could use your place. You better find a way to enlist his interest."

Already the idols were toppling.

"Oh, I will," I assured him. "But have you any suggestion?"

"Several. Mrs. Grimes shops with us often. The next time she leaves us I will steer her to you, and I will tip you off when she is on the way. Give her the keys of the city. Meanwhile, Mr. Grimes, as the buyer of men and boys' clothing, has been to Europe many times. You might get some pointers from him."

A Ruined Dinner

I convinced Mr. Grimes that I could never have negotiated the Paris and London and Vienna shops if it had not been for his advice. And before I left I had several talks with Mrs. Grimes in regard to the selection of an evening and afternoon wrap for her. They were both many years older than I, and I had it in mind to become a sort of protégée of theirs. The wraps that I brought for Mrs. Grimes were eminently satisfactory, and they had no duplicates in America. On the strength of them, I was invited to dine with the Grimeses one evening. I wanted to refuse, for I feared that I should be cast in the rôle of fly in the spider-and-fly scene. But I had no legitimate excuse, so I went. Besides, they had both said it would be a business dinner, with other representatives of the store present

There were. The head of the firm, his private secretary, three other buyers and I constituted the guests. I went to dinner on the arm of the secretary, whom I instinctively disliked. As the affair was neither entirely social nor entirely business I was not sure whether I should talk shop or limit myself to pleasant amenities. But the secretary quickly decided that point.

"Has the chief talked to you yet?" he asked.

"A number of times," I replied. "Do you mean any one time in particular?"

"Yes; I was referring to the store policy. Has he discussed that with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I see that he has not," he said. "Then take a friendly tip. Don't spend your next six weeks in Europe buying wraps for a few personal friends."

"But I did not. Whoever says that I did lies. Who said so?" I demanded.

"Eat your fish," he muttered. "People are looking at you. It is common gossip that you did a lot of special buying on the side. And someone reported it to the chief."

My dinner was ruined. I had made the two selections for Mrs. Grimes, but they had been entered and marked in the routine way. The only concession that I had made was to let Mrs. Grimes see them first. Nearly all the buyers let their best customers have a preliminary exhibit. But my hands were tied. One does not say to the head, "I know what you are thinking about me, and it is not so." I hoped that he would send for me and open the question. But he never did.

Meanwhile I was sensing other undercurrents. There was a strong group opposed to the Grimes element, and there was many an exchange of hostilities. But the warfare was not open. Half a dozen buyers of one contingent would not meet another half dozen and break yardsticks over one another's knuckles, or throw bolts of material or hats or shoes. Not at all. But three or four buyers might say to the chief in the course of a week, "It is a pity how poor old Crags is breaking." Maybe Crags was not breaking any more than his personally selected gloves were. Yet he might respond in kind to the chief's "A little under the weather, Crags?" He might, if he were not on the *qui vive*. But a good business person

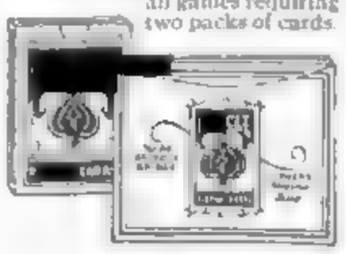
Your partner deals and bids one No-trump, second hand bids two Clubs, you hold Clubs—7, 4, 2 Diamonds—A, 4, 3, 2; Hearts—A, K, 2, Spades—Q, 4, 2. What cards should your partner hold to justify his original bid of one No-trump? Are you justified in raising to two No-trump—or what should you do with your hand?

What cards ~ ~ should your partner hold?

Includes directions for beginners, bidding, doubling, overbids, supporting bids, take-outs, defensive bids, redoubling, language of Bridge, leading, discarding, informatory doubles, business doubles, methods of play, etc., etc., etc.

Congress Cards are the most artistic cards that can be made. Especially designed for parties, gifts, and prizes. Exquisite pictorial and decorative backs in color; gold edges, handsome telescope cases.

Ask either Bicycle or Congress cards in single packs or in the new two-pack cases holding two decks with contrasting backs, especially convenient for all games requiring two packs of cards.



IT is easy to be a prize winner at Auction Bridge if you know how to bid. Our booklet,

"Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge,"

tells how to value your cards and let your partner know in the language of Bridge what you hold. Written by an Auction Bridge expert who is famous for his ability to make the fine points of the game clear and simple. 10 cents postpaid.

But, equally important, is to use cards that do not distract the mind. No one can get the utmost pleasure from any card game if the cards are soiled or if they stick together and their indexes are hard to read.

The best way is to always have on hand a fresh, clean pack of Bicycle Cards. Their splendid finish and big indexes speed up the play and give it the spontaneity that makes for real recreation. Their remarkable quality enables them to go through game after game without losing the snappy liveliness of a new deck.

You can't get Bicycle superiority for less than Bicycle price.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. A-5, Cincinnati, U.S.A., or Windsor, Canada
Operating Radio Station WSAI

BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS

Check the books you want

All seven 50 cents

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. A-5, Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada.
Please send the books checked. All seven 50 cents.

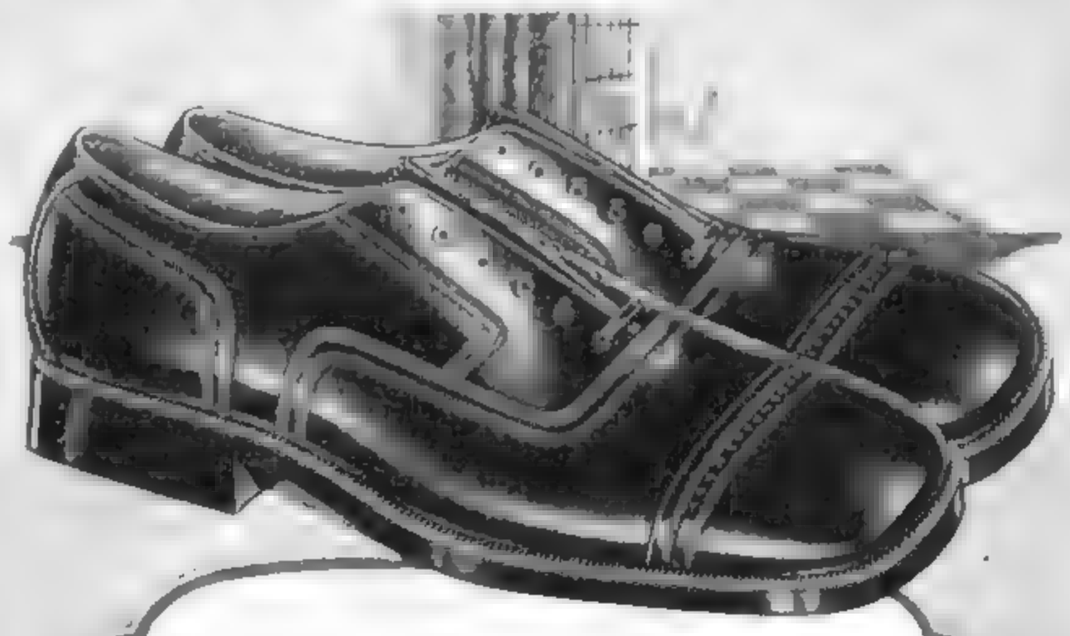
- **Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge**—as described above .. 10c
- **The Official Rules of Card Games**—300 games, 250 pages .. 20c
- **Fortune Telling**—with regular cards 6c
- **Card Tricks**—feats of magic for boys and adults .. 6c
- **Entertaining with Cards**—everything from invitation to menus .. 6c
- **Card Stunts for Kiddies**—building puzzles, etc .. 6c
- **Six Popular Card Games**—complete, concise rules of Auction, Cribbage, Pitch, Five Hundred, Pinochle, Solitaire .. 6c

Name

Address

P O State

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



FLORSHEIM SHOES are famous for their fine style. Well-dressed men find in Florsheims just what they want—smart lasts, correct designing, quality materials.

THE OLYMPIC — Style M-167

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers — CHICAGO

For the man The Florsheim Shoe who cares

Life will taste sweeter

. . .

When that Corn is gone

A corn isn't just a *pain*—it's a *drain*. A tax on the whole nervous system. A *blight*, not alone on the toe, but on the spirits and the disposition. . . . Doctors know that a corn can darken a man's whole viewpoint on life. Headache, fatigue, irritability and indigestion are often reflexes of a throbbing corn . . . "Pain-messages" shoot to every nerve center, when a corn starts broadcasting. . . If you would know blissful relief, apply Blue-jay to that burning corn. In ten seconds, the world will seem a better place to live in. . . . A tiny cushion—cool as velvet—fits over the corn and stops the pain at once. You wear it two days in solid comfort. When you take it off, the corn comes with it—gently removed by the little brown disc of magic medication.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1925

never mentions health, and is likely to be suspicious when he is being commiserated. Even if Crags responded that he'd never felt better, he might leave in the mind of the chief merely a small tribute to his gameness In either event, attention was focused on the Crags department, and if there was any actual slump the case was indeed serious.

Or the alcoves might be under discussion. They were on the main floor, three in number and in plain sight of the big entrance. They did not belong to any section, but were used by the different ones as the season and sales demanded.

Every buyer coveted one for himself. Naturally. People often bought what was within reach, when they were unwilling to take an elevator to the department. Moreover, the alcoves lent themselves charmingly to decoration and were an attracting card.

I made three efforts to obtain them for a display. The first time I was told that they were already promised. The second time I made my request earlier, only to find that the present plan was to use only accessories—scarfs, laces, gloves, neckware and the like. The third time I met with a definite refusal, which convinced me of the nigger in the woodpile. I did a bit of scouting. Mr. Rood was puzzled and somewhat disconcerted.

"Have you talked to Mr. Grimes?" he asked. I had not. "It is imperative that you have one of the alcoves at least once a week with the fashion season approaching its height. If you lose out, you would cut your sales 30 per cent"

This information only served to strengthen my determination.

"I have been nice to everybody," I added, and I enumerated a long list.

"—— and Mr. Lorey," Mr. Rood ended for me.

"Oh, yes, to him too."

"By the way, whom did you ask for the alcoves?"

I mentioned the name of the sales manager, and Mr. Rood made a hopeless gesture.

"He has nothing to do with them. They are part of the advertising, and only Mr. Lorey, the advertising manager, can dispose of them."

"But everyone asks the sales manager," I protested. "I have heard them."

"Of course," was the response. "That is policy. But Mr. Lorey can give or withhold his consent, and he is extremely jealous of his authority. Still, you might try him, even now."

I did, and encountered a stonewall. He was grievously offended and his manner showed it.

"You did come to me at last," he said. "If you had just talked this over with me last week before the final arrangements were made, I could have helped you. It is a pity."

"If someone would tell me the procedure, I would have less difficulty," I answered. "I have been wanting an alcove the worst kind and I heard the sales manager discussing it ——"

"Just so," interrupted Mr. Lorey, and I saw that I had said the wrong thing. "Well, perhaps he can help you, since I cannot this season."

Diplomacy Wins

Just so, indeed! Thirty per cent of my sales lost before the sales began! No use to talk to Mr. Grimes. He was not interested in poor generalship. And the chief cared only for results, not alibis. Well, he should have them! I bought ten dollars' worth of stamps out of personal funds and I wrote to every person whom I had ever met, telling them about our new stock. I got my salesgirls so keen about the merchandise that they could not help but sell it. And I sold like a novice whose bread and butter depended on the day's showing. But I took occasion to compliment and to thank Mr. Lorey for every ad that he gave us in the press.

One day I added, not without courage, "We hardly need an alcove Your ads would lure customers to any floor"

I fled before he could give a response. But three days later we were given an alcove a blessing that was thankfully received, although we had already topped the sales of the previous year. And I made every one of my force stop by the advertising office and personally thank Mr. Lorey. They were not keen about the chore, but it brought us results several of them. The last was a new position.

I had had no intention of leaving, but my buying success had added to my confidence. So when I learned that a daughter of the chief who was bored with society planned to have the half of my department that was devoted to misses and children's wraps and I was to be limited to the women's, I looked for another job. But not openly. I made a point of being with persons prominent in different organizations and I did not keep my season's work a secret. I had several offers. But the one I accepted was as supervisory buyer in a department store that had only five others

There was a buyer for every section as in most establishments. But every eight or ten or twenty sections had a supervisory buyer, who was in constant close touch with the president. My supervision covered women's outside wear—wraps, dresses, gloves, shoes, hats, furs and hose. I felt no awe at my small introductory meeting with the other supervisors and the head, but only a deep gratification. There were four men besides the chief, and I made the second woman.

Competitors' Merchandise

Our responsibilities were enormous. Surely we could work together without jealousies and recriminations, solving big problems in a big way. I was impressed by the scope and variety of our work. After I had been presented to the others, I was invited to listen to the discussion as a preliminary to assuming my own duties. Everyone had a sheaf of papers, which I discovered to be the day's advertisements of every store of importance in New York and Brooklyn, as well as unusual ones from other large cities—Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles. The supervisors and buyers under them kept in close touch with every allied section in the city. They were aided by shoppers, two of whom were attached to every supervisor. The shoppers were eyes and ears to the supervisors. They scouted around to find how much business was being done in other departments similar to their own on a given day or hour. They compared outside prices with the ones asked by us. They checked up on the response Jones got from his 10 per cent discount sale. Within certain discretionary limits, they made purchases, and to good effect. Mr. Bartleman, who included furniture in his jurisdiction, illustrated that point.

"I had one of the Smith chairs bought," he said. "And they are not hair filled as advertised. When it was taken apart, it disclosed a cotton-hair mixture which we would not carry."

"Do you mean the ones they are featuring today?" asked the chief.

"Yes; I had a report on their display this morning. I don't think we shall be affected in any way. The sale is second-class."

"Speaking of sales," said Mr. Peters, "Blanks are cutting us in the matter of overcoats, I understand. I plan to see Mr. Ryte, the buyer, this morning and do a bit of revising. We should be justified in a small three or four day cut sale of our own, I believe."

"Arrange it then, Mr. Peters," answered the chief. "I want to speak a moment about the silk situation. The disasters in Japan and the uncertain political situation in China are going to force silk up. At the merchants' luncheon last Wednesday we all agreed to investigate our organization needs with a view to keeping the price stable until June. Mr. Corton, that would come pretty well within your scope, would it not?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I could give you a report in ten days, or within two weeks at the outside."

"I have some data," interrupted Mr. Peters. "They bear on the subject and might be of use. Stop at my office this morning, Corton, and look them over."

"A friendly, dignified spirit," I thought to myself. "But we will defer our judgment."

At the end of the meeting the chief took me to my buyers and introduced me formally to them all. I had talked with several of them before and I knew all of them by name, but this was my official induction to office. After my escort left me, I had a little informal session of my own, which deepened the first pleasant impression.

I made no effort at big constructive work the first weeks. I must first fit myself into the organization. I studied the stock and

(Continued on Page 229)

Be-witching

$1.00 a pair
In All Colors

"BEAUTY," says the proverb, "is in the eye of the beholder." But the beauty of Ipswich De Luxe Hosiery means perhaps even more to the eye of the wearer, for only she knows the secret of how little they cost.

Under the century-old mark of the flying witch you can buy Ipswich Hosiery to suit your fancy for every kind of wear stockings of silk, rayon, wool and the finest mercerized cotton; stockings of every alluring tint and shade of color; stockings that laugh at the laundry and the darning egg.

A dollar will buy a pair of even the sheerest silk Ipswich hosiery. We will gladly send you a sample pair if you don't find the Ipswich De Luxe line at the stores that you generally patronize. The coupon below will bring them promptly.

Silk Socks for Men—75c

Made with the new "Y" toe extra fabric knitted-in to relieve the strain where socks so often pull tight and wear through at the toes

IPSWICH *DeLuxe* HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS • Ipswich, Mass.
LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*
Boston New York Chicago St Louis Philadelphia
San Francisco London, Eng

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass
I enclose a dollar for a sample pair of Ipswich De Luxe Stockings
Name
Address
Hosiery Size Color

Sixteen Browning King Stores Now Sell Nunn-Bush Shoes

FOR 103 years we have served successive generations faithfully and well, earning a reputation as a foremost outfitter to well-dressed men.

In every department you will find exceptional values made possible by our long experience and knowledge of the best in men's apparel.

For your convenience we offer, in every store where space will permit a shoe department, the nationally known Nunn-Bush Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords and Ball-Fashioned Shoes. A thorough investigation of the leading makes of men's fine footwear has convinced us that Nunn-Bush Shoes cannot be excelled in quality, fit and style.

Departments featuring Nunn-Bush Shoes exclusively in the following sixteen stores

Boston, Providence, New York City (Two Stores, Broadway at 32nd, also Cooper Square), Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cleveland (University), Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mo., Kansas City, Kans., Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul

Browning King & Co.

Other Browning King Stores in CAMBRIDGE (Harvard Square), MASS., PHILADELPHIA, PITTSBURGH, CHICAGO, EVANSTON, ILL., MILWAUKEE, DENVER, SEATTLE

(Continued from Page 226

stock displays. I learned not only the assistant buyers' names but the salesmen's as well. I tried to see the departments through the buyers' eyes, a feat not difficult of accomplishment, since I had so recently left the ranks. My policy was to convince the buyers that I was intending no interference with their plans, unless such plans made for the aggrandizement of one department at the expense of the business as a whole

My work lay along pleasant lines. The buyers were friendly, the departments' personnel seemed contented and there was the satisfying hum of industry. Many little kindnesses came my way, which touched me anew with our personal kinship. Pink-cheeked Myra Bright, in suits, brought me flowers for my desk from her mother's suburban garden—valley lilies, violets, pansies, roses, sweet William. The buyer in dresses brought me a small cherry pie which she had made herself. For the first time in my life I did not have to concern myself with clothes. When the new stock arrived, the buyers saw that half a dozen carefully selected gowns were charged and sent to me, several becoming hats, proper gloves and shoes. Everybody was kind to me, everybody thoughtful. Easy days, halcyon days, "lulled by a false sense of security"

The last week in May marked the end of my first six months and the close of the fiscal year.

It was a steaming noon with the asphalt spongy and hot. The store was crowded with customers who were irritable and impatient with slow service, and manned by salesmen who were keeping one eye on the time clock and the other closed for sheer weariness. In my office I was going over a recommendation for the third time in an effort to make my vision and my brain correlate. I had about decided that I was attempting an impossibility, when in swept Myra, red-eyed and furious.

"If she thinks that she can gyp me out of two weeks' vacation, she has another think coming, and I told her so!"

"Sit down, Miss Bright," I urged. "But first close the door. Now what are you talking about?"

"Miss Rane. She tried to fire me, and I say ——"

Her voice was becoming shrill and out of control.

"Steady there," I told her. "What were you doing at the time?"

The Showdown

"It's Ellen Branch's fault. I had had nine customers this last hour and she had only two. An old woman came and looked around like a pop-eyed cow, and I said, 'You take her.' And she said, 'Take her yourself. I'm busy.' But she wasn't. And Miss Rane said, 'Miss Bright, here, please.' And I did not answer. And when she came for me, I didn't go. I guess that I have some rights in this place. I guess I have!"

"And one of them is to obey your superior officer," I interpolated

At that she broke down

"I thought you liked me," she sobbed. "And I brought you flowers every day. I didn't give Miss Rane any."

Flowers, indeed! Flowers!

"Take a glass of water," I retorted. "I will be back shortly."

I sought Miss Rane

"What happened to Myra Bright?" I asked.

Miss Rane turned to me.

"She is one of your favorites," she said. "Didn't she tell you all about it?"

"My favorites?" The words hung in the air as I repeated them, vibrating between us. "My favorites?"

"Yes; teacher's pet. Flowers, soft talk, everything nice"

"Stop!" I could be emphatic when I chose. "Did you think those few simple flowers could have any possible bearing with me?"

"It isn't what I think," answered Miss Rane coldly. "It is what she thinks. She used to be a good saleswoman. But the last few months she has been getting increasingly indolent and careless. She would be no loss to us. Just now she defied me and used your name as a whip."

"Come with me," I said, and led the way to my office. "Myra"—I stopped at the door—"Miss Rane is as ashamed of you as I am. But she is willing to listen to an apology if you can think of one sufficiently strong Miss Rane, whatever you decide in regard to Miss Bright will be final. I shall not be using my office for half an hour." And I left them

My purpose was to find a quiet spot and to do some quick planning, if I could plan with a hundred thoughts crowding my mind and clamoring for a hearing. But the end was not yet. In front of an elevator I saw the chief. I did not want to talk to him then and turned to flee under the impression that I had glimpsed him first. But I was in error, for he halted my steps by calling my name.

"You were in my mind this minute," he said

"You compliment me," I answered in an effort at lightness

"Not entirely," he replied, with such seriousness that a cold finger pressed my heart. "Of course, the final reports of the year are not ready yet. But the tentative ones from your division are not so encouraging as we had hoped. There are signs of progress, of course." He paused.

Progress? Was he saying "progress" to me, the word which he used when he had no definite encouragement to offer? I heard a very small voice, my own, speak:

"My resignation is on the table."

"Resignation!" he boomed. "What do you mean by resignation? We want your intelligent coöperation, not your stupid resignation."

If the blood had been drained from my brain, it now flooded back, a warm, crimson tide. And every wave carried a picture—me accepting favors from saleswomen, assistants, buyers—me listening to tales of commendation, and of flattery—me relying on others' judgment because they were skilled sycophants and I was easy. Me—me! I lifted my head

"You only think that I am intelligent now," I answered quietly. "You will know before another two months has passed."

The New Rule

Without waiting for an elevator, I hurried to the first floor and out into the street. I hailed a taxi. "Drive me in the park for an hour."

When I returned, clear-headed and purposeful, my little office girl said, "Miss Rane is very anxious to see you."

"Tell her that I am waiting for her now."

Miss Rane had made herself very accessible, for in a moment she was with me.

"Awfully good of you to back me up about Miss Bright." Her voice rang sincere. "The girl is all right. She needed a show-down and I anticipate no further trouble."

"Good!" And then—"I would like a little conference with our division buyers. Suppose you wait with me until I send for the others."

They came quickly and willingly enough. We had whiled many a dull hour away by conferences. But I waved aside the friendly interchange and spoke with terse precision:

"I want to cover an important point with you all quickly. When I finish, we can have a brief discussion if necessary

"We have been a little lax about accepting courtesies from one another and from our subordinates. We can set the good example ourselves by ceasing them toward one another and we can pass the word along by holding a short meeting in every department. We had better not mince words with the sales people. Tell them if they make one overture it will be repulsed. A second will bring dismissal. We want them to advance themselves by effort, not by boxes of candy. You might make it clear at the same time that any appeal to me over your head is as unpopular a step as a girl could take

"We shall be in conference only at rare intervals hereafter. I shall be with you in your sections in turn, two days at a time, and we can handle our problems individually better than collectively"

I had finished, and there was no discussion. But neither was there any laughing badinage as the conference closed.

As I consider the years that have elapsed since that day, I can see mistakes, some of omission, others of commission. But I can pass them over for the greater satisfaction of feeling that my division is the only one that has tripled its profits, the only one that has an 8 per cent turnover in help. There is a spirit of frankness among the employes that is far better than a hollow fabric of flattery, and they like their jobs.

But then so do I. And nobody searches me out to tell me that I show "progress." It is not necessary. I know it!

$7
Schobles for dressy occasions. Schobles for business. Schobles for sports wear! Well-dressed young men want the quality that over 35 years experience has produced in—
SCHOBLE HATS
for Style for Service
FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., Philadelphia

When the grim hand of Disaster reaches for You at every turn —
Vision is clouded. You are at the mercy of the fickle God of Luck.
You may get through without a smashup. You may not. Be safe. Insure safety of others. Equip your car with an unfailing Stromberg Electrically Driven Windshield Wiper.
Economical in battery consumption. Does not interfere with carburetion. Dependable. Safe. As sound in principle of construction and as satisfactory in operation as the world-famed Stromberg Carburetor. See your dealer or write.
Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
60 East 25th Street Chicago, Ill.
$9
STROMBERG
Electrically Driven
WINDSHIELD WIPER

ALBRIGHT
TOOTH BRUSH
A PRODUCT OF
RUBBERSET CO.

Penetrates into *every* crevice!

Ordinary tooth brushes do not prevent decay, because they only clean the even surfaces of the teeth.

4,118 dentists designed the Albright Tooth Brush with *widely-spaced, wedge-shaped tufts* of bristles to reach at the very seat of decay—in between, on the uneven grinding surfaces, and the *backs of the back teeth.*

More than 20,000 dentists now endorse the Albright Tooth Brush—different in design, different in results.

45¢ 35¢ 25¢

Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of your tooth brush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Newark, N.J., U.S.A.

Buy it in the Red Box

L&H ELECTRICS
TRADE MARK

Equipped with Time and Temperature Controls

Do not consider the purchase of any range until you have seen the very latest development in electric cookery—Automatic L&H Electric Time and Temperature Controls, which are popular features of L&H Electrics ranges. Relieve all drudgery of constant watching and save more than half the current which was formerly wasted. Ask your dealer or send for catalog.

Insist on L&H Electrics Appliances

L&H Electric Heater

L&H Electric Hot Plate

L&H Electric Curling Iron

Manufactured by
A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Co.
123 Cleveland Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.

THE NEW DEMOCRACIES

(Continued from Page 35)

Liberty and equality as labels mean wicked lies to a good many minds. They are painful lies in cases where a measured oppression is snatched away from an emperor or a czar and is replaced by a vast, ruthless, bloody oppression, dealt out by men without a country who have seized the power of a soviet. They are painful lies when they are used to stimulate weak peoples to throw off imperialism merely to jump from the frying pan of colonial government into the fires of disorder, anarchy and the exploitation by those very agitators who have clamored the loudest for freedom and autonomy.

So, likewise, democracy as a label is capable of vast and destructive deceptions. I am not much interested in it as a slogan; as a hard-earned blessing, as a practice and a performance it is my greatest interest and it is my hope. It was wholly in this spirit that I have taken a first-hand look at the new democracies in Europe.

A few days before this was written I talked with the man who among these new democracies has done more since the war than any other to push his own nation toward prosperity and advancement. He understands fully that I may quote his ideas, just as he understands also that I am not an interviewer. Men who are interviewed often withhold all that they do not wish or dare to say, and pour forth according to the measure of their conscience everything they desire the world to believe at the moment. Interviewing is a process by which one is locked out of the inside of a man.

This statesman was moved. He opened his intellectual front door, and what he said summed up the evidence I have been gathering.

He said: "I cannot deny that the new laboratories of democracy are disappointing. Some of us had high expectations. We did not count upon many of the difficulties. Someone has said that people always get the kind of government they deserve. I would change that to read that people get the kind of government for which they are prepared. Good will is not enough for democratic self-government; intelligence is required."

Constructive Genius Lacking

"You ask me whether I expect more dictatorships in one form or another. Perhaps in one or two places, which you may identify, such a result is inevitable. But it is deplorable. You Americans have a great distaste for monarchies, but today you will find a substantial opinion in favor of return to monarchies so long as they are accompanied by constitutional and parliamentary government. You will hear much more in America about the oppression of the Hohenzollerns than you can hear in Germany. You will hear as much in America about imaginary tyranny of the Hapsburgs as you will hear whispered in Hungary and Austria about a desire that monarchy may some day return. I am not in favor of it. But monarchy may be needed to hold a people together in times of emergency, and it is at least a self-perpetuating institution. There is a succession based on the accident of birth. Dictators often are succeeded by anarchy and chaos because there is no succession."

He went on: "I cannot publicly admit that any of the new democracies have failed. Some of them have given horribly weak government. Some are vexed because their own parliaments are becoming instruments for personal scramble for political power, for mere wordy dissension, deciding nothing, building nothing, but bowing to special groups and releasing the public resources to minority interests. But I cannot admit to myself privately that democracy will fail, that parliamentary government will fail. I can only say that we must struggle to remold it and rebuild it in some more workable form, because democracy is the result of centuries of striving to get away from all the other known forms, which are even worse. Certainly the new form, sovietism, is worse. What is left for us if parliamentary government fails?"

In half a dozen of the new democracies I have talked to statesmen whose patriotism is unquestioned. I had felt that I should find a great deal of difference between the problems of one country and those of another of these handmade new nations. Instead of this I have uncovered the unexpected fact that about the same experience has hit them all. Let me set down the factors which have played the large rôles in the new constitutional parliamentary governments: Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Company.

First there are the economic factors; and secondly there are the political factors external, but more important still, internal.

Before the war something resembling an economic plan had been built for Central Europe. The imperial organization known as Austria-Hungary had built up a great agricultural and manufacturing industry. Vienna and Budapest as cities of trade and exchange had grown up as financial, commercial and transportation centers. The producing power of the middle-class type in Prague, the rich agricultural potence of Southern Hungary and of Austria and Serbia had found outlets to the Adriatic. Triest and Fiume promised to become great distributing ports. The unity of empire and the pursuits of peace had tended to bring Central and Eastern Europe toward an effective economic whole.

The Plight of Austria

If anyone can conceive a war which would result in breaking the United States into a dis-United States it is possible to gain some idea of what the peacemakers in Paris did in the creation of the new democracies in Europe. Call the old system imperialism if one will, nevertheless there was in Central Europe something like an economic federation. If the economic federation of the states of our own union were to be suddenly smashed by setting up each state as an independent and selfish nation it would be an exaggerated form of the thing the treaty of peace did to Central and Eastern Europe. Imagine, for instance, an isolated independency of Illinois. Chicago imagine!—is asked to support itself no longer as the distributing center of the Middle West but merely as the chief city of Illinois. Imagine it with its own economic boundaries, and its tariffs erected against Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, just as these states have economic barriers erected against Illinois. In such a state of facts Chicago would be something like a parallel with Vienna and Budapest. Pared down to the bone, these countries of Austria and Hungary are each asked to support their respective Chicagos. Oh, well, it is the punishment of two creative, gay and courageous civilizations for having been on the wrong side in the war; now they are in the hands of something like benevolent receiverships

At the same time, new territories, rich in resources, agriculture and manufacturing, have been awarded to Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, but there is a marked degree of isolation in these nations also. In some instances those who happened to be on the right side in the war have no particular skill or training in the management of the riches which have been conferred upon them. In some cases they must deal with resident populations in the acquired territories which by race, tradition and sentiment give them no loyalty. In some cases economic resource has been taken out of skilled hands and put into unskilled hands. New boundaries! And economic barriers! New discontented racial minorities!

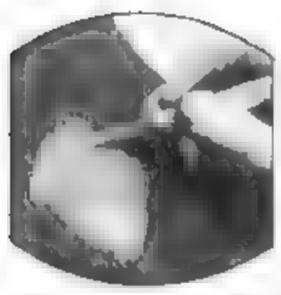
Three years ago I went to the port of Triest—the outlet for a vast territory. I was taken by the local authorities in a harbor launch along the water front. I saw great warehouses, elaborate loading and unloading machinery, huge steel traveling cranes. But they were idle. Rusty-sided ships in the harbor were idle. It was all a symbol of the terrible economic tragedy of Central Europe. A territory which should have been an economic whole is now a checkerboard of economic jealousies, of economic boundaries, of economic fears and hates, of tariffs, isolations, of threatened ruin.

This is of the first state of things which these new democracies share in common. And why?

Because of politics. Because of the narrow view and the resultant feebleness of parliaments. Because of the coalition opposition in every country I have visited,

(Continued on Page 233)

Beauty begins where the light comes in!



Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. You get a little of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades

Window effects that keep their loveliness

—*with window shades of enduring* BRENLIN

No ROOM can be more beautiful than its windows. To them the eye goes first—where the light comes in.

And no window can be more beautiful than its shade. Even the finest draperies are ineffective against the window shades that strike the wrong color note, or that are worn, or marred with pinholes.

With Brenlin you can obtain fresh, lovely effects that will add much to the charm of your interior scheme. Brenlin is beautiful in texture and in finish, and offers you many soft, rich colors from which to choose.

Years of service

But almost any window shade is fresh and sightly when *new*. The important fact about Brenlin is that its beauty *lasts*. Through years of hard service it keeps its good looks.

Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes which show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

HAND MADE **Brenlin** *the long-wearing* WINDOW SHADE *material*

Strong and flexible, much like finely-woven linen, Brenlin has weight and body enough to keep it always straight and smooth.

Brenlin resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its tints, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade, yet it costs only a few cents more. Its many attractive colors harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior. The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. *Be sure it's Brenlin when you buy.*

Mail coupon for valuable new booklet

We have prepared a new booklet, "Making the Windows Beautify Your Home", which you will find exceedingly interesting and helpful in planning your interior schemes. This book is generously illustrated with pictures in colors and contains scores of ideas that will help you secure the lovely effects you want in your home. Written in collaboration with interior decorators, its subject matter is authoritative and correct. The coupon below will bring you this 25c book for 10c together with free samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN CO.
"The oldest window shade house in America"

2045 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio — 6th St. at Chelton Ave, Camden, N. J.

Dealers may also be supplied by

Breneman-Horan Co., Inc.	New York City
Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc.	Dallas, Texas
Brenlin Window Shade Co.	Los Angeles, Calif.
The Breneman-Sommers Co., Inc.	Portland, Oregon
S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc.	Kansas City, Mo.
Raach & Gainor	Baltimore, Md.
Renard Linoleum & Rug Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
The Rainier Shade Co.	Seattle, Wash

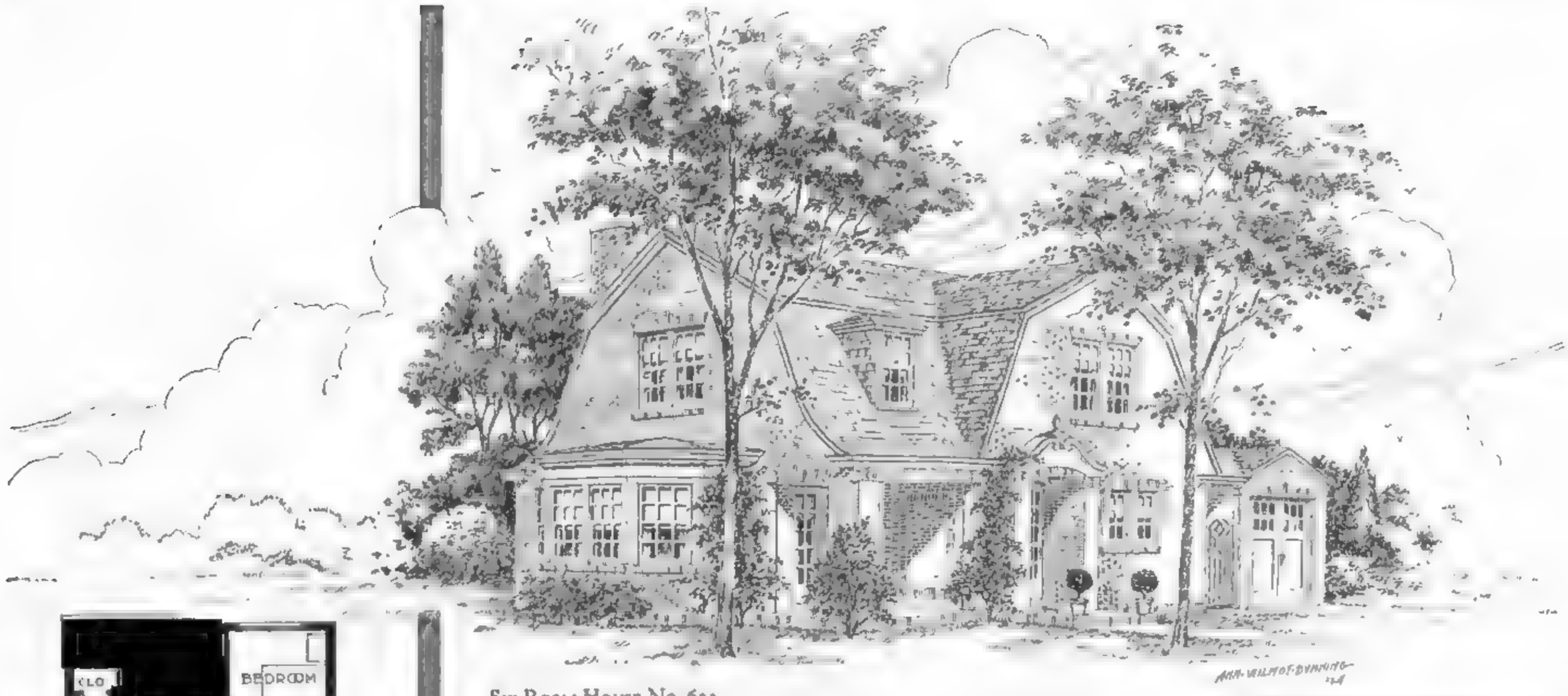
THE CHAS. W BRENEMAN CO.
2045 Reading Road
Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find 10 cents (stamps or coin). Send me your new booklet, *Making the Windows Beautify Your Home*, together with free samples of Brenlin.

Name

Street

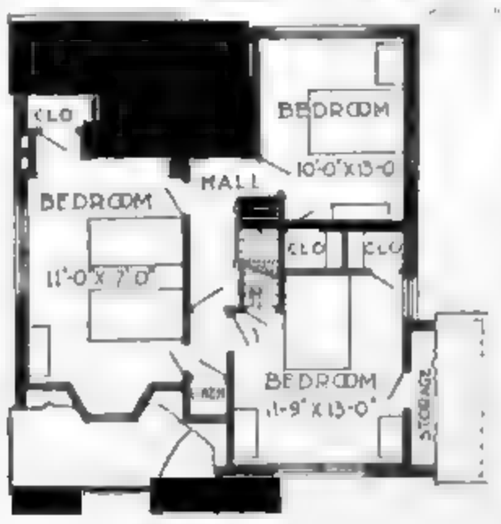
City

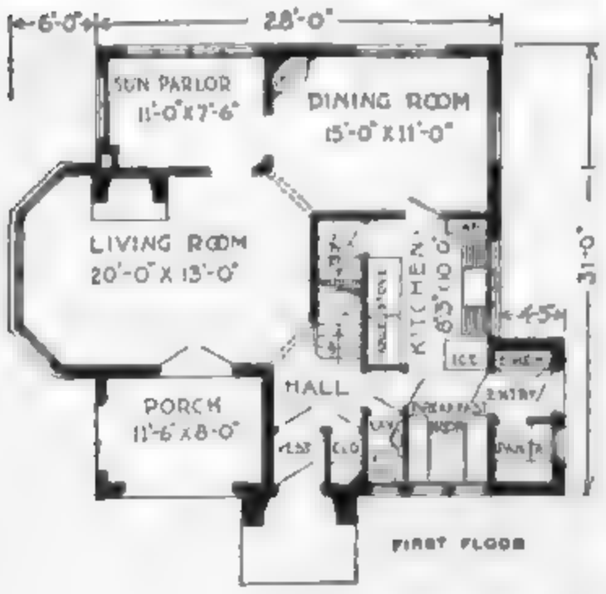


Six-Room House No.-633

Designed for American Face Brick Association

This attractive Dutch Colonial House is one of the 104 beautiful houses in our "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans." Many home-builders in all parts of the country have written us that this is the finest collection of house plans they have ever seen.





Get these helpful booklets on home-building

"The Story of Brick," an artistic, illustrated book on home-building. Invaluable to prospective builders and so interesting that it is used as a reader in many schools. Sent free.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans." Unusual and distinctive designs of 104 Face Brick houses. Issued in four booklets, 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents.

"The Home of Beauty." Fifty houses, mostly two stories, selected from a nation-wide competition among architects. 50 cents.

"The Home Fires." A collection of attractive fireplace designs and complete information on building a fireplace. 25 cents.

"A Manual of Face Brick Construction." A text book on the various types of Face Brick wall construction. Useful to contractors and home-builders. One dollar.

"A New House for the Old." A valuable booklet on veneering old frame and stucco buildings. Sent free.

A Home
The First Thing to Own

THERE is a deal of truth in Longfellow's old fireplace motto:

"Each Man's Chimney
is His Golden Milestone."

It holds secrets of happiness, peace and contentment that the floater never knows. Owning your own home gives a significance and satisfaction to life that only those who have experienced it can appreciate.

Many of the luxuries of our day enrich life, but when they are gained at the sacrifice of owning your home the price is too great.

THIS question of home ownership goes deeper than the welfare of the individual. As President Coolidge has said:

"The American home is the foundation of our national and individual well being. Its steady improvement is, at the same time, a test of our civilization and of our ideals.

"We need attractive, worthy, permanent homes that lighten the burden of housekeeping. We need homes in which home life can reach its finest levels, and in which can be reared happy children and upright citizens."

TO most people a home means an investment for a lifetime. A misstep is serious. That is why it is worth while to think the matter over carefully before you start to build.

Many learn too late that they might have had the beauty and the permanence of a Face Brick house at an actual saving over a period of years.

But each year—as home-builders appreciate more the relation of depreciation, upkeep, repairs, painting and fuel costs to home-owning—the number of Face Brick houses increases.

You will find an interesting discussion of the vital home-building problems in "The Story of Brick." A reader says: "It is a liberal education in home-building." Send for your copy today.

Address American Face Brick Assn., 1747 Peoples Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 230)

standing on watchful guard to pick points of attack against ministries which, unhampered, might start in this group of these new peace-punished democracies and these war-rewarded constitutional monarchies a tremendous policy of federation which might end in a United States of Europe.

This is the first great impression of the universal experience of the new democracies. Probably more than anything else it is parliamentary government—the scramble for power—multi-party, knock-down-the-ministry coalition practice of the new democracies—which ties the hands of statesmen big enough, if unhampered, to federate into a gainful salvaging union those states which may otherwise go on the rocks, one by one, because they now try to live, as the states of the United States would live under the same isolated conditions, in a monstrosity of economic division.

In 1922 at Rome in the garden of my embassy I talked with Don Sturzo, then the able leader of the Popular Party, about an economic union in the new democracies of Central Europe. Italy has an interest in such a union because of her control of ports and shores of the Adriatic and because of a future commercial opportunity in the development of near-by purchasing markets which might pay her in wheat and raw materials.

What did Don Sturzo indicate would stand in the new way of forming such an economic union, federation or agreement? Politics. It was too much to expect that the statesmen leading their so-called Succession States and their neighbors would dare to make proposals for economic federation and then have to face their own critical, talkative, destructive parliaments.

Before and since that discussion with Don Sturzo I have talked with the leaders of administration in Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Hungary and Austria. I am certain that if these men could be assembled in a locked room with full powers and could be freed from the merely partisan and petty pressure of their parliaments, something like an economic federation would be worked out, and a disarmament program and a nonaggression pact saving great waste of resource would be thrown in for good measure. But as it stands today, unless outside and neutral forces—such as the unofficial coöperation of the United States and Great Britain in economic interest, or the coöperation of Great Britain and France in political interest—can take the initiative nothing will be done. Under present conditions little will be done within these countries. There will be, as I have just seen, attempts here and there between one small nation and another to work out limited commercial treaties. But nothing big will be done because it is the universal experience of these constitutional parliamentary nations that their parliaments produce more discord than accord, express no vision, exhibit no greatness of statesmanship and even threaten great statesmanship with extinction.

Blocs and Groups

Briefly stated, the motto of these parliaments in dealing with strong and farseeing ministries and ministers appears to be: "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee."

At least three of these new democracies have produced leaders of admirable size. In Czecho-Slovakia, President Masaryk, who by the constitution of this new democracy has an honorary life term, is no longer young. I found him at his country estate, and there is about him the atmosphere of great labors already done. Doctor Benes, who from Premier has stepped down to Minister of Foreign Affairs, has inside him, somewhat locked in by the petty party politics which surround him, a liberal, farseeing statesmanship combined with a full understanding of Europe and her troubles. His enemies will say that the voice of Benes is the voice of France and that he is a party man himself who maintains his hold at home by getting into the newspapers abroad as an international conciliator and messenger. But Benes, still a young man, has had a profound effect upon the fortunes of his country and its new autonomous life. From him come forth definite policies, and in him continuity of policy may be found. This cannot be said of the parliament.

The parliament of Czecho-Slovakia consists of a majority made up of a variety of political interests, some of them religious. The majority is a bloc. It holds its groups together less because of similarity of political principles and policies than because it is expedient to hold them together for the mere purposes of political power. From such blocs it is absurd to expect great national policies to arise.

"Coalition?" said Karnebeek, Holland's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who by insight and strength helped to take Holland's neutrality through the very center of the war. "Coalition implies compromise."

We had been discussing the two-party system of democracy in America, by which clear responsibility for policy, and even responsibility for strong policy, is carried by one or the other of the two party units. And Karnebeek had put his finger on one of the primary weaknesses of the European parliamentary systems; blocs to hold power are made up of party groups which are forced to compromise principle to hold together at all, while opposition blocs created to destroy ministries are held together even more loosely and by even greater compromises of principle. Therefore aside from a tendency of parliamentary representation to deteriorate, aside from the subserviency of ministries and coalitions to every organized minority which supports or threatens to attack, aside from the lack of fitness and training in the citizenship of new democracies, the very fact that under the European parliamentary systems coalition means compromise takes away from parliaments the capacity to produce any strong farseeing national policies.

"Benes walks forward and it is his parliament which is a pack of poodles snapping at his heels," said the editor of one of the best of the journals in Central Europe. "But the poodles never dare to go in front of these administrative leaders. They would lose the way!"

A Multiplicity of Parties

In Czecho-Slovakia the opposition group is made up of racial groups—the Slovaks and others who contest the domination of the more industrial Bohemian West. The map shows a country shaped like a tadpole swimming westward. The head is the territory of the Czechs, the Bohemians, and the tail runs far out eastward. Prague is nearer Paris than the uttermost eastern frontier of the nation of which Prague is the capital. But if the opposition is largely racial it is none the less true that the parliamentary politics of the nation is typically European, especially typical of the new democracies.

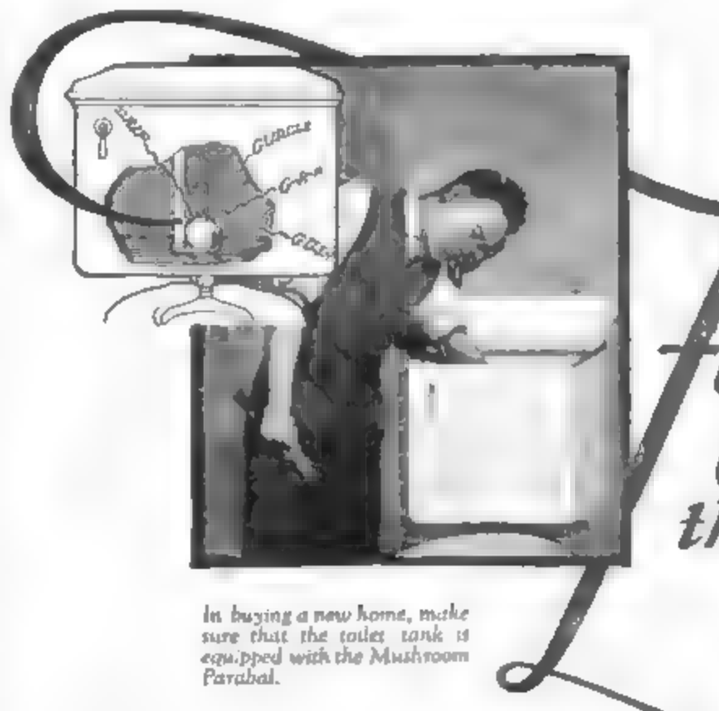
I asked one of the ministers of government in Czecho-Slovakia how many parties there were. He began to count on his fingers. He arrived, I believe, at fifteen, and then gave up the job.

I asked Count Bethlen in Budapest how many parties there were in the Hungarian parliament. We were sitting in his office in the Homes of Parliament overlooking the Danube. This was the building occupied by the communist régime under Bela Kun, and for all I knew I was sitting in a room where three or four years ago some of the victims of the communists were condemned to death in wholesale lots.

Bethlen is the strong man in Hungary. He comes from Transylvania, from territory now torn off and attached to Rumania. He is slight and lean. There is no swank in him. He has the color of a soldier and a sportsman, the eyes of a kindly philosopher, the thin lips of restraint and devotion. He had just come from a stormy scene in the Hungarian parliamentary chamber. The Hungarian parliament having no closure rule talks around the year on one subject, if it so desires. Just now the opposition was whirling its verbal protest against an attempt to adopt rules limiting talk. I looked at Bethlen and thought that an enlightened Hungarian might receive the news that the parliament would not meet again for the two years with a laugh, but would regard the news that Bethlen was going away with a sense of disquiet or even terror.

I asked the Premier how many parties there were in Hungary. The number is shocking; no one can say without checking it off on the fingers of both hands and then around again and again. As usual they appear in parliament arranged in groups, the same old game of compromise to obtain numerical strength and hence either power or the balance of power—the right to blackmail.

There is something about Bethlen, just as there is in several cases of the strong single figures of leadership now undertaking



Few homes escape this "Bugbear"

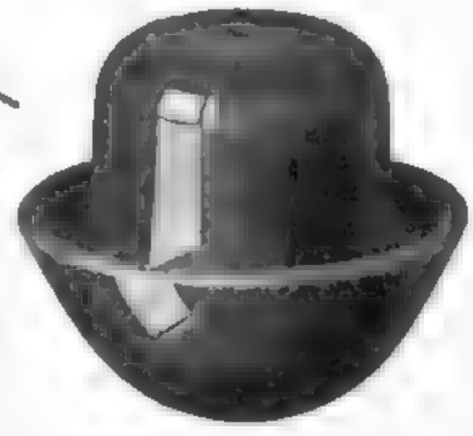
In buying a new home, make sure that the toilet tank is equipped with the Mushroom Parabal.

EVERYBODY knows the symptoms. That ugly gurgle, gr-r-r-r, swish and gush. It's a leaking closet tank. No other home trouble is more common. And few things so annoying, so embarrassing. Expensive, too, for in some metered cities the water wasted by a leaking closet tank costs $25 a year.

A faulty, old-style tank ball is the cause. Tinkering at best can only stop it *temporarily*.

What you need is a Mushroom Parabal. The patented shape of this tank bulb makes it fit perfectly into the valve seat—no matter how frequently the tank is flushed. Made of one piece of pure, live gum, it cannot break, leak, collapse or swell. Guaranteed 3 years—but lasts indefinitely.

Have your plumber put one in for you

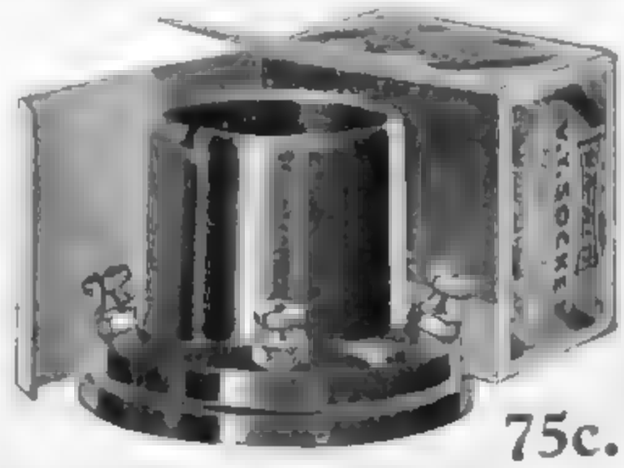


At Master Plumbers' only, $1.25—Guaranteed 3 years

MUSHROOM Parabal

Made by
WOODWARD-WANGER CO.
1106-1114 Spring Garden St
Philadelphia
Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1900

FREE
Radio Booklet, *"What to Build"* —*mail coupon.*



75c.

An easy way to get clearer radio

THE important thing is to have clean, perfect contact between tubes and sockets. Otherwise disturbing noises will continue

In order to insure clean contact at all times, use Na-Ald De Luxe Sockets with their special clean-easy feature. Corrosion, the arch enemy of perfect contact, is easily removed without taking out the tubes, by simply twisting them back and forth in the sockets two or three times.

Lowest loss and highest insulating qualities are insured in Alden Sockets by using Alden Processed genuine Bakelite. Laboratory test proves their efficiency.

Use Na-Ald Sockets not only in the set you build but also install them in the set you buy, if not already adopted by the manufacturer. Sockets for all tubes. De Luxe 75c.; others 35c., 50c., 75c.

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Also makers of the famous Na-Ald Dials
Dept. E-4, Springfield, Mass.

It's the Contact that Counts

Alden Processed
NA-ALD
Sockets and Dials

ALDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. E-4, Willow Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send free copy of booklet "What to Build," showing tested and selected circuits
Name
Address
City State

A training your boy should have

YOU take an interest in your boy's studies. Do you take the same interest in seeing that your boy has a training in clean, manly sport? Many of life's most important lessons are learned on the playground rather than in the schoolroom.

Millions of men have learned how to shoot and handle a gun when they were boys, with a Daisy Air Rifle. Today they look back on the sport they had, but most of them will also tell you that it meant more to them than just fun. Marksmanship is a sport that makes for character, manliness and self-reliance.

Your boy wants a rifle of his own. Why not start him with a safe gun—a Daisy Air Rifle?

THE most popular Daisy is the Pump Gun shown in the illustration—a 50-shot repeater for $5.00. Other Daisy models priced from $1.00 to $5.00. Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer to show them to you; or any model sent direct from factory, if your dealer does not have it, on receipt of price. Descriptive circular free.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

AN investment now in the Shawknit 10s numbers of heavy silk combines protection against weeks of changeable weather, and the early spring need for trim-appearing hose. Its reasonable cost makes it always worth while to ask for Shawknit.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

the administrative functions of nations in Europe; it carries the conviction that in distinction to the dominant spirit in the parliaments of sacrificing service to the hunger for power there still remain strong men who will if need be sacrifice power for the sake of service.

When I asked Bethlen how many parties there were in Hungary he smiled. The question was quite sufficient to inform him that I wanted to discuss the future of parliamentary democracy in the world.

In Berlin I asked Chancellor Marx how many parties had appeared in the recent elections in Germany. If a great sculptor could reproduce Marx with his stocky figure seated in a firm chair, if the artist could indicate something also of the man's eyes, there would be a statue of the learned and kindly Marx, law judge and chancellor. The blocked-out stone would represent also curious magic depths of mysticism and the calm, unafraid quality which even most religious men seldom attain. A newspaper correspondent in Berlin said to me in serious and somewhat perplexed voice, "There is a respectability about him, but there is something else; I am afraid of a man who secretly believes that if he does his best he will have God's support but yet never says anything about it!"

Nevertheless, my question about the number of parties in Germany disconcerted the Chancellor. In the last election there were more than eighty. When I talked with the German statesman in Berlin it was during a period when the parties in the Reichstag, forming into groups and blocs, coalescing and uncoalescing, flirting for power, jockeying, compromising, were unable to present any coherent grouping upon which a new ministry could be built. It takes a man with the persistence and faith of Marx to hold the opinion that such a system of parliamentary democracy is a success; I met no other statesman in Europe who would commit himself to the belief as well as the hope that some day a two-party system of politics would grow out of this Babel. I learned that one must weigh the fact that the Germans are natural individualists, that release from regimentation creates a passion for independence. But that is the same old story: every nation claims its citizens are strong individualists, and all the new democracies are finding out that devices to recognize the will of small minorities—such as the now discredited device of proportional representation electoral system—only result in putting a bit of every color in the paint box into a mixture which is thick and muddy and expresses nothing.

Structural Weaknesses

It is true that in the new democracies there may be a lack of training and poise in a citizenship which has been obliged to take a position toward the state quite different from the traditions and sentiments of the citizenship of yesterday. It is true that illiteracy or poverty or uncertainty brings instability into the electorate. But important as these factors may be, they are overshadowed by the structural weakness in the machines of parliamentary democracy which so many nations, particularly the new ones, are trying to tolerate today.

The multiplication of parties is an attempt to represent everybody; it results in representing nobody. It is a menace to the continuity of administrative leadership. It may gather strength enough through destructive coalitions of opposition to push down a strong ministry or hobble a good leader, but not strength enough to supply a successor of even equal quality. The result is a progressive disease of decrepitude. This, and much talk, much discussion, much scramble for power by little politicians constitute the principal achievement of the new parliamentary democracies and of several of the old ones.

In Austria these weaknesses of the parliamentary system have begun to produce a decentralization of governing authority. The political subdivisions and municipalities have begun to undertake a form of local autonomy in policies and in the application of taxation which may leave the national government out on a limb.

I regard this trend in Austria as having an alarming significance. If localities, acting independently of national government, may put into practice communistic policies; if they may, as in cases in Austria, tax property so high that it results in confiscation; if owners abandon properties to communal ownership Bolshevism is offered a new point of attack—the minor political subdivisions of the world's political structure. But more than that, if the localities absorb the whole of the taxing power a nation will be unable to obtain its revenue or keep its engagements.

Austria, like the other new democracies, has its able leader, with the poodle politicians of feeble parliament barking at his heels. Monsignor Seipel is a statesman. It was Seipel whose head "came up from the crowd" in the dark days of '22 when Austria, as some said, could have been bought by any American millionaire for fifty or sixty million dollars. It was Seipel who prevented disintegration. It was Seipel who went to the League of Nations and obtained an international loan. It was Seipel who as long as he could held Austria to her engagements under that agreement.

It was not the Austrian parliamentary system which did any of these things. The great rôle played by the parliament in the whole drama was to embarrass Seipel in the performance of the obligations undertaken, so that Seipel found himself no longer able to continue his leadership of Austria.

Casual Contacts

The world suffers a fond delusion if it continues to believe that the people of these new democracies are satisfied with this kind of machinery. Parliamentary government as practiced in the new democracies will be no longer any "great hope of the world" unless it can be rebuilt to be a constructive and workable machine rather than a destructive and futile machine. Democracy was a word to conjure with a few years ago. It was a bright and golden label, but today I find that the people in these new constitutional parliamentary governments of Europe and in the old ones of Italy, Spain and other countries, are undeceived about their parliaments. This accounts for the power of strong men, it accounts for the fact that nations are not represented even in their own minds by parliamentary parties, but by names of men—Mussolini, Marx, Bethlen, Primo de Rivera, Benes, Seipel, and even the man whose enemies call him the evil genius of Jugo-Slavia—Pashitch.

I talked with a minister in one of these countries who holds his place because of a coalition of party groups which he brought about in order to jimmy his way into the new ministry. "Oh, no," he said. "I think you are quite wrong. Our people have great love of their parliament."

Leaving this meeting I went down the steps of the ministry, across the street and into the first shop I could find. I engaged the only other customer in that shop in conversation. I told him I was an American. I said that I had come across the world to see a people who after misgovernment for centuries, had found a way to express their will at last.

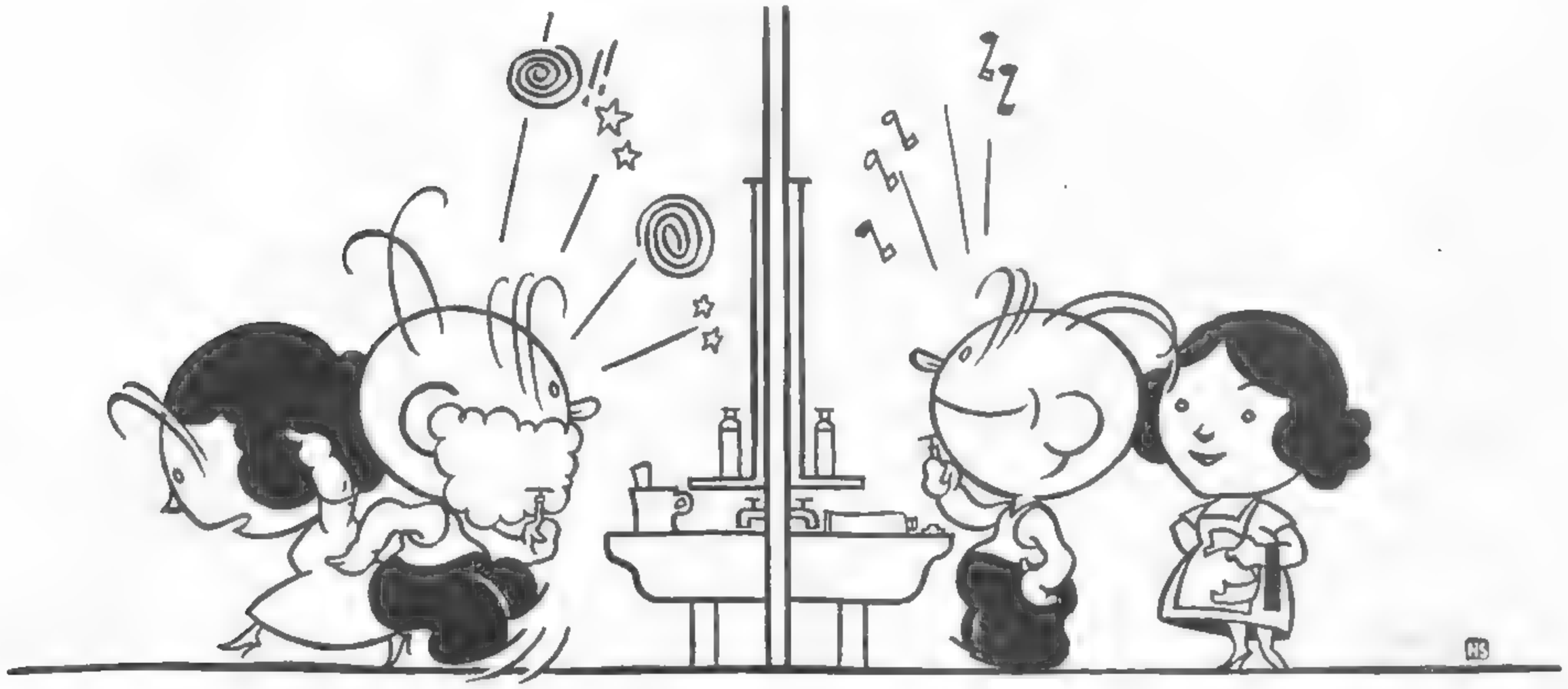
He said, "I am not so sure of that. The ignorant are saying, 'What has become of my krone?' Under the good old régime it was worth something. Now it will buy nothing. And the intelligent are saying, 'How does Parliament express me? It does not express me at all. It only expresses confusion.'"

In Austria I was passing the steps of a university. A young man asked me for a match. We leaned against the wall in the rare winter sunlight. He told me he was a student. He said he hoped to have a political career. He had come from the farming district; he was living with the family of an industrial worker. I asked him why he had become interested in politics.

He had become interested, he said, because it appeared to him that he was living in a center where all around political experiments were going on. "Stupid experiments," he said. "No imagination is shown by anyone. Every constitution imitates another, and it is usually the imitation of a failure."

I asked him about monarchy. He replied, "You will not hear much of the talk, but all through Central Europe great numbers of peoples have the instinct for monarchies—not monarchies as rulers, but monarchy as it expresses national unity—a factor of stability. You will be amused to know that I have talked with a Russian communist—an ardent communist—who says he believes the best thing the communists of Russia could do would be to get an emperor who would consent to communist principles. But it is difficult to restore monarchies; very, very difficult."

(Continued on Page 237)



What's turned the daily war *into a picnic?*

You can't tell the women folks that something hasn't happened to the men.

Lord-and-Master's changed completely. No more savage kicks against the bathroom door o'mornings. No more "ows" and "damn-it-alls." No more grunts behind the morning paper.

("Heavens! Can the beast be in love again?")

No; he has just found out he can start the day with a frolic instead of a fight. He has finished the war that began when the earliest dude first scraped an oyster shell against a bristly chin. And from one sideburn around to the other, he's tickled to a smooth and satiny pink.

All because he's taken up with Barbasol.

Barbasol—that tames the toughest beards, smooths the roughest jowls, chases away the winter itchiness, and stops ingrowing hairs. Barbasol—that lifts old razor blade right up to Good Steel Heaven.

And all as simple and easy as A B C. Read 'em and rejoice:

A—Wet the face
B—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
C—Shave.

That's all there's to it, men. Don't let anyone complicate it for you. Because Barbasol isn't an aid or an extra. It doesn't need anything but a wet face and a razor. It's the real thing, all by itself.

No brush. No rub-in. The full-bodied, creamy Barbasol holds every hair straight up to the blade—and good steel, do your stuff! Nothing goes but the whiskers. The natural oil is left right in the skin.

Therefore, the silky-smooth, no-after-smart sensation that follows the razor down the straightaway and clear around the bend.

Are you tired of fighting whiskers? Then fill out the coupon now for a free trial tube of the Modern Way of Shaving. Use Barbasol, three times, according to directions and you'll live happy ever after.

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please mail me your Free Trial Tube of Barbasol.

Name _____

Address _____

S. E. P. 3-7-25

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

Baker Cut Velour

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

YOU can always be sure of recognizing *Baker Cut Velour* on fine furniture. Its very luxury identifies it. You can tell it by its beauty of design, its charming color tone, its rich softness and sheen. But to be doubly sure, look for the *Baker Cut Velour* trademark. In that way you can be assured that the luxury you see and feel is luxury that will last for years and years. *Baker Cut Velour* is moth-proof, with a close-woven texture that also resists dust. One of the very latest *Baker* creations is a solid ground with a medallion design cut into the deep pile.

A. T. BAKER & COMPANY
41 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 234)

He spoke with that earnestness of youth which is so much like the ponderous opinions of old age.

"There may be dictators—a few dictators. It is very unpleasant to hear that name—dictator. But if it is the will of the people to have dictators they may permit dictators or even elect dictators. Who knows?

"In any case, I assure you that the present mind of the people is on the question of how to manage their affairs. Today, in spite of some little groups who wish revenge, there is no thought of war. Then there are the racial minorities. Hungarians and Croats in Jugo-Slavia, Hungarians in Rumania, Slovaks and Magyars in Czecho-Slovakia, and Germans. Naturally they are discontented, but what is to be done? No—after all—the great wish of the peoples is for something better in the management of their affairs. They are tired of mere weakness, even when it is called liberalism. There is too much talk, too many plans, too many politicians. There are too many laws. But nothing is done by parliaments. Indeed, parliaments are always preventing anyone from really doing anything. Because I am interested in politics, I have talked with everyone about politics. And I tell you the people are disgusted! They are so disgusted that they may turn to communism again—some of them. Who knows? What a pity!"

I am certain that this young man expressed very well the inarticulate opinion of hundreds of thousands of men and women of the new democracies. The multi-party system, the proportional-representation system has watered down the "will of the people" to less than nothing. It becomes a farce of idle talk, a humiliating comedy of sterile hope and sterile endeavor. The feeble hand of the parliamentary system drops all constructive power from its fingers. It is supposed to create national policy and make it effective.

If obstructive power or veto power exists it is supposed to exist in the hands of the executive government. But in these new democracies parliamentary effectiveness is almost confined to a form of obstructive power directed at the acts and policies of strong executives.

The tragedy of it is the complete failure to fix responsibility. If an administration is defeated in the United States it is because the country does not approve of its policies and it is defeated by the test of clear responsibility. But if a ministry under the Continental form of democracy falls it may mean that half a dozen little politicians in the parliament have been wheedled or bribed into the bloc of the opposition. Under a two-party system no matter how much the character and ability of the representatives may deteriorate there is an approach to party responsibility. This responsibility is understood by the voters.

A Clearing House of Government

In the democracy known to Europe there may be universal suffrage, the citizens may go to the polls and feel a warm sense of power. "But we are fools," said a German to me. "It takes an expert to follow the groupings and regroupings in the Reichstag. Who can fix responsibility? No one. Who can explain what goes on? No one. We put our will into the bottle; the bottle is shaken; our will dissolves and is lost. It would be much better to have the will of myself or of some group definitely rejected. Then Germany could turn to the will of some other group and accept or reject that. This is the way to arrive at the real will of the people."

The attempt to make a picture of the will of the people by adding the will of one to the will of another makes a blurred composite photograph. And this photograph always turns out to be a picture of some politician's own political ambition.

It is a strange fact that after centuries of struggle by peoples to find new and satisfactory forms of government there is in the world today no clearing house of information on the subject. Histories present whatever they have of information as a hodgepodge. Treaties exist, but they represent one mind skimming lightly over the general principles. What has been the experience of the world with presidents elected by parliaments, as against presidents elected by the people? What are the relative merits and defects of ministries which, as in England, sit in the parliament and are in the form of parliamentary super-committees, compared with ministries, like our own cabinet officers, who are almost isolated from Congress? Who knows? What scientific compilation can be found on the subject of the results of taxing by levy on capital? None.

The King of Italy not many years ago became the patron of the International Institute of Agriculture. This center in Rome is an exchange for scientific information and discovery. A great number of member nations can here obtain crop statistics, price statistics, and guidance for their action as to the world's food supply and as to new scientific progress.

When I was in Rome I often thought I should like to press upon the King the suggestion that he become a patron of an International Institute of Government, an institute which in some world center, with a membership of all nations so inclined, might accumulate and formulate information on the machinery of government. The repetition of error in experiments of government is costly and goes on without limit, because no one political leader nor even one political group can gather the information to prove such experiments futile and ridiculous. False labels and false hopes repeat themselves endlessly in government experiments. The waste is prodigious; the reaction from these excursions after glittering hopes up blind alleys leads mankind into other wild chases after new schemes like that of Bolshevism.

The idea of such an institute, with nations as members, I gladly present to American millionaires. Such an institute might have done much to save these new parliamentary democracies of Central and Eastern Europe from the false labels of democracy. Such an institute might now furnish the scientific fact and analysis which would result in rebuilding and remodeling parliamentary systems in preference to trying dictators or communistic experiments. We know from books and institutions of engineering how to make machines go. The only machine we know nothing about and can never seem to make go under the slightest adverse condition is the machinery of government.

Turkey in Difficulties

Such an institute might be of great help to Turkey today. Turkey is the latest of the new democracies. I had a peculiar interest in Turkey because of my experience at the Conference of Lausanne with Turkey's rather large but, on the whole, admirable aspiration.

I have found today that Turkey is another new democracy approaching grave difficulties. I have recalled before what a Chinese statesman once said to me when on the eve of the siege the parliament had fled from Peking; I repeat it now. He said, "Democracy is like tight-rope walking; it requires practice!"

Turkey will probably discover this. She has come almost to the end of her honeymoon with her newly married democracy. She has a capital at Angora. It rises in an isolated country out of mud and malaria. Deputies and ministers go there without any encouragement from life-insurance companies. Angora is isolated and muddy, however, as Washington, D. C., was originally isolated and muddy. Like Washington, it is one of the two capitals in the world somewhat removed from the centers of finance and trade, although Angora is much more removed than Washington. Turkey has a great center, Constantinople; it is a historical center of trade and barter, a great and aged center of concentrated temporal and religious power. Palaces and fortresses, mosques and Venetian walls and Genoese coats of arms and a picturesque and ancient bazaar are relics of a powerful dynasty of sultans, of Islamic tradition and of centuries of international barter. But, though the crowds of the supposedly eternal Orient still go in endless, colorful stream across the bridges over the Golden Horn, and although the "liberated" Turkish women, unveiled and in Paris fashion, whirl about at *thés dansants* in time to Irving Berlin—there is a gloom and stagnation in Constantinople; Stamboul appears like something left by the retreat of persons, the lapse of customs and the withering of prosperity.

The same nationalistic ecstasy which put up the government at Angora has driven thousands upon thousands of foreigners out of Constantinople.

To Halide Edib Haroum, wife of Aduan Bey, and the "Joan of Arc of Turkey,"

The APCO Timer

Perfect Firing Synchronism

New Life for your Ford

APCO Equipment for Ford Cars

APCO Electric Windshield Cleaner—$6.50
APCO Oiling System—$1.50
APCO Dash Oil Gauge—$2.50
APCO Steering Wheel Horn Button—50c.
APCO Crank Case Arm—75c.
APCO "Wireless" Foot Accelerator—$1.50
APCO Rear Wheel Brake—$12.50
APCO Throttle Extension Horn Button—$1.00
APCO Anti-Rattlers Radius Rod—35c. ea. Steering Rod—35c. pr.

There's a world of difference between the APCO—and what you get when you ask for "a timer."

The APCO rotor revolves evenly against spring contacts, no matter how wobbly the timer shaft. No vibration!

Your Ford runs with clock-like smoothness, each cylinder receiving a white-hot spark at the correct instant and at the right degree. The APCO Timer operates dry. Requires no oil or grease now—or ever. The case is of genuine Bakelite—not a chance of a "short."

Be rid of timer troubles this season. Just stop at the next accessory shop and specify "APCO Timer."
—Price $2.00

APCO MANUFACTURING CO.
Providence Rhode Island
—APCO BRANCHES—
New York—Chicago—Kansas City—Montreal

Whatever Your Job, You Can Make More Money

WHATEVER your job, your age, or wherever you live—with exceptions so few we could almost count 'em on one hand—*you can make extra money!* There's E. D. Timms of Ohio, a machinist; James Senior of Missouri, a minister of the gospel; George Hedtke of Minnesota, a gardener; Russell Wright of Massachusetts, a Normal School senior—their "jobs" in no way interfere with extra dollars easily earned in odd hours.

In Spare Time

These men, and hundreds of others engaged in a hundred different lines of work, are local subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. They have found that selling Curtis Publications is easy, pleasant and profitable—just as you will find it if you will but try. You need no previous experience, no capital. Profits from the very start. An odd hour should easily be worth up to $1.50—or more. But for all the interesting details send this coupon, *now*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
443 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your cash offer

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If $50.00 in One Month Interests You

There is one person whom this statement will not interest—that's Mr. Charles F. Johnston of Pennsylvania. And the reason is that Mr. Johnston has made more than $75.00 in one month—half as much again as the modest figure we purposely used. While we have a good many men and women workers who earn more extra money than Mr. Johnston, our average representative is too busy to find the time to earn that much. Scores more are in the "$50.00 class" than in the higher grades.

Try Your Scissors on This Coupon

The Curtis Publishing Company
444 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me all about your cash offer, though of course I assume no obligation in asking.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

You Cannot Lose—You May Gain Hundreds

In Your Spare Time

So you see, we can't set the limit as to the amount of money which you may make, *in your spare time*, as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Perhaps you are too busy to devote as much time to our plan as Mr. Johnston.

Well, that's all right. You can still profit in proportion to the amount of time you can spare, morning, afternoon or evening. $1.50 or more an hour is not at all uncommon. Best of all

You Need no Experience

CLUB PINS-MEDALS-CUPS *and* TROPHIES
Special New Catalog
AUL'S INC COLUMBUS, O.

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.
American Farm Machine Co.
3540 Uni. Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Catalog Free

CLASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE
Samples loaned class officers. Prices $ 20 to $8 00 each. No order for class, society, club ... too large or too small. Special designs made on request.
METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 7725 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

NORWAY and WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN
... EXCLUSIVELY PERSONALLY CHARTERED CUNARDER ...
... FROM NEW YORK JAN. 28 ...
... AROUND THE WORLD JAN. 28 ... PERSIA, EGYPT ...
MEDITERRANEAN, JAN. 28, 62 DAYS, $400 UP.
GOOD SUMMER TOURS TO EUROPE
FRANK C. CLARK Times Building New York

"Chemistry in Industry"

Distributed at Cost by

The Chemical Foundation, Inc.

In order to advance chemical and allied science and industry in the United States," we are publishing the last word from the greatest authorities in the following industries.

Abrasives, Alcohol, Coal and Coke, Cotton, Electricity, Fertilizers, Gas, Glass, Iron and Steel, Leather, Non-Ferrous Metallurgy, Packing House, Paper and Pulp, Perfumes and Flavors, Petroleum, Photography, Resin, Rubber and Textiles.

All the 21 chapters were donated by men too big and too busy to write for money. The edition is large, so the publishing cost is small.

No profit is figured in, as The Foundation can seek no profit—you pay only for paper, ink, typesetting, printing and postage.

If you are not satisfied with every one of the 362 pages—we return your dollar.

Factory owners, managers, superintendents, buyers, foremen, workmen, chemists and students this book is worth $5 to you.

Send $1.00 to Dept. 20

The Chemical Foundation, Inc.
85 Beaver Street New York

Gem
NAIL CLIPPER

PRIDE in personal appearance demands clean, well-trimmed nails. Gem is the ideal manicure for men in all walks of life. Trims, files, cleans. Fits the pocket. 50c at all drug and cutlery stores or sent postpaid. Made and guaranteed by

THE H. C. COOK CO.
Nail Clipper Headquarters
Ansonia, Conn.

I could talk with intense interest, because she is not only well informed as to new democracies but her intelligence leaps forward to understandings before sentences can be finished.

I spoke of the dangers of the multi-party systems of democracy.

She said, "What about a one-party system?"

She was describing in a phrase something of the form of government which the new Nationalist Government has carried on. Some international statesmen have called the new Turkey a government by fanaticism. Under the leadership of Kemal Pasha, under the inspiration of the National Pact, the new democracy was founded. It came into being in constitutional form a good deal as our own Constitution was founded upon the Declaration of Independence.

A people badly prepared for democratic government have torn away sultan, caliphate and have bravely cast out foreign exploitation and intrigue. Gone are centuries of traditional authority, gone is foreign interference, gone are the old intrigues of aliens using minority races as cat's-paws. A new nation with shoe-string resources was able to tell the whole of a disunited Europe what Turkey must have and what Turkey would take!

This was under the leadership of a spirited man and the following of a people almost intoxicated by patriotism. But leadership grows feverish and weary and suspicious of other men, and intoxication of peoples cannot last forever. Mustapha Kemal, like another great world figure now dead, isolates himself more and more. If strong men have come near him he has lopped them off; if strong men have approached him he has shut his door. Ismet Pasha, my old acquaintance, the one lieutenant whom Kemal appeared ready to trust with orders, is now a sick man worn out by war and by peace.

Turkey is discovering that a one-party system cannot last forever. It serves no purpose here to list the strong men who, cast off by Kemal, are forming the first real opposition. At least five of the nine military generals of conspicuous record are in the opposition.

"And what are the principles of your opposition?" I asked.

"The principle is that one man should not have all the power."

That may sound like the answer of democracy, but it is the answer of intrigue. Statecraft ought to be a service; Turkey for centuries has made it a charlatanism. And though the label "democracy" is over the door the game which is now about to begin in Turkey may be the same old game.

Democracy is earned; it is no gift of the gods. From this aspect, there should be no disappointment if it must be built with painstaking slowness. When it comes with a rush it may please the fanatics and the label lovers, but it creates many doubts among men truly wise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

March 7, 1925

Cover Design by Paul Stahr

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Home Folks—*George Pattullo*	3
Red Hair—*Lucy Stone Terrill*	10
Go to the Fire Ant—*William J. Neidig*	14
The Magician—*Frederick Irving Anderson*	18
Simon Called Simple—*Aaron Davis*	20
The Food of Love—*Kennett Harris*	24
Out and Back With Old Whit—*Sewell Ford*	28
Minted Gold—*Hugh Wiley*	38
Grilled Cupid—*Harvey Wickham*	56
Write and Wrong—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	60

ARTICLES

The Sporting Chance—*James J. Corbett*	6
From an Old House—Autumn—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	8
The Lay of the Last Minstrels—*Marian Spitzer*	12
How to Know the Wildcats—*Elizabeth Frazer*	16
Scholarly Beggars	17
Politics in Business—*Clara Belle Thompson*	22
Royal Raiment—*James Stevens*	23
Remaking the Railroad Maps—*Edward Hungerford*	26
Leaves From a War Diary—*Major General James G. Harbord*	30
The New Democracies—*Richard Washburn Child*	35
How I Found Myself—The Publisher's Story—*Reported by Chester T Crowell*	49
Meet the Cook—*William Reade Hersey*	53
What Can You Do With Your Hands?—*Walter Prichard Eaton*	64

SERIALS

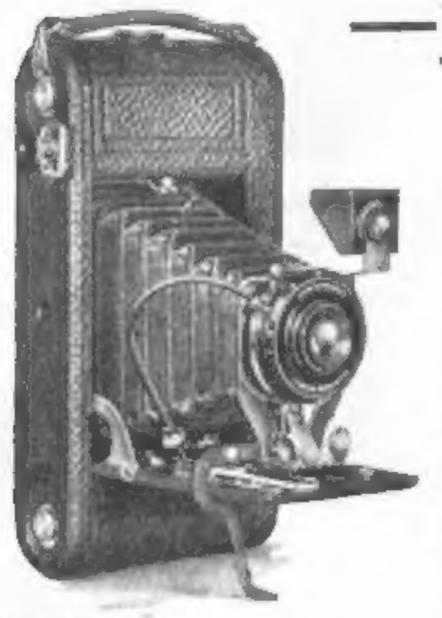
Power (Third part)—*Arthur Stringer*	32
The House Without a Key (Conclusion)—*Earl Derr Biggers*	42

MISCELLANY

Editorials	34
Short Turns and Encores	36
Heritage (Poem)—*Arthur Guiterman*	66

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

The marvelous Semi-Automatic —just *one* camera among *famous Anscos*



This Ansco Camera automatically winds its own film, which is as great an aid to picture-taking as the repeater was to sportsman. Price $50.00. Takes pictures size 2½ x 4¼.

The Semi-Automatic —it's an Ansco

Anyone who has a good memory and can brag of fourscore years, is not surprised that *Ansco* should put out the first automatic film-winding camera! For eighty-three years—long before any other American manufacturer—Ansco has been pioneering in the photographic field.

The Semi-Automatic is a remarkable camera for catching charming poses and scenes that pass in a few seconds. With other cameras you lose them while winding up the film for the next picture. With the Semi-Automatic you take the picture, press the lever and you're ready for another! Just like putting your foot on the self-starter instead of having to crank the automobile by arm-work!

Go into any good camera and film place and ask them to show you how the Semi-Automatic works (or we'll send you a booklet for the asking). It has a fine Rapid Rectilinear lens and costs only $30.

©A. P.

(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

©A. P.

Other reasons why now you can get good pictures

Ansco Speedex Film—the quality film in the red box with the yellow band; meets a wider range of light conditions. Just try it, using ordinary common sense, and you'll prove its worth for yourself.

The 1925 Juniorette—is a Ready-Set model with no focusing or time adjustments to worry you. Price $10.50.

The Automatic Ansco—winds its own film automatically so that you no longer get any blanks or double exposures. Price $75.

The Vest Pocket Ansco—the only self-opening camera made. A fixed-focus model. Price $12.50.

The $25.00 Ready-Set—is as easy to use as a box camera; a de luxe fool-proof model; comes with fine suede case.

And the Dollar Ansco—the little marvel of the camera world.

The *Ready-Set* eliminates picture-taking troubles

Are *you* one of those who somehow, try as you will, just *don't* get good pictures? Then give the Ansco Ready-Set a trial and you'll get back all the fun of picture-taking.

The No. 1-A Ready-Set is already *set* for you. No focusing to worry about, as it has a universal focus. As for the shutter, not even a box camera is so simple. You either set for snapshots or for time exposures. On time the opening is automatically made smaller. Finally, there's the exclusive Ansco automatic two-way finder that prevents chopped off heads and arms.

If you've failed continually, try the $13.50 Ready-Set with Ansco Film, and you'll get good pictures from the start.

The Ready-Set —it's an Ansco

The $13.50 Ready-Set is a good-looking camera that takes pictures 2½ x 4¼.

Illustrated catalog sent free on request.

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon— Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Please send me the items checked. I enclose $.....
☐ One Semi-Automatic camera. Price $30.00.
☐ One Ready-Set camera. Price $13.50.
☐ Four rolls (or proportionate number if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film. Price $1.00.

Name.....
Address.....
Size of film..... No..... Cam. Model.....
S. E. P.—1-7

For Dealers

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan. Mail to Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y., or for Canada to 116 Evelyn Crescent, West Toronto, Ont.

BUNTING
PHOSPHOR BRONZE
BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

THE bronze bushing bearing is the first line of defense protecting the machine from wear and tear of operation.

There are millions upon millions of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings used in automobiles, machine tools, electric motors and hundreds of other moving mechanisms today.

They are put there by manufacturers who recognize the importance of the very highest quality in this small and often hidden but necessary part. For the same reason the conscientious repairman uses them in replacement.

MANUFACTURERS

Stock list 10 showing 300 sizes of finished Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings, carried in stock in 7 cities, gladly sent on request. Quotations and counsel promptly given on all special requirements.

AUTOMOBILE REPLACEMENTS

Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings for replacement in motor and chassis for all popular automotive vehicles are supplied to car dealers and repairmen by 180 leading jobbers and hundreds of service stations in the United States. Ask your jobber for lists and prices. They are also obtainable in all principal market centers abroad.

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO.
TOLEDO - OHIO

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK
245 W. 54th St.
Columbus 7528

CLEVELAND
710 St. Clair Ave., N. E.
Main 3991

CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Ave.
Wabash 9133

"We make so many because so many want so many."

Ruby Bunting

BOSTON
36 Oliver St.
Main 8488

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second St.
Douglas 6245

PHILADELPHIA
1330 Arch St.
Spruce 5296

Again . . . those makeshift pieces

SOMEHOW the pleasantries of the departing guests did not convince Penelope. To her the dinner had been hectic. She sank down on a chair beside the cluttered table and surveyed her six dessert forks. How weary they must be—appearing with the fish, then with the salad, then with the dessert. And each time there was a decided wait while Mary washed them in the kitchen. Many of the serving pieces were makeshift too. Oh, why didn't she get more silverware!

HAVE YOU ENOUGH SILVERWARE FOR THE ENTERTAINING YOU DO? Enough for the usual family meal and enough when you wish to give a luncheon or dinner for your friends? Or does a scant equipment of silverware often cramp the serving of your meals?

Possibly you have decided already that you ought to have more silverware, but have delayed its purchase because you fear the trouble and expense. You need hesitate no longer. To provide all that you need in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate is easier and less expensive than you supposed. You will find every piece you need—bouillon spoons, coffee spoons, salad forks, ice cream forks, serving pieces. Thus you may build, a little at a time, an 1847 Rogers Bros. silver service not only equal to your needs, but rich in beauty and durability.

Leading dealers always carry the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

Send for booklet C-90, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense*. You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER Co., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

ANNIVERSARY SALAD FORK

Anniversary Centerpiece and Candlesticks

Decorative silverware adding its happy gleam to every table setting! You may buy pieces like these and serving dishes, like the vegetable dish or meat platter, to match 1847 Rogers Bros. knives, forks and spoons.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

© Davis & Sanford

PADEREWSKI
Victor Artist

JERITZA
Victor Artist

© Mishkin

MARTINELLI
Victor Artist

The names that everybody knows are found on Victor Records

The names that really count, from the greatest music of the world to the dance, or the comic song, are in the unequalled Victor repertoire of artists and entertainment. If it is on a Victor Record it shows it is worth having. The three famous artists above represent only a fraction in number, of the great host of musical celebrities whose best is yours to command at any hour you choose to hear them on the Victrola—the one instrument worthy to reproduce their art.

Nothing short of perfection satisfies this distinguished artist, whose Victor Records are an epitome of great piano music. They are made with his own piano, a precaution by which Paderewski recognizes that his Victor Records reproduce minutely, tone, technique, and individual artistry. That was the origin of these records:

Minuet in G (Paderewski) Nocturne in B Flat (Paderewski)	6232	$2.00
Polonaise Militaire Waltz in C Sharp Minor (Chopin)	6234	2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part I Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part II	6235	2.00

To hear these Victor Records by Jeritza is to understand at once how, given the necessary talent, a prima donna may today take by storm audiences long used to perfection of performance. Her Tosca, Elizabeth, Elsa are triumphs, and her Victor Records in these roles are no less considerable triumphs for the prima donna and for the Victor.

Tannhäuser—Dich, teure Halle Die Tote Stadt—Lautenlied der Marietta	688	$1.50
Alceste—Divinités du Styx Gioconda—Suicidio	6375	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete Tosca—Vissi d'arte	687	1.50

Are there points of artistry, of voice, of intonation, or interpretation, which distinguish Martinelli from other tenors? Assuredly, but that of itself is less remarkable than that these subtle differences should be contained in a record. That they are contained in Victor Records is evidenced by these:

Lucia—Fra poco a me ricovero Lucia—Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali!	6189	$2.00
Serenata (Mascagni) Zazà—O mio piccolo tavolo ingombrato	6194	2.00
Rigoletto—La donna è mobile Tosca—E lucevan le stelle	733	1.50

Victrola No. 410
Mahogany, $300
Victrola No. 8410 (Special)
Mahogany, $315
Specially designed to accommodate radio receiving sets
Catalog sent on request

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request